June 29, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

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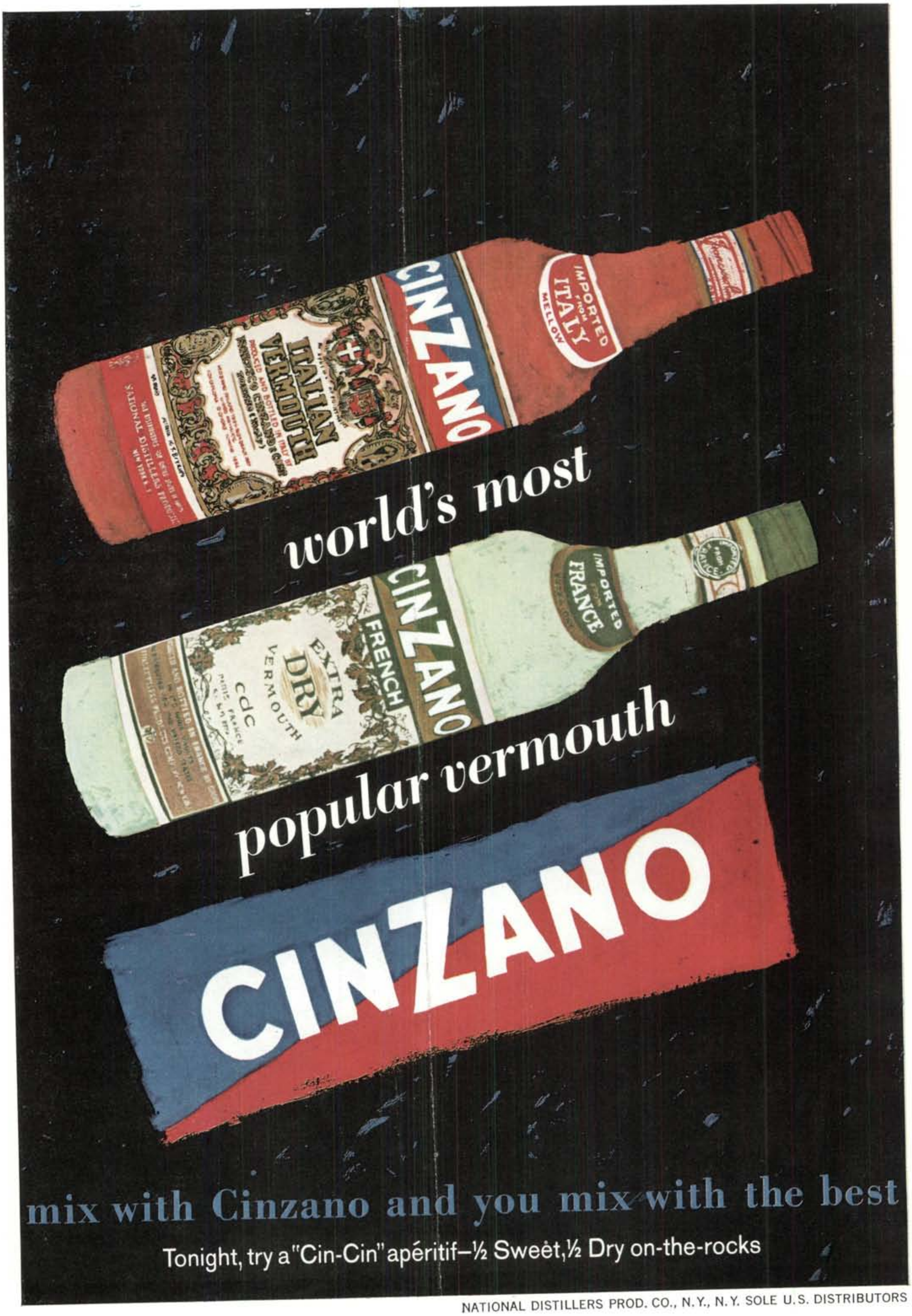
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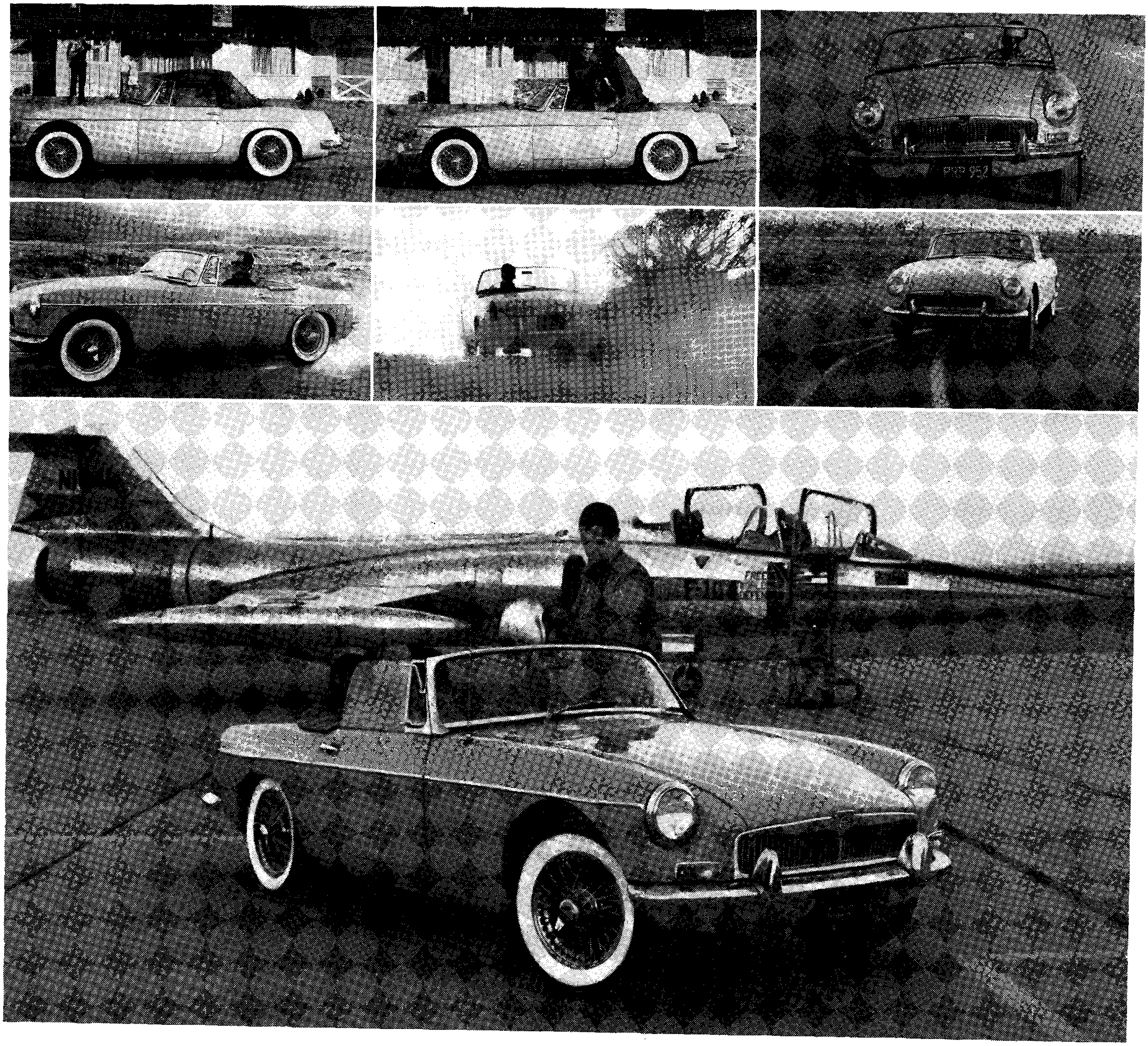

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Fourth of July. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Beyond the Fringe—A delightful diversion in which four superb English comedians—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 3.)

Dear Me, the Sky Is Falling—A slight but warmhearted comedy, written by Leonard Spigelgass and directed by Herman Shumlin, in which Gertrude Berg figures amiably as a kind of Jewish Mrs. Fixit who is eventually persuaded by a psychoanalyst to change her interfering ways. Howard Da Silva, Jill Kraft, Tresa Hughes—and, indeed, all the others in the cast—support Mrs. Berg valiantly. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Enter Laughing—Joseph Stein's funny adaptation of a novel by Carl Reiner. Alan Arkin is extremely comical as a Jewish boy whose parents want him to be a druggist but who himself wants to be an actor—a profession for which he is totally unprepared. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, Meg Myles, and Michael J. Pollard are among those in Mr. Arkin's humorous circle. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Never Too Late—Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon in a brisk farce about a sixty-year-old who finds, to his dismay, that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. The play was written by Sumner Arthur Long, who is a good man with dialogue, and directed by George Abbott with his customary authority. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Photo Finish—Peter Ustinov's comedy about an ancient who has the deathbed ability to review his life as a young, a middle-aged, and an elderly man. The device grows a trifle tiresome, but the acting of Mr. Ustinov, Dennis King, Donald Davis, John Horton, Eileen Herlie, and Paul Rogers is admirable. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 29.)

Rattle of a Simple Man—There isn't much substance to this account of the dilemma of a middle-aged male virgin who falls in with a lively prostitute, but the dialogue, by Charles Dyer, is occasionally diverting, and Tammy Grimes, Edward Woodward, and Edward Claymore are engaging as the three characters who comprise the cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Strange Interlude—Eugene O'Neill's practically endless attempt to conquer the stream-of-consciousness technique gets a big lift from the first-rate direction of José Quintero and a fine cast that features Geraldine Page, Pat Hingle, Rip Torn, and William Prince, and, in briefer roles, Betty Field, Franchot Tone, Richard Thomas, and Geoffrey Horne. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 6, with a dinner intermission from 8:30 to 9:30. Closes Saturday, June 29.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—Edward Albee employs some grim charades to expose the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The language is rough by any standards, and the play goes on much too long, but there are some dramatic episodes. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Elaine Stritch, Shepperd Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, July 4.)

Long Runs—**mary, mary:** Diana Lynn, Tom Poston, and Edward Mulhare are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. Starting Monday, July 1, Patricia Smith, Biff McGuire, and Michael Evans will take over the roles. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Little Me—Sid Caesar portraying seven men in the life of a Middle Western girl constantly on the make. The drollery, despite Mr. Caesar's protean efforts, is limited. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 29.)

Oliver!—An entertainment based vaguely on Dickens' "Oliver Twist" and having in its favor several fine big production numbers. The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones are quite competent in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

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She Loves Me—Jack Cassidy, Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, Ludwig Donath, and the other members of the company perform delightfully in this charming and rather old-fashioned comedy about the employees of a cosmetics shop in Hungary back in the thirties. The songs, by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, and the dances, by Carol Haney, may not be truly memorable, but they're agreeable. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off—The seven ages of man, or something of the sort, interpreted by Anthony Newley, who owes a large debt to Marcel Marceau. The pantomime, songs, and patter are pretty lame. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Tovarich—This new musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy about Russians, White and Red, is handicapped by a book that just doesn't make much sense. However, Vivien Leigh, even if her voice is small, turns in a reputable, even regal, performance as a grand duchess of all the Russias. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**a funny thing happened on the way to the forum:** Zero Mostel and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.) . . . **no strings:** Richard Kiley plays an expatriate writer in Paris and Barbara McNair (who has replaced Diahann Carroll) plays a Paris *Vogue* model in Richard Rodgers' show. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

The American Dream and **The Zoo Story**—A pair of Edward Albee revivals. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday evenings, June 27-28: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, June 29: "Patience." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, June 30, and Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, July 2-3: "The Gondoliers." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, July 4-5: "Patience." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 6: "The Pirates of Penzance." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées at 4.)

Best Foot Forward—A revival of the 1941 musical. The book, which has to do with a movie actress at a prep-school dance, is sappy but cheerful; the songs still sound pleasant; and the boys and girls who play the scholars

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. W.1. Vol. XXXIX, No. 19, June 29, 1963. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1963 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and their dates are a generally appealing and sporadically talented bunch. With Karin Wolfe, Edmund Gaynes, and Liza Minnelli. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, Saturdays at 7 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:40. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—An exhilarating revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather a nuisance but no more pesky than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brig—A strong and merciless record, as convincing as a documentary, of a single day in a U.S. Marine Corps prison. The acting of almost everyone concerned, and the direction, by Judith Malina, couldn't be better. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cages—Two rubbishy one-acters with Shelley Winters and Jack Warden. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—José Quintero's production of the O'Neill melodrama is never dull, but it does become so overwrought at times that one almost forgets that the setting is meant to be New England. Betty Miller is the young woman who marries an old farmer and then seduces his son, and Carl Low is the farmer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—Act I of this quite stylish revival is filled with echoes of other performances in other revivals, but Acts II and III have a charm all their own. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-1431. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Month in the Country—The shortcomings of Celeste Holm as Natalya rather distort, but do not spoil, this production of Turgenev's wry comedy. Several of the supporting roles are well played. Peter Wingate's settings are admirable, and David Ross's direction is, as usual, quite skillful. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

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The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—A bright and unpretentious little musical comedy. The music is the work of a promising newcomer named John Jennings, who wrote the lyrics, too. The comedy is supplied by a cast of seven, who also sing and do whatever acting and dancing are required. The setting is a motel on, of all places, the banks of the Wabash. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—Sally Rand as M.C. and star turn of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4.)

The Typists and **The Tiger**—Eli Wallach, with the help of his wife, Anne Jackson, does some splendid clowning and acting in this pair of bright comedies by a new playwright named Murray Schisgal. Milt Kamen and Janet Ward will take over starting Tuesday, July 2. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Antony and Cleopatra," with Colleen Dewhurst, Michael Higgins, and Ramon Bieri. The first in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Through Saturday, July 6.)

Rebekah Harkness Foundation Dance Festival—The first in a series of six free programs, this one performed by Sophie Maslow and her company and Paul Draper. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Monday, July 1, at 8:30.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by Fritz Weaver, Robert Clary, and Elaine Malbin. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, recently redesigned by Solomon in all his glory, there are dinner and supper visitations by Eddie Fisher, a student of the art of balladry who proceeds on the theory that innocence is bliss. There's plenty of dance music the rest of the time by a Lester Lanin band. Closed Sundays.

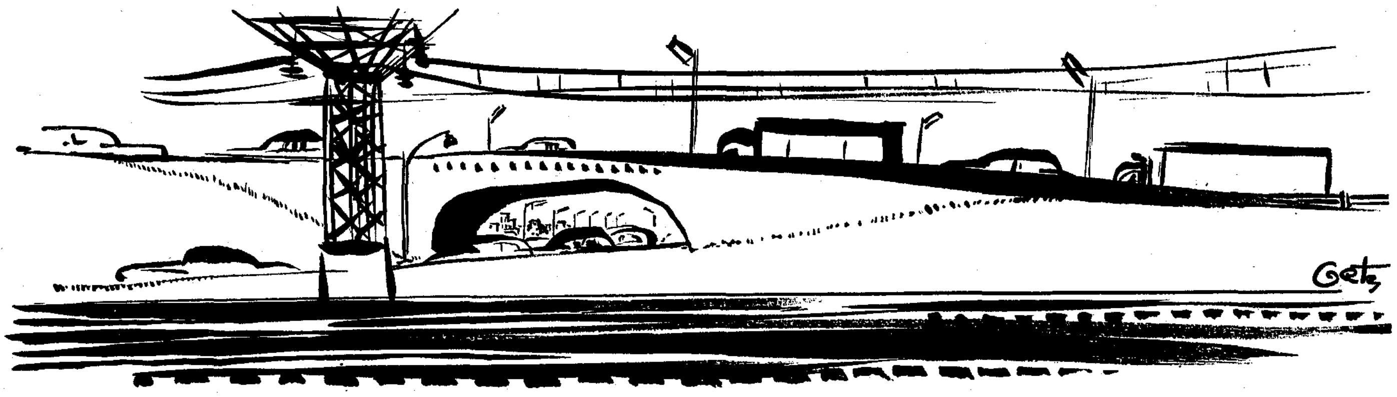
El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A once royal preserve that now serves as a museum piece for a number of curiosity seekers. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra provide dance music for anyone who happens to get restless. The alcove called the Champagne Room, designed for immobile types, gets along with Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. No dancing Sundays, when just the segment called Perona's is open. Closes after Sunday, June 30, for three weeks.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, where the only approved forms of athletics are circumspect dancing and circumspect table-hopping, is shared by Stanley Worth's minute band and the guitar of Renato Rossini, which knows the Riviera all the way from the Costa Brava to Sorrento. They give over on Mondays to another band.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Emil Coleman's large orchestra and Mark Monte's minuscule one bounce along in the Persian Room all evening, except at dinner and supper, when Kitty Kallen delivers standard brands of ballad in a standard-brand fashion. The whole project shuts down after Saturday, June 29, for a brief breather. . . . ¶ Every day but Monday, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine. The Palm Court will be closed Thursday through Sunday, July 4-7.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Dinner and supper, and dancing, too, to the orchestra of Charles Turecamo, a bandsman quite familiar to the summer inhabitants of the Hamptons. Walter Kay's group helps out. Closed Sundays and Thursday, July 4.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Sunday, June 30, is season's end of the run for the Embassy Club (*on y danse*



Readying a bell for the Glorious Fourth ringing—Mark Shaw photo

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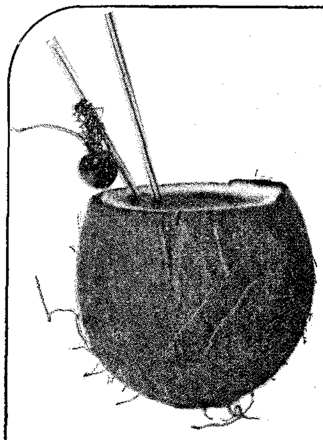
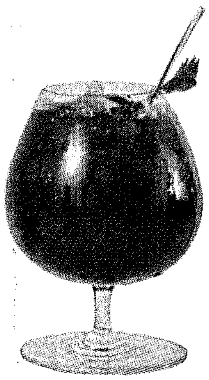


COCO COCONUT: 1 tsp. sugar, 1/2 tsp. vanilla, 1 cup black coffee, 1 cup coconut milk. Blend all ingredients in blender for one minute. (Beater will work too.) Serve in coconut shell.

VIENNESE VELVET: Fill tall glass with vanilla ice cream, but don't pack it. Add hot, extra-strength coffee. Top with whipped cream. Serve as drink or dessert.



BLACK MARIA: 4 oz. strong black coffee, 2 oz. coffee liqueur, 1 oz. rum, 1 oz. sugar syrup. Mix over ice, serve over shaved or cracked ice. If you like, add 1 oz. vodka.

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COFFEE OF BRAZIL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

to the orchestras of Gunnar Hansen and Lazaro Quintero from eight-thirty until one), and for the compact little Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's violin plies its trade at dinner and supper.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (Goldie, that is) Hawkins, Pied Piper emeritus, leads his children (who represent an extraordinary range of ages) only to the bar or the grill. The musicale runs like this: The pensive piano of Sam Hamilton from five-thirty to eight, before his tour of duty at Downstairs at the Upstairs; the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from the latter two. A ten-day recess will be called after Thursday, June 27. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Eggs Florentine, *pasta* Florentine, opera Florentine. This last ingredient is provided by Aldo Bruschi (piano, concertina, tenor), whose resolute little opera company lives a Puccini sort of *vie de bohème* every night. He also operates a dance trio after ten. Closes after Sunday, June 30, for a week's holiday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A game of chess, with real knights and real castles, is not beyond the realm of possibilities here. A resident of the realm is Norbert Faconi, dean of the come-be-my-love violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's real-estate deals, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini perambulates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave., at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the flight deck of the bar in the Carlton House, Victor del Monte addresses his piano in measured tones between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Die Wacht am Tiber,* conducted (with considerable pomp and circumstance) from one of the Seven Hills. A set of jolly street musicians marches up the hill and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper every day but Sunday. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): There's many a fish (edible) in this private ocean, on the rim of which sits Ralph Strain's piano. His odes to nocturnal ambiance occur between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A rainless plain in Spain, to judge by the topography. The bill of fare and the music, which is Conrad Monjoy's piano, are midtown Manhattan, though. He's there from six to nine-thirty every night but Saturday and Sunday. Closed Thursday, July 4. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): In the plaza of this quiet Central American village, a pride of Latins presents, a couple of times an evening, a small music festival full of local color and local thunderstorms. There's dancing for the patrons, too, every evening, and tea dancing on Sunday afternoons from two to seven. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): This make-believe segment of Central Europe (violin, zimbalon, and voices) goes on its midyear vacation after Sunday, June 30. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman legion is forever on the prowl through this picturesque and lively residential area. Its military band is the ever-so-lightly violin of Herman Honigsberg and a set of acolytes also fitted out with stringed instruments. Closed Sundays and Thursday, July 4. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an unbridled *femme fatale* in her musical-comedy incarnations, is simply a docile housewife when she does her at-homes (songs, mostly) in this small efficiency apartment and dining room. An accordion or a guitar or a piano talks in whispers whenever she's not front and center. Close-order dancing (the floor is minute) after ten-thirty to the music of a trio, but not on Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The Old Guard often drills in this armory. The music, though, is more marmalade than martial. It issues from the piano of George Feyer, who's around from cocktails until past the theatre closings. On Friday, July 5, Karl Inwald assumes Mr. Feyer's portfolio. Closed Sundays and Thursday, July 4. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti's piano beguiles, in European fashion, the hours between five and eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays and Thursday, July 4. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The leisurely dinner hour, from eight to one, gets marginal notations by the guitar of José Luis Franco, who comes from the part of Spain where flamenco is the official language. Closed Thursday, July 4. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Nearly every member of the staff wears two hats—as waiter, as singer—and he'll spout snatches of opera at the drop of either one of them. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An emotional, and social, outlet for youngsters who are engaged in a couple of the performing arts. Sort of ranch-house in mood and diet, and urged on by a clearly enunciating jazz trio from time to time. Sundays, a piano is the whole music department; closed Thursday, July 4. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room lounge, Rack Godwin devotes the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Monday to the construction of his own special fugues for piano.

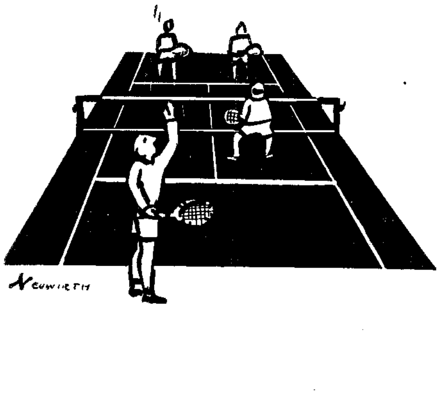
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Three dozen nudes (or the next thing to it) descending the staircase of paradise enow to bring an ample supply of beauty into all our wan lives. Among the gentlemen who hold cards of admission to this health club is Jerry Colonna, who is funnier by far than most of the stand-up-and-deliver humorists. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Investigating the theorem that all life's a stage, Julius Monk's revue ("Dime a Dozen" is the name) discovers, to its and the audience's infinite merriment, that life is really a theatre of the absurd. The A-for-effectiveness propounders of its findings are Gerry Matthews, Lovelady Powell, Gordon Connell, Carol Morley, Rex Robbins, and Susan Browning; the music is two pianos most properly plied by Carl Norman and Robert Colston. The work program is twice a night every evening but Sunday. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dinner and supper are now, after twenty years, the preamble to the back-room activities, which involve, at the moment, Woody Allen, a conversationalist representing the triumph of mind over matters of grave import, plus Allen & Grier, a pair of gentle mockingbirds who have the best of fun at the expense of folk music. Closes after Saturday, June 29, for eleven days. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Bobby Short, one of the dawn's earliest and brightest lights, gets to his hot-potato piano and trio (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his sidekicks) soon after the theatre, and gets to his first ballad a moment later. Their last night will be Saturday, June 29. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): No rose-colored glasses adorn a revue that enlists the valuable services of Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Paul Dooley, Bob Dishy, MacIntyre Dixon, and Barbara Harris. Tom O'Horgan's incidental music occurs largely on his own harp. The charades start at eight-thirty and eleven, except on Saturdays, when there is a third showing, at twelve-thirty, and on Sundays, when there's only an eight-thirty showing. Mondays, darkness prevails. . . . **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): More in anger than in sorrow is frequently the attitude of the new crew of mimes who fill the small stage with a rough-and-ready symposium on Whither America. Their resultant revue operates Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven, Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fun and games is the principle of Ronny Graham's namesake, "Graham Crackers," a revue that has aspersions to cast here and there but ties them up with bright-red ribbon. The aspersions are made especially lively by Mr. Graham himself and by Bill McCutcheon, as a pet laughing hyena. Richard Maltby, Jr., and David Shire, inventors of a lot of the words and music, are newcomers of distinction. The final curtain falls on Saturday, June 29. On Monday, July 1, trial runs begin for "Money," a musical play in which David Rounds, Barbara Quaney, Jon Stone, and George Coe will appear twice a night. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS,** the same Mr. Graham will show up at ten on Friday and Saturday, June 28-29, with an armful of homemade ditties, to take us on a personally conducted tour of the Grand Duchy of Paranoia. Mabel Mercer, who is there all week, is the patron saint of the *chanson d'amour,* which she has raised from mere infancy to a fine art. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. Ten-thirty is their hour of arrival. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): The current news from No. 10 Downing Street and other vulnerable portions of the English-speaking union is dissected by a group of players from London's The Establishment, whose Hippocratic oath requires them to perform surgery without anesthetics. The cast is the flawless John Bird, Jeremy Geidt, John Fortune, Eleanor Bron, and Carole Simpson. The regimen: nine and eleven-thirty. Teddy Wilson's trio, which is part of the whole thing, does an afterpiece (one-thirty to three in the morning) in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The back room is assigned to South Americans in the rambunctious state of mind that they believe the North Americans expect of them. The customers, no slouches at footwork, are given equal time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. The Sunday *thés dansants,* which run on and on, are bacchanalian. . . . ¶ Off the bar is an alcove so tiny that thirty's a matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly. . . . **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE,** W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): At the moment, this enterprise is dedicated to an in-memoriam concert, "The World of Kurt Weill in Song." Its personnel—Will Holt, in his time perhaps the most skillful par-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

odist of the Weilly ways, and Martha Schlamme, a wholly-in-earnest devotee of Mr. W.—go to work Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty and Sundays at three and nine.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Stan Getz communes broodingly with his horn while his quartet clusters sympathetically about him. Bob Pozar's trio, new to these parts, is the other contributor. On Tuesday, July 2, Miles Davis will change all this by bringing aboard a fivesome, to which he will probably add—at least from time to time—a few bars of his haunted riffs. There's also an afternoon session on Sundays, from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Gerry Mulligan, the power and the glory of whose brasswork are undiminished, blows taps for the establishment on Saturday, June 29. His quartet and the Limeliters, whose point of view toward folk music is often we're-only-kidding, depart the same night, after which there'll be no activity for three weeks.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Miriam Makeba, noble in spirit and in execution, does her native African chants a great service whenever she steps onstage. Her confreres in comedy and folk song are Lucho Navarro and Tom Paxton. All hands disappear on Sunday, June 30; among the arrivals on Tuesday, July 2, will be folk singers Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee. On Friday, July 5, the haughty little Nina Simone, armed with song, piano, and trio, will be added. Mondays are outsiders' nights.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The *Kaffeeklatsch* here depends on real coffee, and nothing else. The sounds, which are folk, are made by Oscar Brand and the Big 3, practitioners well known to partisans of our indigenous arts. Tuesdays, the regulars are off duty.... **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris and his cohorts—Sidney de Paris and Garvin Bushell among them—are expounding, very much out loud, their version of ancient history. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Sol Yaged and a couple of pals, one of them Dick Wellstood, are keeping this Old School house wide open. Closed Sundays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): "Assault" and "battery" are the sole notations on the musicians' manuscripts, when there *are* any manuscripts. Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, which operates on a high and shrill frequency, gives way on Friday, June 28, to Gene Krupa's quartet of firecrackers. Guest performers pick up the instruments (those not too hot to handle) on Sundays. ... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The nervous set of jazzgoers now has Philly Joe Jones sextet and Jackie Byard's trio for their evening's diet. On Thursday, July 4, there'll be a change of cast—Dizzy Gillespie's carefree quintet; the Group, a triad of jazz singers; and Kenny Burrell's quartet. The Gillespies will be up at Newport on Friday, July 5. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A neighborly bar whose denizens, all believers in furthering progress, keep looking for new sound barriers to scale. Walt Dickerson's quartet will be replaced on Tuesday, July 2, by Benny Golson's quartet. Closed Mondays.... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Edmond Hall's mellowed and wistful clarinet is the keynote of the small those-were-the-days band he leads. They all sign off on Saturday, June 29. Closed Sundays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Experimental research is the project here. The staff is subject to graduation without notice, but it is reputed (repeat, reputed) that Thelonius Monk, a venerable and celebrated pioneer, and Mose Allison, a more recent advocate of abstrusion, are among those present. The Newport jazz festival will claim the Monks on Thursday, July 4. Mondays are for visiting artists.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones' quartet is trumpeting its barrel-house music for those diners who have time to listen. Closed Sundays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The trio headed by Martial Solal, the Algerian Frenchman whose piano recordings have already made him famous here, is behind the bar with a group of fellow-progressives. No action Mondays. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street, where so many of us were brought up, is offering the same sort of courses (Cliff Jackson's piano all week long, plus Danny Barker's trio Fridays and Saturdays) as before. No music Sundays.

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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Thursday, July 4.)

LYNN CHADWICK, HENRY MOORE, AND JACK ZAJAC—Sculptures and drawings; through Aug. 15. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays and Friday, July 5.)

PAUL DELVAUX—Paintings by the Belgian Surrealist; through July 12. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, July 5-6.)

ANTONIO FRASCONI—Lithographs and color woodcuts; through Friday, June 28. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

HENRI MICHAUX—Ink drawings and water colors; through Friday, June 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

MARIO MICOSSI—Etchings of Italy; through Friday, June 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

JACK ROTH—Black-and-white drawings; through Friday, June 28. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St.)

MIRIAM SCHAPIRO—Imagist paintings; through Friday, June 28. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

ART DEALERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA—"Review of the Season: 1962-63," the first annual showing by forty-four of the member galleries. It consists of nearly three hundred American and European paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures, ranging in style from the Ashcan school to "pop" art. Through July 27. (Parke-Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURES—At the **BORGENICHT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Pieces by Leonard Baskin, José de Rivera, Wilfrid Zogbaum, and others; through Saturday, June 29.... **GERSON,** 41 E. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by Naum Gabo, James Rosati, Fritz Wotruba, and seven other sculptors; through Saturday, June 29.

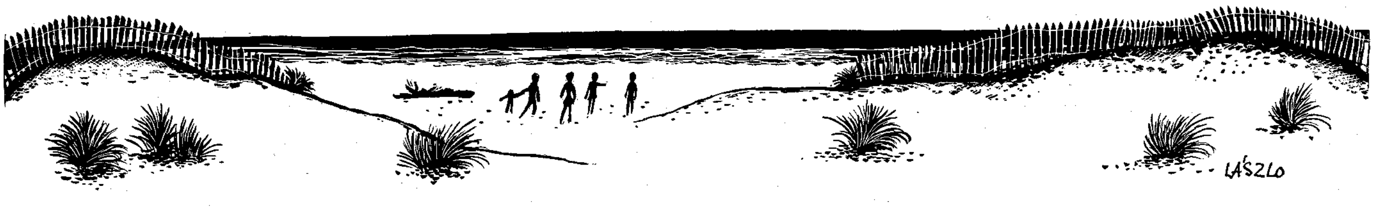
AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CASTELLI,** 4 E. 77th St.: Drawings by (for instance) Lee Bontecou, Nassos Daphnis, and Gerald van de Wiele; through Friday, June 28.... **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: The gallery artists, among them Georgia O'Keeffe, Isami Doi, and William Zorach, in a mixed-mediums show; through Wednesday, July 3. (Closed Saturdays.)... **GRAHAM,** third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Fabric banners (wall hangings) by Marisol, Alfred Jensen, George Ortman, and others; through Friday, June 28.... **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Karl Schrag, William Kienbusch, and Robert Laurent are three of the artists represented in a showing of contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Friday, June 28.... **LEWISON,** 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century artists, including Ralph Blakelock, George Inness, and George Luks, plus sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Aug. 9. (Weekdays, except Friday and Saturday, July 5-6, from 11:30 to 5:30.)... **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Ernest Fiene, and Waldo Peirce; through Aug. 30. (Closed Saturdays and Friday, July 5.)... **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: John H. Twachtman, Ernest Lawson, Leon Kroll, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through July 31. (Closed Saturdays and Friday, July 5.)... **ROKO,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: Participants in a painting-and-sculpture show include Herbert Kallem, Walter Williams, and Ann Freilich; through Tuesday, July 2. (Closed Saturdays.)... **SCHWEITZER,** 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, John Singer Sargent, and other turn-of-the-century artists; through Aug. 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... **STABLE,** 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Robert Indiana, Marisol, Richard Stankiewicz, and three others; through Friday, June 28.... **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Edward Dugmore, Lee Krasner, Michael Lekakis, and other painters and sculptors; through July 26. (Closed Saturdays and Friday, July 5.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures (1700-1963) by Arthur G. Dove, Aubrey Beardsley, and Jean-Pierre Dantan (to name a few); through Friday, June 28.... **GALLERY 63,** 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: Paintings by the gallery artists, including Fausto Pirandello, Stefano Cusumano, and Philip Evergood; through Friday, June 28.... **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: "Sumer Is Icumen In," an exhibition of paintings by, among others, Maurice Prendergast, Odilon Redon, and Thomas Gainsborough; through July 26. (Closed Saturdays and Friday, July 5.)... **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, Gandy Brodie, and other painters; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) ... **STEIN,** 24 E. 81st St.: A dozen artists (including de Kooning, Picabia, and Schwitters) make up the roster of an exhibition entitled "Painters of the Avant-Garde, 1909-49;" through Saturday, June 29.... **THIBAUT,** 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Two groups of paintings, one by young Americans (Alex Katz, Vincent Longo, and others) and the other by present-day Americans and Europeans (Franco Assetto, Hans Hartung, Antonio Music, and others); through July 12. (Closed Mondays and Friday and Saturday, July 5-6.)... **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such artists as Jannis Spyropoulos, Earl Kerkam, and Bernard Reder; through Sept. 21.

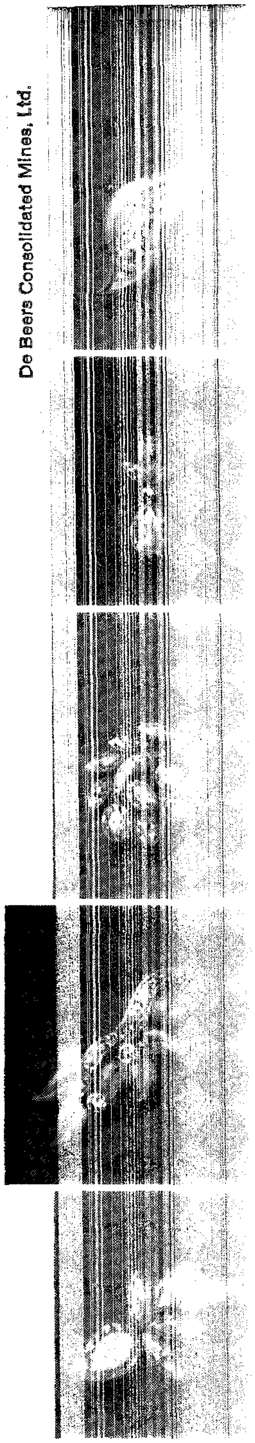
FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—Contemporary paintings and sculptures by leading exponents of figurative art in France, among them Bernard Buffet, Bernard Lorjou, and Paul Belmondo; through Aug. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and



NEW SHAPES IN EARCLIPS—IDEAS FOR STARTING, OR ADDING TO, YOUR DIAMOND WARDROBE



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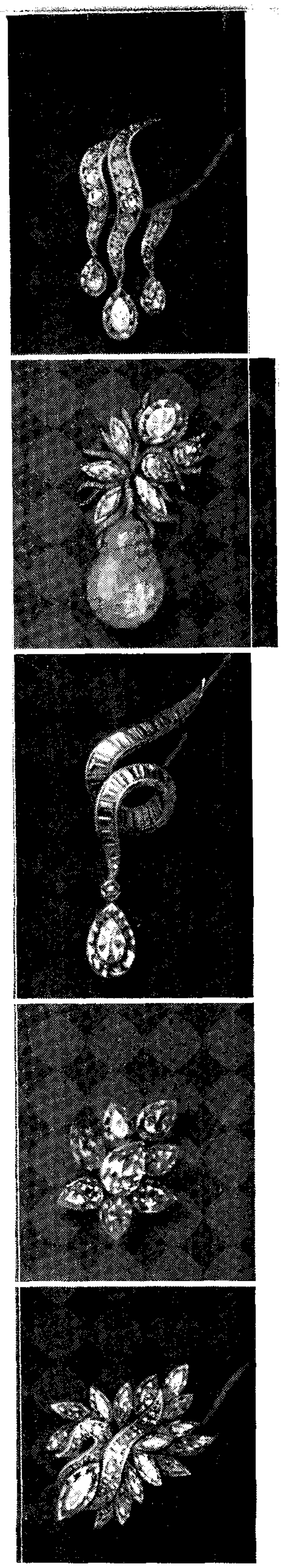
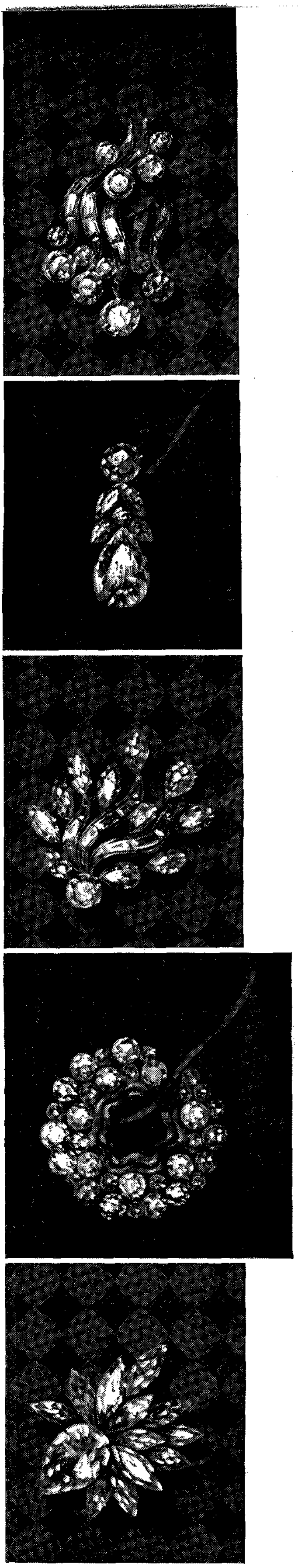
(2) da y diamo
(3) cu ing flora
(4) slender h
diamonds a
(5) diamonds
for bril



For Medium
Earlobes

(1) cascades of diamonds
(2) diamond and gold
bouquet with pearl drop
(3) spiral of diamonds
climaxed with pendant
(4) asymmetrical star
(5) imaginative leaf design.



For Deep
Earlobes

(1) shimmering streams
of diamonds (2) elegant,
graceful diamond drop
(3) free-flowing floral design
(4) brilliant circlet
(5) splendid leaf design.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

such) designed by the last jeweller to the Imperial Russian Court. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures (bronze, marble, terra cotta, and plaster), drawings, water colors, and prints, dating from 1863 to 1917, by Auguste Rodin; through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ "*Americans 1963*," a fifteen-artist exhibit of paintings and sculptures. Among those represented are David Simpson, Chryssa, and Michael Lekakis. Through Aug. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Gold of the Andes, Treasure of Peru," a display of some five hundred Incan objects (ponchos to ear ornaments), ranging in date from 200 B.C. to the sixteenth century and lent by *Señor Miguel Mujica Gallo, of Lima*; through July 15. . . . ¶ Eleven Spanish masterpieces (by El Greco, Goya, Velázquez, and Murillo) from the collection of the late Oscar B. Cintas; through Nov. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Evolution of the Buddha Image," various conceptions of Gautama Buddha on loan from museums and private collections in the United States, Europe, and Asia; through Sunday, June 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Cézanne and Structure in Modern Paintings," consisting of Cézannes borrowed from six private collections, supplemented by works (from the Museum's collection) of artists influenced by him—Braque, Gleizes, Mondrian, and Picasso, to mention a few; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, July 4, from 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Notable Acquisitions of the Past Two Years" (manuscripts, drawings, printed books, and bookbindings) and "Eighteenth-Century Drawings from the Samuel H. Kress Collection;" through July 26. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thursday, July 4, from 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Emergence: Student-Craftsmen," examples of work from six representative schools; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, except Thursday, July 4, from noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—The collection assembled by Robert and Lisa Sainsbury, of London, made up of items from around the world—Greece, Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands, Oceania, Benin, Alaska, and so on; through Sept. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A showing of paintings, sculptures, and drawings (by Ralston Crawford, Reuben Nakian, Josef Albers, and others), acquired during the past year by the Friends of the Whitney Museum and by the Museum; through Sunday, June 30. . . . ¶ An exhibition of contemporary prints executed by, among others, Robert Goodnough, Larry Rivers, and Adja Yunkers for the New York Hilton at Rockefeller Center; through Sunday, June 30. (Daily, except Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

LEWISOHN STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, June 27: Alfred Wallenstein directing an all-Beethoven program, with Heidi Krall, soprano; Lili Chookasian, contralto; Walter Carringer, tenor; Kenneth Smith, bass; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 29: Robert Irving conducting a program entitled "Shakespeare and Music," with Irene Jordan, soprano, and Basil Rathbone, narrator. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 2: Franz Allers conducting a program of Russian music, with Mischa Elman, violin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 3: Franz Allers conducting a program of Czech music, with Eva Likova, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 4: Franz Allers directing an all-Gershwin concert, with Earl Wild, piano; Camilla Williams, soprano; Lawrence Winters, baritone; and a chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6: Alfredo Antonini conducting an all-Verdi program, with Mary Curtis-Verna, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; and Jerome Hines, bass. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 10. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:06 P.M. over WQXR.)

AFTER DINNER OPERA COMPANY—A program of seven short operas, including Mark Bucci's "Sweet Betsy from Pike" and Gerald Cockshott's "Apollo and Persephone." (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Thursday and Friday, June 27-28, at 8:30, and Saturday, June 29, at 6 and 9.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 16.) . . . ¶ James Johnson conducting the Heights Opera Company in the opening performances of an opera-ballet-concert series. Saturday, June 29: "Tosca." Tuesday, July 2: "La Traviata." Saturday, July 6: "Aïda." (Evenings at 8.) . . . ¶ Carl Bamberger conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Julius Baker, flute, and Melvin Broiles, trumpet. (Thursday, July 4, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 25—Erich Leinsdorf conducting a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony members in three all-Mozart programs, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 5-6, at 8, and Sunday, July 7, at 2:30.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet in an all-Brahms program, with Sidney Foster, piano. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, June 30, at 4.)

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 4, at 8: Stan Kenton and his orchestra, Cannonball Adderley's sextet, Howard McGhee, Roy Haynes, Thelonious Monk's quartet, Pee Wee Russell's quartet, Nina Simone, Zoot Sims, Clark Terry, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 5, at 2: A program called New Faces in Jazz, including Paul Winter's sextet and Ada Lee. . . . ¶ Friday, July 5, at 8: Maynard Ferguson and his orchestra, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, Milt Jackson, Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, Yolande Bavan, Gerry Mulligan's quartet, Sonny Stitt, Joe Williams, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 2: "An Afternoon at the Hoofers Club," danced by Bunny Briggs and Baby Laurence, Chuck Green, Ernest Brown, Charles Cook, Charlie Atkins, Honi Coles, Pete Nugent, and others. With Marshall Stearns as narrator. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 8: Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Bunny Briggs and Baby Laurence, Coleman Hawkins, Ramsey Lewis's trio, the Newport Jazz Festival All-Stars, Bud Freeman, Ruby Braff, George Wein, Sonny Rollins' quartet, Nancy Wilson, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 7, at 6: Martial Solal's trio, Dave Brubeck's quartet, John Coltrane's quartet, Herbie Mann's quintet, Jimmy Smith's trio, Dakota Staton, and others. (For tickets, call CO 5-1267.)

SOUTHERN VERMONT ART CENTER—The Eastman Chamber Orchestra, conducted by A. Clyde Roller. (Manchester, Vt. Sunday, July 7, at 8:30.)

SOUTH MOUNTAIN—The New York Pro Musica. (Pittsfield, Mass. Saturday, July 6, at 3.)

NOTE—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting the Ballet Español Ximenez-Vargas. The first program will run through Saturday, June 29, and the second from Tuesday through Saturday, July 2-6. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and also Thursday and Friday, July 4-5, at 3.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, June 28, at 8; Saturday, June 29, at 2; Sunday, June 30, at 2 (doubleheader); and Monday, July 1, at 8. . . .

¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday, July 2, at 8; Wednesday, July 3, at 2; and Thursday, July 4, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . POLO GROUNDS: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, July 5, at 2, and Saturday, July 6, at 8.

BOXING—Billy Bello vs. Gaspar Ortega, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Saturday, July 6. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

GOLF—Women's Metropolitan Golf Association Championship. (Old Westbury Golf and Country Club, Old Westbury. Through Friday, June 28.)

POLO—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30 and Fridays at 7. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELDS, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, July 2. . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Wednesday, July 3, through Saturday, July 27. The Saranac Handicap, Wednesday, July 3, and the Suburban Handicap, Thursday, July 4. . . . MONMOUTH PARK: Weekdays; last day Saturday, Aug. 3. Through Saturday, June 29, post time will be 2:30; after that, it will be 2. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 6. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 12:20; starting Saturday, June 29, it will leave at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

SOCCER—International Soccer League: Halsingborg vs. Dinamo and Valladolid vs. Wiener S.C. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Thursday, July 4, at 2:15.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At WATKINS GLEN, N.Y.: Saturday, June 29, at 10 A.M., and Sunday, June 30, at 2. . . . LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, July 6, at 9 A.M.

TENNIS—AMATEUR MATCHES: Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Through Sunday, June 30.) . . . ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside. Monday through Sunday, July 1-7.) . . . PROFESSIONAL MATCHES: U.S. Professional Grass Court Championship. Pancho Gonzales, Ken Rosewall, Rod Laver, Earl Buchholz, Lew Hoad, Tony Trabert, Pancho Segura, and Alex Olmedo. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. BO 3-8080. Thursday through Saturday, June 27-29, at 1, and Sunday, June 30, at 2.)

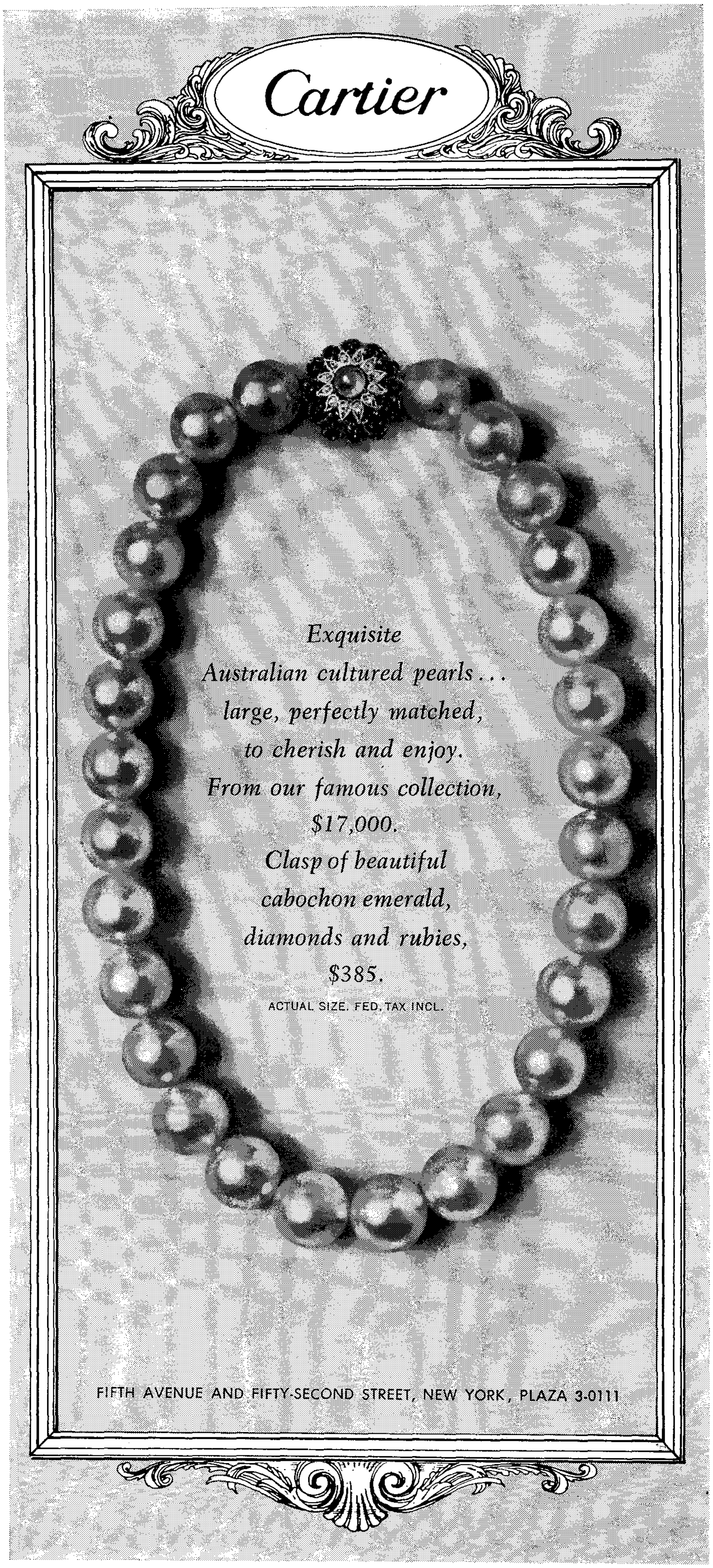
TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen: Monday through Friday, July 1-5, at 1:30. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 26.

YACHTING—Start of the Newport-to-Plymouth, England, race, Sunday, June 30.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Friday, June 28), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Thursday, July 4. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Three programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock"—June 27, at 5:30 and 8: "The 39 Steps" (1935), with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. . . . ¶ June 28-July 2, showings at 3 and 5:30 (except Friday, June 28, when there will be just one showing, at 5:30): "Secret Agent" (1936), with Madeleine Carroll and John Gielgud. . . . ¶ Starting July 3, at 3 and 5:30: "Sabotage" (1937), with Sylvia Sidney. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)



Cartier

Exquisite
Australian cultured pearls . . .
large, perfectly matched,
to cherish and enjoy.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

The Balcony—Jean Genet's dark comedy has been brought to the screen by Joseph Strick and Ben Maddow, who have had the good sense to take many liberties with it. A dazzling picture, with Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through June 28. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through July 2.)

Cleopatra—Oh, go ahead and see it! (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

David and Lisa—A touching story about a mentally disturbed boy and girl who find their way back into the world by finding each other. Starring Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Divorce—Italian Style—If you're a handsome young nobleman in Sicily, tired of your wife and in love with a beautiful cousin, murder is the one solution to your problem. Here, in a brilliant farce, is how the trick is done. Pietro Germi is the director, and the two stars are Marcello Mastroianni and Sicily. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Dr. No—A depraved Chinese, resident of an island off Jamaica, plans to take over the whole world, but James Bond isn't having any of it. An auspicious beginning to what will probably be a long series of thrillers, based on the Ian Fleming originals. Sean Connery makes a perfect Bond, and there are lots of pretty, collapsible girls all around him. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through June 30. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 2.)

8½—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. Marcello Mastroianni plays the part of a famous director who is suddenly unable to go on working; Anouk Aimée is his intellectual wife; and Sandra Milo is his tawdry mistress. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Heavens Above!—The Church of England is the main target of this mild but often funny satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and starring Peter Sellers, Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, Ian Carmichael, and half a dozen other favorites. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Hud—An excellent Western, and more than a Western, thanks to superb performances by Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, WI 7-9400; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

Lawrence of Arabia—A rendering, in scenes of extraordinary natural beauty, of T. E. Lawrence's famous "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Lawrence was a strange little Englishman who loved Arabia and fought to free it of the Turks, and it is this love that has been well celebrated here. The cast includes Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, and Anthony Quayle, and the director is David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Longest Day—A dutiful but dreary recapitulation of D Day by Darryl Zanuck and several thousand able, or at any rate willing, assistants. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

The L-Shaped Room—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell as a couple of lonely young people in London who find that love is more trouble than they expected, though not more trouble than it's worth. Sad and funny and well worth seeing. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Mutiny on the Bounty—Marlon Brando as Fletcher Christian and Trevor Howard as Captain Bligh in a high-flown rendering of a tale that used to be about good and evil but that now concerns the class struggle, sex, and other Hollywood commonplaces. The sea scenes are stupendous. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Never Let Go—A Peter Sellers thriller, intended to scare you and not to make you laugh. With Richard Todd. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through July 1.)

Sanjuro—A Japanese romance in which a sort of Robin Hood sort of outwits innumerable bad men, to the relief of quite a few good ones. Adroitly directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788.)

7 Capital Sins—A nosegay of short studies of those famous old sins, most of which turn out to be charming. Among the directors are Philippe de Broca, Roger Vadim, and Jean-Luc Godard, and among the performers are Eddie Constantine, Marie-Jose Nat, and Claude Brasseur. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting July 3.)

Sparrows Can't Sing—A rousing, pell-mell comedy of London lowlife, directed to perfection by the great Joan Littlewood. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Ugly American—A good movie made from a bad novel. Marlon Brando plays the part of an intelligent but wrong-headed United States ambassador to a mythical republic in Southeast Asia. When Mr. Brando feels like acting, no one can beat him, and this time he felt like acting. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

REVIVALS

Anna Karenina (1935)—The Garbo triumph. Also with Basil Rathbone and Fredric March. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 2.)

La Belle Américaine (1961)—A French comedy, starring Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through June 28.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 28-July 1.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in a Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through July 1, last showing at 1:50.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 2.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 3, tentative.)

Carmen Jones (1954)—Oscar Hammerstein's way-down-South version of the Bizet opera. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte play the lovers. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 3.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 2.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 30.)

La Dolce Vita (1961)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through July 2, tentative. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 28.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith in an account of a hillbilly guitarist's rise and fall in television. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 3.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 27.)

The Green Man (1957)—Alastair Sim as a whimsical chap who is crazy about blowing people up. An English picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 2.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 28-July 1.)

I Know Where I'm Going (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 3, tentative.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 2-3, last showing at 3:30.)

The Island (1962)—Life on a farm circumscribed by the Inland Sea of Japan. Written and directed by Kaneto Shindo and photographed by Kiyoshi Kuroda. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 29.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 3, evening performances only.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961)—De Laclos's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 2, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting July 3.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 30.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 1.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 2.)

Private's Progress (1956)—An English comedy dealing with some military incompetents in World War II. Ian Carmichael, Richard Attenborough, and Dennis Price. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 2.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A poor Italian family comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 27.)

Room at the Top (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream in society. An English film, with Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting July 3.)

Rosemary (1960)—A sardonic view of some get-rich-quick operators in post-Nazi Frankfurt. A German film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 1.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a disheveled New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 3.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 2, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French treatment of the Jonson comedy. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 27.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 11.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through July 2: "The Stripper," Joanne Woodward, Richard Beymer.
From July 3: "Call Me Bwana," Bob Hope, Anita Ekberg.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:45. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through July 1: "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.
From July 2: "Women of the World," a documentary film narrated by Peter Ustinov.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
8½ (in Italian).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Tammy and the Doctor," Sandra Dee, Peter Fonda.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
HUD.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
SANJURO (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through July 2: "El Cid," revival, Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.
From July 3: "Greenwich Village Story," Robert Hogan, Melinda Plank.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"PT 109," Cliff Robertson, Ty Hardin.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
DAVID AND LISA.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through July 2: **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French), revival; and **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival.
From July 3: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French), revival; and "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
THE LONGEST DAY.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 2: **THE BALCONY;** and "Brothers in Law," revival, Richard Attenborough, Ian Carmichael.
From July 3: **7 CAPITAL SINS** (in French); and **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE,** revival.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through July 2 (tentative): **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival.
From July 3 (tentative): "Spencer's Mountain," Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara; and "The Chapman Report," revival, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"My Name Is Ivan" (in Russian).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"PT 109," Cliff Robertson, Ty Hardin.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
HEAVENS ABOVE!

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE UGLY AMERICAN.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 2: "King Kong vs. Godzilla;" and "The Traitors," Patrick Allen.
From July 3: "Spencer's Mountain," Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara; and "Black Gold," Phil Carey, Diane McBain.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE L-SHAPED ROOM.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
DAVID AND LISA.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
HUD.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
SPARROWS CAN'T SING.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
DR. NO.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through July 2: "The Main Attraction," Pat Boone, Nancy Kwan.
From July 3: "The Brothers Karamazov," revival, Yul Brynner, Maria Schell.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 2: "The Stripper," Joanne Woodward, Richard Beymer.
From July 3: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER,** revival; and **ROOM AT THE TOP,** revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE LONGEST DAY.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 2: "King Kong vs. Godzilla;" and "The Traitors," Patrick Allen.
From July 3: "Spencer's Mountain," Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara; and "Black Gold," Phil Carey, Diane McBain.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 2: "The Main Attraction," Pat Boone, Nancy Kwan; and "Dime with a Halo," Barbara Luna.
From July 3: "Captain Sindbad," Guy Williams; and "Drums of Africa," Frankie Avalon.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
June 27: **GRAND ILLUSION** and **VOLPONE** (both in French and both revivals).
June 28-July 1: **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and **THE HORSE'S MOUTH,** revival.
From July 2: **CITIZEN KANE,** revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 2: **DR. NO;** and "When Comedy Was King," revival, a film made up of excerpts from old movies.
From July 3: **A FACE IN THE CROWD,** revival; and **CARMEN JONES,** revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 2: **ANNA KARENINA,** revival; and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival.
From July 3 (tentative): **I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING,** revival; and **BRIEF ENCOUNTER,** revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Third Lover" (in French), Jacques Charrier, Stephane Audran.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 2: "The Main Attraction," Pat Boone, Nancy Kwan; and "Dime with a Halo," Barbara Luna.
From July 3: "Captain Sindbad," Guy Williams; and "Drums of Africa," Frankie Avalon.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 2: **THE BALCONY;** and "The Beginning Was Sin" (in German).
From July 3: **7 CAPITAL SINS** (in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Tammy and the Doctor," Sandra Dee, Peter Fonda.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through July 1: **NEVER LET GO.**
From July 2: "Women of the World," a documentary film narrated by Peter Ustinov.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Third Lover" (in French), Jacques Charrier, Stephane Audran.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
8½ (in Italian).

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 28: **THE BALCONY;** and **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French), revival.
From June 29: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through June 30: "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.
From July 1: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through June 30: **DR. NO.**
From July 1: "Hand in the Trap" (in Spanish), Elsa Daniel, Francisco Rabal.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 2: "The Main Attraction," Pat Boone, Nancy Kwan; and "Dime with a Halo," Barbara Luna.
From July 3: "Captain Sindbad," Guy Williams; and "Drums of Africa," Frankie Avalon.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 1 (last showing at 1:50): **THE BIG SLEEP,** revival; and "When a Woman Ascends the Stairs" (in Japanese), Hideko Takamine.
July 1, at 6:15, 8, and 9:45: A program of five silent comedies produced by Hal Roach and Mack Sennett.
July 2-3 (last showing at 1:40): **THE INFORMER,** revival; and "Rio Grande," revival, John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.
July 3, at 6, 8, and 10: Five documentary films produced by the March of Time.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
DR. NO; and "The Last Time I Saw Archie," revival, Robert Mitchum, Martha Hyer.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 27: **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival.
June 28: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival.
June 29: **THE ISLAND** (a Japanese film without dialogue), revival; and "Cleo from 5 to 7" (in French), revival, Corinne Marchand, Antoine Bourseiller.
June 30: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA,** revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES,** revival.
July 1: **NINOTCHKA,** revival; and **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival.
July 2: **PRIVATE'S PROGRESS,** revival; and **THE GREEN MAN,** revival.
July 3: "The Spanish Earth," revival, a documentary film; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through July 2: "King Kong vs. Godzilla;" and "The Traitors," Patrick Allen.
From July 3: "Spencer's Mountain," Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara; and "Black Gold," Phil Carey, Diane McBain.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 2: **THE BALCONY.**
From July 3: **7 CAPITAL SINS** (in French).

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through July 2: "The Main Attraction," Pat Boone, Nancy Kwan; and "Dime with a Halo," Barbara Luna.
From July 3: "Captain Sindbad," Guy Williams; and "Drums of Africa," Frankie Avalon.

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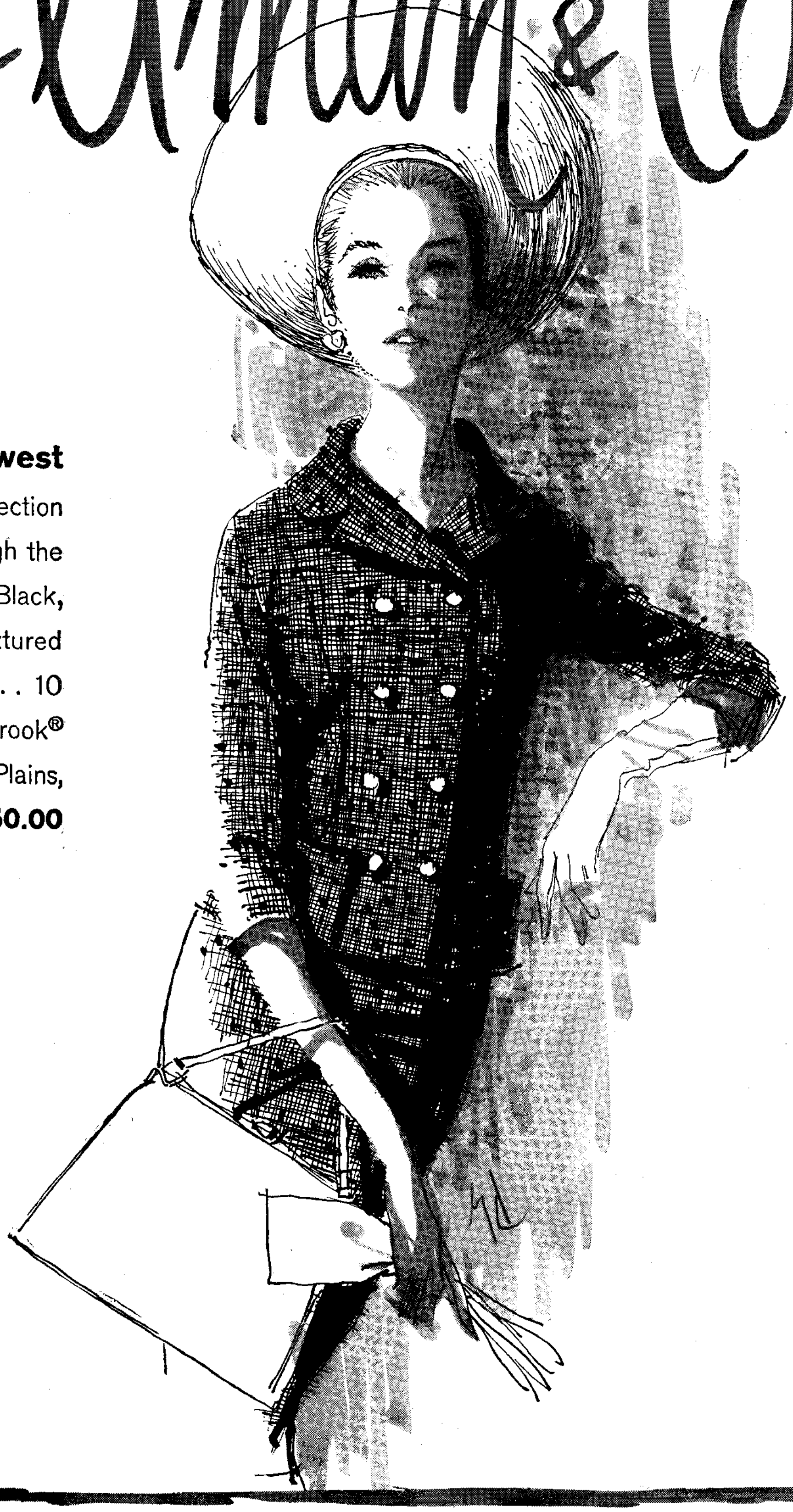


THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

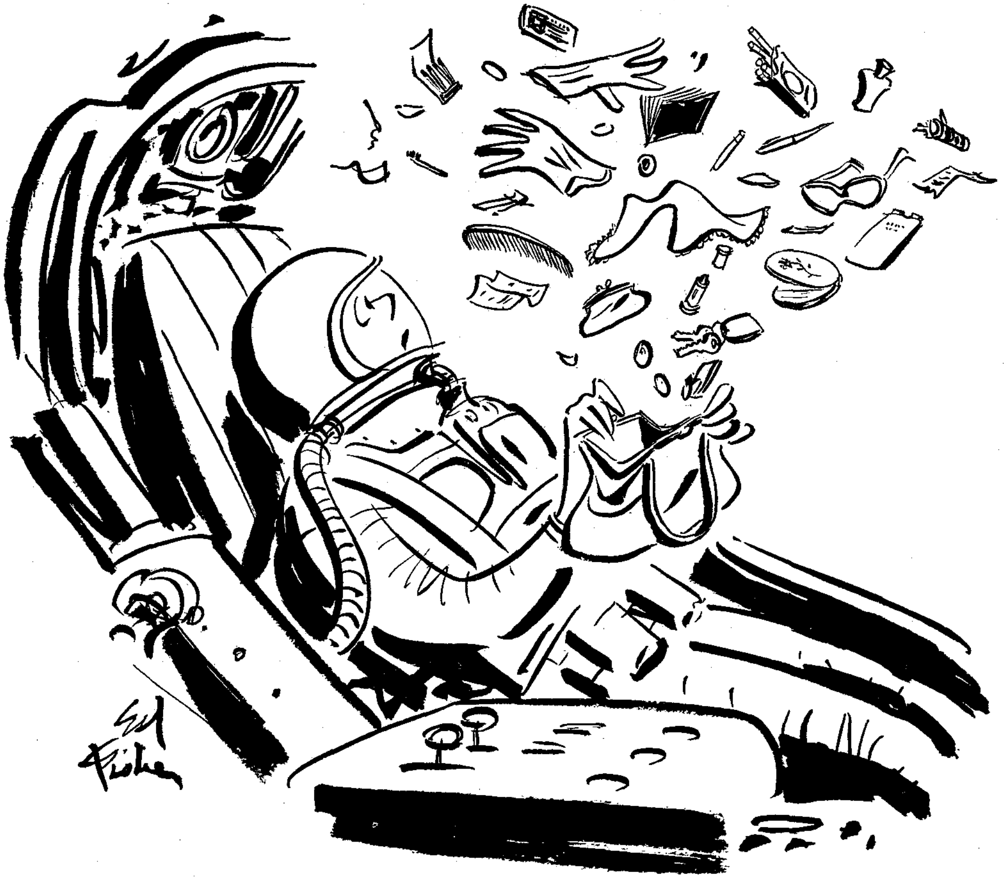
Notes and Comment

THE day after Medgar Evers was buried, we were riding uptown on a Madison Avenue bus when, at the Eighty-sixth Street stop, a large, infirm white woman struggled to her feet and, an overflowing shopping bag in one hand, started toward the front door. Her progress was snail-like, and it was immediately clear to the dozen passengers on board that she wouldn't make it by herself—indeed, that she probably had no business travelling alone on a bus. Suddenly, a tall, gangling Negro of about sixteen jumped up, and that absolute immobility that holds a group of strangers seconds after it knows it must act was splintered. Taking the woman's free arm, the boy helped her inch by inch down the two high steps and, a tug prodding an ocean liner, led her across the ten or twelve feet to the sidewalk. During this process, which took several minutes, the boy was both embarrassed and solicitous, like all New Yorkers who step out of their shells to help someone, and the bus driver, also a Negro, was patient and motionless. Then, just before the woman and the boy reached the curb, the driver leaned to his right and shouted through the doorway, "Officer! Hey, Officer! Why don't you ticket that car that's keeping this bus so's I can't get into the stop and giving so much trouble to that woman? You asleep?" The policeman, who was white, and who had been standing obliviously at the corner, spun about, looked bewildered, and headed sheepishly for a car parked in the middle of the bus stop. The Negro boy, his task done, gave a little leap of relief from the curb to the street, and in just three strides was back in his seat. The driver banged his door shut, and the bus moved on.

AS we were reading about the latest, stupefying Russian space exploit, we found ourself the victim of a curious sense of *déjà vu*. We racked our brain to try to dredge up from our subconscious what it was that was perturbing us, and all at once we had a perfectly clear image from the deep past. It was late spring and hot as Hades. Our grandfather had taken us to the circus, and in the middle of the show there was a stupendous exhibition of bareback riding. There was a family of riders; first Daddy got up on the horse, and then Mommy, and then Little Brother and Little Sister, until the whole family was going around and around the arena on one horse while everyone clapped and cheered. Now here we were, some decades later, cheering, while first the flying man and then the flying man and the flying lady went around and around. Next time, we expect them to be joined by little Pyotr and little Vera, both of whom will no doubt have a few constructive things to say to the People's Republic of North Vietnam.

Personal Attention

OUR new superintendent of schools is a forty-four-year-old Californian named Calvin E. Gross. Tall, slender, and well-tailored, with the proverbially high forehead of the scholar, a fringe of reddish hair, a resonant voice, and, behind horn-rimmed glasses, an affable, penetrating gaze, Dr. Gross has been placed in charge of the country's largest and most complex school system—eight hundred and thirty-five school buildings, fifteen annexes, over forty-two thousand teachers, and over a million students. None of these large numbers appear to daunt Dr. Gross in the slightest. We had a talk with him some days ago, and it was with difficulty that we got him to put off a discussion of the educational problems he is tackling here long enough to give us his *curriculum vitae*—which wasn't very long, since he zipped through it at breakneck speed. Son of a New Yorker, he was born and raised in Los Angeles, got a B.A. at the University of California there, taught for a year as a graduate assistant at Oregon State, and went overseas during the Second World War with an anti-aircraft unit. After the war, he transferred to the Information and Education Division of the Army; helped administer, from Paris, the Army universities at Biarritz and at Shrivenham, in England; returned home with the rank of captain; married; took a job teaching mathematics in the Los Angeles public-school system; and received an



M.A. in education from the University of Southern California. In 1950, he went to Harvard on a one-year education fellowship. "That was when the world really opened up for me," Dr. Gross said. "Harvard had set up five of these fellowships, each consisting of a grant of five thousand dollars, tax-free, and complete freedom to do anything one pleased. I spent most of my time in the Graduate Schools of Business Administration, Education, and Public Administration, but I also audited a good many undergraduate lectures. The basic idea behind the fellowships was to pick people, early in their careers, who looked as if they'd be making a contribution to the educational process, and I must say it seems to have worked. Of the four others in my group, one is superintendent of schools in Tacoma, another is dean of the Library School at the University of Minnesota, a third is president of the Kamehameha Schools, in Hawaii, and the fourth is assistant dean of education at Penn State."

Dr. Gross took a job as superintendent of schools in Weston, Massachusetts, in 1951, and remained there for five years, at the same time earning a doctorate in education at Harvard. After two years as superintendent of the Niskayuna Central School District, near Schenectady, he proceeded to the superintendency of schools in Pittsburgh, whence he has come to undertake the toughest job of all. "I suspect that the most important problem I'm going to face here is communication," he said. "Communication with my huge administrative staff, my teachers, and the public. Trite as it may be to say so, the classroom is the crucial reality. Everything hinges on that. I *must* manage to achieve a certain closeness with the teachers in the system. I don't want all my information about what is going on to filter up to me through nine or ten levels of staff. The principal of a school is the key figure at the end of the administrative line. He has to be a powerful, enlightened person who cares about teachers. Since we have eight hundred and fifty principals, it's obvious that I can't have a cozy chat with all of them at the same time, but I *can* hold a reasonable conversation with fifty or a hundred of them. Personal attention to teachers and principals, then personal attention to the public. I wish that every New Yorker felt he had a stake in the education of the children here. It would help us to raise more money, build more schools, recruit better teachers. Other school systems have been stealing teachers from New York for years. I think it's time we got some of the good ones back. My aim is to build up the morale of the system. My educational strategy is to concentrate on the children who are either very bright or fairly dull, or who seem dull because their intellectual potential has been concealed by slum life. As we raise the intellectual tone of a school, the process sends impulses all the way back down the line, like a row of dominoes falling in succession. For the slow-learning child, especially if he's culturally handicapped, I have a radical prescription. That is to insist that he master fundamentals before he tries *any*thing else. English—mostly reading, at first—is the most important subject we teach. There's no sense in pretending that we are teaching history or biology to a tenth-grade student who reads at a fourth-grade level. Once a child can read well, he can learn anything; all the doors fly open. Our essential business is the development of a child's intellect. If school people submit to the pressure to teach extraneous subjects—driver education, say—then we may as well give up the pretense of being educators and hang out our shingles as baby-sitters."

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SIGN in the British War Department's Practical Training Area, which is in a desolate and beautiful expanse of heath and pine in southern Norfolk:

DANGER
KEEP OUT
THERE ARE LIVE BOMBS INSIDE
THEY CAN KILL YOU
BEWARE OF LAMBS

Painters

THE other day, we went down to Hamilton-Madison House, at 50 Madison Street, to see an exhibition of paintings and drawings by a dozen Chinese men who are members of Hamilton-Madison's Golden Age Club, and to meet the artists. While we were waiting for them to show up, we studied the exhibition room, normally a small auditorium-gymnasium, and saw that the basketball hoops had been raised out of the way. A maze of wooden panels had been erected in the center of the floor, and paintings and drawings were tacked on the panels and taped on the walls and stacked in corners. At one end of the room, in front of an empty stage, an ancient Chinese man, seated at a small table, was playing an instrument that resembled a zither. The instrument went "twang, clong, twang." Elderly people sat on folding chairs grouped here and there near the walls. They were drinking tea and chatting amiably while visitors of all types, ranging from the well-to-do to the undone, ambled among the wooden panels.

The first artist we met was Mr. Dong Chun Yu, who informed us, in a cheerful, offhand way, that his paintings were dreadful and scarcely belonged in the show. "You see a horse?" he asked, pointing to one of his canvases.

We saw a brown animal that vaguely resembled a barking dog.

"Ha!" said Mr. Dong. "You see no horse, because the picture is no good. It doesn't look like a horse!"

Mr. Dong took us by the elbow and steered us to another of his exhibits. "This is no good also," he said happily. "It doesn't look like what I meant."

We stared at what appeared to be a frog, a fish, a crab, and a cow, or perhaps a buffalo, all suspended in the air beside an aquamarine hummock.

"What *did* you mean?" we asked.

Mr. Dong smiled. "I'm not sure," he said, and bowed and walked away.

Mr. Louie Chu, the director of the Golden Age Club, appeared and explained that Mr. Dong, who is seventy-six and a former restaurant chef, has had no formal training in art but simply paints for the fun of it, as do—with the club's encouragement—most of the other exhibitors, who range in age from rather mellow seventies to very outspoken eighties. Retired men who live in nearby Chinatown, they spend their days painting and conversing with other Golden Agers at the settlement house, which serves the stretch of the lower East Side between the Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridges. "Two men, however, have had formal instruction, and they work in the traditional Chinese style, doing landscapes, flowers, and birds," Mr. Chu went on. "Here is one of them now—Mr. Chin Yuk Sun. He is eighty-four and pretty deaf, so you'll have to speak loudly."

Approaching us was a very small man smoking a pipe and wearing a gray felt hat so large that it made him look like a supranatural being crouching under a boulder. Removing the hat, he revealed an intricately lined face with cheekbones sculptured by time into superlative relief. He nodded to us in a friendly way.

"How long have you been painting?" we asked.

Mr. Chin cupped a marbled hand over his right ear and looked inquiringly at Mr. Chu, who interpreted the question in booming Cantonese.

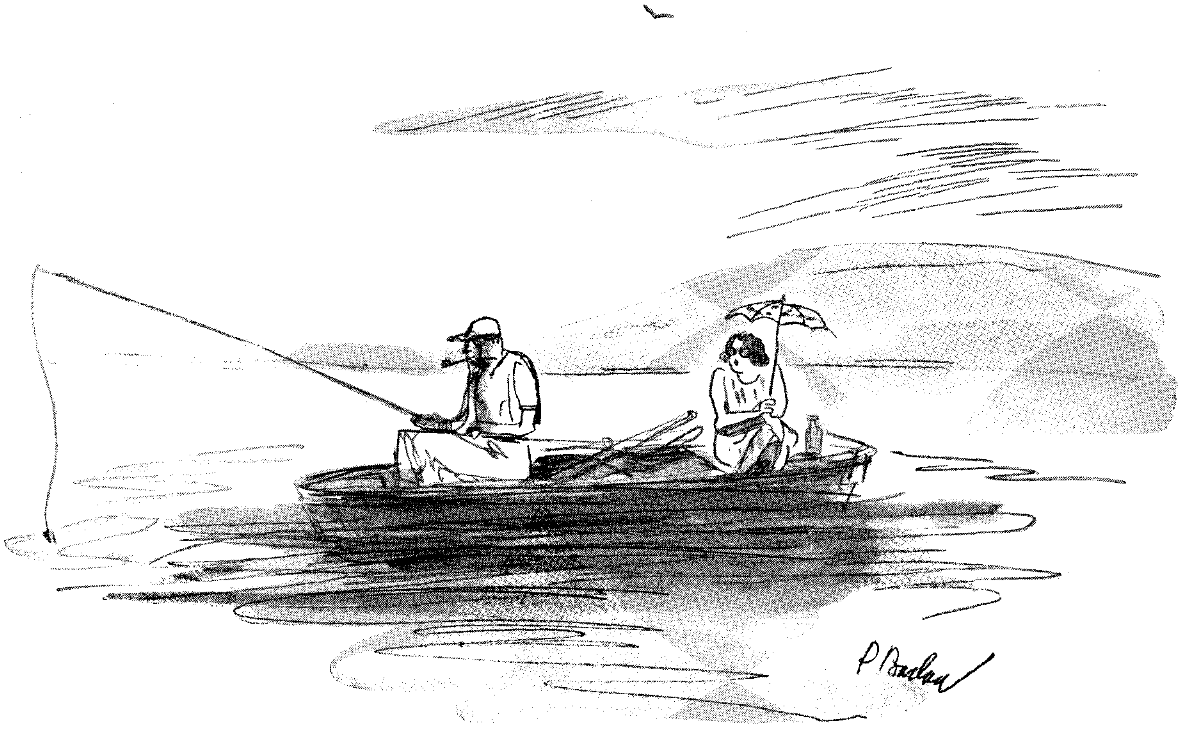
"Fifty years," replied Mr. Chin, in super-booming Cantonese. "I studied in China as a boy, and at the Chicago Art Institute when I was thirty years old. I like to work in oils, because they last, like me. I'm eighty-four years old. I can't see worth a damn, though. I don't wear glasses, because when I wear glasses I can't see *anything at all!*"

The conversation was interrupted by the appearance of the second traditionalist, Mr. Chin Kee Chung, who is not related to the other Mr. Chin. Nor is there a resemblance, Mr. Chin Kee Chung being a tall, serious, bespectacled, professorial man in his seventies. He told us he had just sold one of his water colors to a curator of the Cooper Union Museum. At his suggestion, we all shifted to the other side of the exhibition room to look at another of his water colors, a delicate red flower. In the upper left-hand corner of the paper was a poem in carefully executed Chinese calligraphy. Several other artists joined our group, and everyone, except us, began waving his arms and chattering in Cantonese about the poem-painting.

Suddenly, a man in a double-breasted gray flannel suit and bright-red necktie strode into the gathering, announced in Olympian tones that he was the poet, declared the poem to be about artists, and, after everybody had quieted down to his satisfaction, offered this translation: "When artist born, he don't know how to painting. After he old man, then he learn how to painting. He know maybe he too old and painting not so good. But he have lot of time, and he want to spend more time, and pass time, and have fun. O.K.?" He gave us a crisp, baronial nod, and told us briskly that his name is Tom Jung, that he is seventy-six years old, that he is the president of the Golden Age Club, that he was a high-school teacher in China many years ago, and that he was once the mayor of two towns in Kwangtung Province. "O.K.?" he added, and marched off.

"He talks too much," Mr. Chin Kee Chung said grumpily. He proceeded to tell us that he is one of two exhibitors who have received recognition outside the neighborhood. The other, he said, is a man named Gee Hong Yin, who, we soon learned, is a startling contrast to the fastidious Mr. Chin.

While we were waiting for Mr. Gee to arrive, we were told by some of the club regulars that he came to this country in 1923, worked as a laundry presser in New Orleans and New York until advanced age made him unemployable, and then took to wandering the streets. Eventually, he became a beggar on the fringes of the Bowery. Last May, a friend persuaded him to join the club, which is jointly operated by Hamilton-Madison House and the Welfare Department. He began receiving Welfare



"*Was there a* Mrs. *Izaak Walton, do you suppose?*"

Department support and experimenting with paints. Because he had been a drifter, he was ignored by most of the other club members, and his paintings were given an out-of-the-way spot in the show. Shortly after the show opened, however, several teams of interior decorators from midtown, hunting for "primitives," pounced on his work and tried to buy up almost all the paintings he has done in the last year—sixty of them. Mr. Gee paints on cardboard, canvas, wrapping paper, window shades, or anything else he can find, with oils, tempera, house paint, glue, or anything else he can find. His subjects are birds, bushes, and bamboo, but they certainly are not classical birds, bushes, and bamboo. They are, as one club member put it, "pure Gee."

When Mr. Gee finally came in, he proved to be a baggy-trousered, laconic man with a stubbled chin, and he said cautiously that he wanted Mr. Chu to interpret for him, because he couldn't understand much English.

"Ho!" exclaimed Mr. Chu. "He understands much more than he shows."

Mr. Gee, whose hair hung like a wide black paintbrush diagonally across his finely creased forehead, said, through Mr. Chu, that he was sixty-nine years old.

"Ho!" said Mr. Chu. "A doctor who examined him says he's in his eighties."

Whatever his age, Mr. Gee was clearly not impressed with his newfound public. He explained that he had little to say about his concepts and methods.

We asked him why he painted.

"I see bright colors everywhere," he said.

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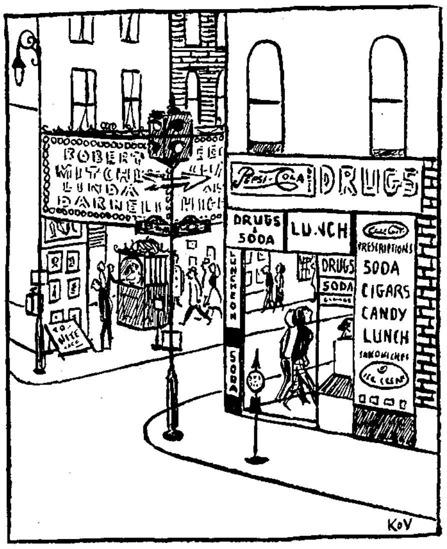
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A letter was recently received by Beth Emeth Synagogue, in Larchmont, that started out, "Dear Miss Synagogue."

Postscript

ON September 23, 1938, a Time Capsule—a sealed metal cylinder containing samples of twentieth-century civilization—was buried in Flushing Meadow, not to be opened, it was, and is, hoped, until 6939 A.D., five thousand years after the official start of the first New York World's Fair. In it were placed, among other objects, a lump of coal, a woman's hat, and about ten million words on microfilm, including directions for making a microfilm projector; and in libraries, museums, and other durable institutions around the world a key to the English language and instructions for locating the Capsule were filed. In 1965, when the coming World's Fair closes, the Westinghouse Electric Corporation, the sponsor of the 1938 Capsule, will bury a second one, recording man's progress during the past twenty-five years. Meanwhile, the 1965 Capsule, which Westinghouse likes to think of as a postscript, will be on display in the Westinghouse Pavilion. On Flag Day morning this year, a cloudy one, we joined some Westinghouse administrators and public-relations men, and some members of the press, including a lady from *Parents' Magazine* and a man from *Home Furnishings Daily*, in a trip by chartered bus along Northern Boulevard to the past and future World's Fair grounds to see the ground broken for the new Time Capsule. The first stop was the Administration Building, where we hung up our raincoat and marched with the others in single file up a ramp encircling a miniature model of the Fair while Mr. William Ottley, Director of Special Exhibits, described it for what he said he thought was the two-hundred-and-fiftieth time. After the lecture, we boarded the bus again and were driven out to the site of the Westinghouse Pavilion, along dirt roads labelled "Avenue of the States" and "Avenue of the United Nations."

The workmen at the site, which featured a pile driver, were taking a break before the ceremony of driving a steel casing for the new Time Capsule into the earth. The guests stood nervously beside the pile driver, smiling at the workmen and each other, and wondering whether it was going to rain. A man with a camera directed three ladies to look up at the pile driver. "That's right," he said. "Look up, then look down. Not so fast." The ladies tried to keep their spike heels from sinking into the ground. A few minutes later, four men appeared on a platform facing the pile driver. The first, Roberto de Mendoza, the Fair's Deputy Chief of Protocol, introduced the second, Martin Stone, Director of Industrial Exhibits, who introduced the third, Robert Moses, president of the Fair. Mr. Moses, wearing a summer suit, made a short, rambling speech (approximately his five-hundred-and-twenty-fifth since 1961) praising industrial exhibitors in general for the efficiency with which they coöperate with World's Fairs, and regretting that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics would not be participating in this one, for if it were participating, he felt, it and the world might note the relatively greater progress that has been made by the United States. "Well, anyhow . . ." Mr. Moses said, and drifted away from the microphone without introducing the fourth speaker, Mark W. Cresap, president of Westinghouse.



Mr. Cresap explained that when the 1938 Capsule and the 1965 postscript are unearthed, they will provide archeologists with a record of our "history, faiths, arts, sciences, and customs suitably preserved."

Then the raising of an American flag released a switch that set the pile driver going. We winced with each blow of the pile driver on the Capsule casing, and blinked as the explosion of each flash bulb was reflected in a pool of water left by the pile driver's steam. "That's it," someone said as the noise stopped. Gabe Pressman, the ubiquitous television newsman, who had been gazing critically at the speakers' platform and puffing on an extremely long pipe, began to interview Mr. Moses for the television cameras.

We boarded the bus to go back to the Administration Building for cocktails and lunch. There, in front of a bar set up in a conference room, an urbane man handed us a drink and offered us what he called "special Moses peanuts." "Do I look like a Fair official?" he asked.

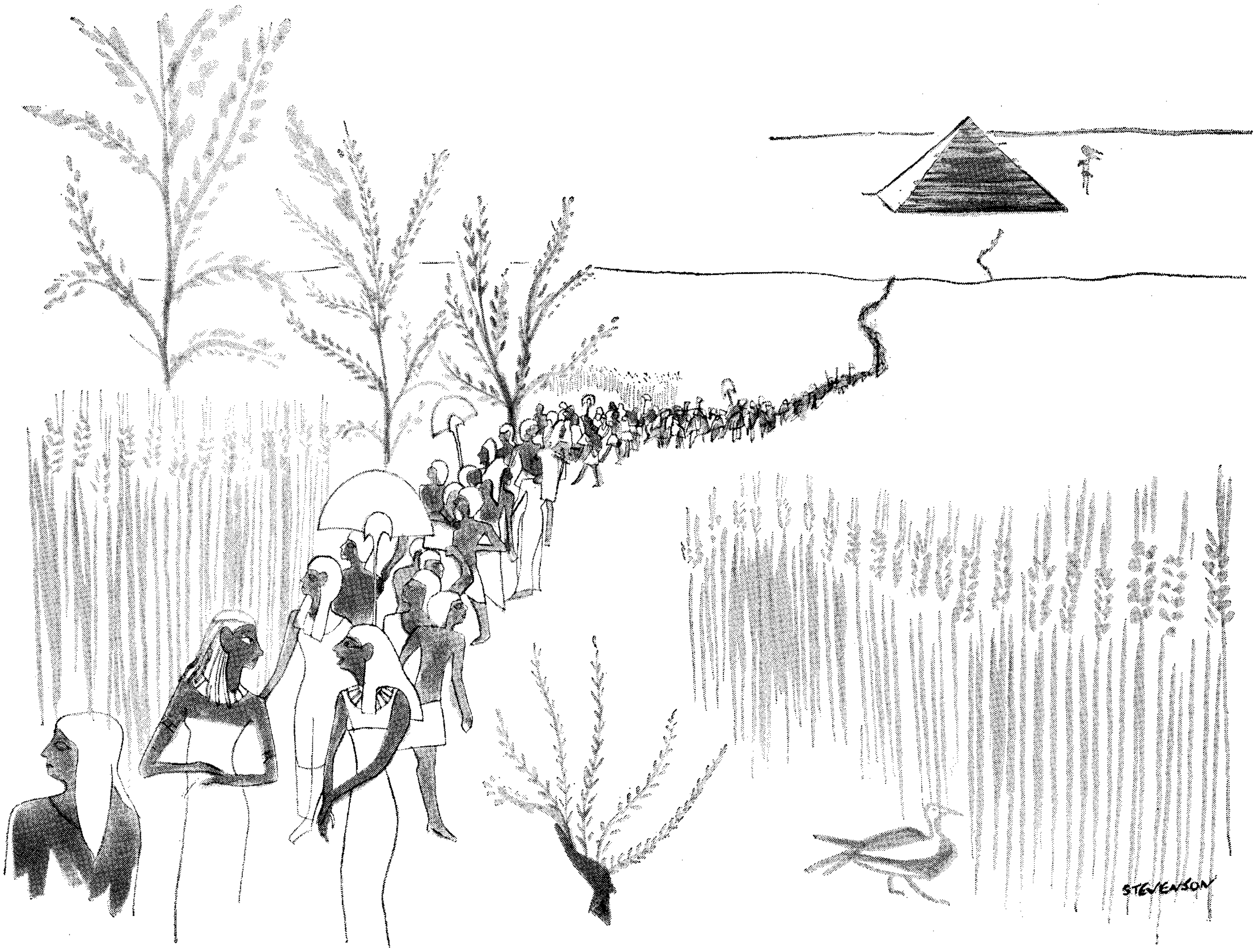
"Yes, you do," we said politely.

He seemed offended at our answer, and later we learned that he was José de Cubas, president of Westinghouse International.

At lunch, we sat between Mr. Cresap and Mr. Stone, who discussed Williams College and the Department of Defense.

"What do they do at a Time Capsule *opening*?" the lady from *Parents' Magazine* asked us on the way home in the bus. "I've been to a sinking but never to an opening."

We said we didn't know. We didn't



"He was a nice Pharaoh."

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tell her that last fall a ceremony to mark the opening of a Time Capsule planted by President William Howard Taft had to be cancelled when, according to the *Herald Tribune*, "the contents were found to be faded, crumbled, and mouldy with age." Mr. Taft's Capsule, of course, was not made of a copper-chromium-and-silver alloy tempered to the hardness of steel and sealed with molten asphalt, like the Westinghouse Capsules, nor were its contents certified for durability by the Bureau of Standards. It was only a copper box.

The Dinar

WE have a peripatetic friend who occasionally favors us with a travel note. Here is his latest:

"A few days ago, the *Times* carried a charming piece about life in Belgrade, which, the *Times* correspondent felt, is getting gayer. He closed his article with a few current Yugoslavian political jokes, and I was especially taken by one concerning the dinar, the Yugoslavian unit of currency. It describes a method of dealing with the fiscal weakness of the dinar: 'You take a one-dinar piece (worth about a seventh of a cent), bore four holes in it, and sell it for five dinars as a button.' Apart from the utility of the method, it reminded me of an interesting experience I had with the dinar in the spring of 1961. I was living in Vienna at the time and had chosen, for reasons no longer clear to me, to spend part of an Easter vacation in Yugoslavia. Coming back, I decided to take the automobile route that leads through Trieste and then north into Austria. I arrived at the Italian border still in possession of a moderate number of dinars—somewhere between seven and nine dollars' worth. The border guard asked me whether I had any dinars, and I said yes. He pointed to a shack about a half a kilometre away on the Yugoslav side and said I was to return there at once and change the dinars. At the shack, I was met by a kindly-looking, extremely red-faced elderly gentleman, whose general manner convinced me that he had already consumed a generous fraction of his daily ration of slivovitz. He took me inside and asked, in German, what I needed. I told him that I had been sent back to change my dinars. I took them out and gave them to him. They were mostly in bills of a thousand. He looked them over, and then for each thousand-dinar bill he gave me ten hundred-dinar bills. He then said that when I got back to the border and was asked whether I had changed my dinars, I should simply say yes. I thanked him and asked why all this had been necessary. He thought my question was incredibly funny, and began to laugh, pointing from time to time at the border guard. When I returned to the border, I did as I had been told, and got right through, and then changed the dinars in Trieste. The whole experience has given me a somewhat sentimental feeling toward the dinar."

HOW TO BE HAPPY WHEN YOUR NEWSDEALER FILCHES YOUR SUNDAY "TIMES MAGAZINE"

(SIMPLY CLIP OUT APPROPRIATE PHOTOGRAPHS FROM BACK NUMBERS OF SAME AND ARRANGE TASTEFULLY AROUND THE ALL-PURPOSE ARTICLES PRESENTED BELOW)

Following the Leader— After de Gaulle, Who?

By ANDRÉ BOVARY

FORWARD-LOOKING observers of the French political puzzle have been overheard saying under their breaths to one another lately that the man most likely to succeed General de Gaulle in the Presidency of France in January, 1966, is a short, taciturn, naturalist-turned-politician who first attracted notice during recent weeks when on three successive occasions the tall, voluble Gallic leader chose to stand closer to him than to anybody else in ceremonies connected with the taking of group photographs on a municipal barge tied up on the right bank of the broad, gurgling Seine, the river that flows through the most beautiful city in the world—Paris, France. His name is M. Michel Pompflimnereaux.

How, one might ask, did M. M. Pompflimnereaux make his way from the study of flora and fauna to the dizzy heights of being de Gaulle's chosen dauphin, or heir apparent?

The answer to that altogether reasonable inquiry requires an understanding of the intricate and little known history of the French province which is (*Continued on page 192*)

ANDRÉ BOVARY, who once served in the French Foreign Legion, is a forward-looking observer of the French political puzzle.

"Sister Teams," Too, Along the Potomac

By HELENA AMARILLO

MUCH has been written, both favorably and unfavorably, about the existence of various teams of two or more brothers among families prominent in Washington officialdom, such as the Sorensens, the Roosevelts, the Udalls, and the Bundys—to mention only a few. Yet little or nothing has been produced in print concerning the abundance of "sister teams" in the almost endless acres of corridors and offices of the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial branches of the governmental establishment that functions day in and day out in the shadow of the Washington Monument, adjacent to the Potomac River. That waterway, as many people know, flows between the District of Columbia and the neighboring state of Virginia, where Thomas Jefferson resided at the famous estate known as Monticello, near Charlottesville, in the shadow of the University of Virginia. Mr. Jefferson had one brother, but he never held a governmental post in Washington.

Yet there *are* sisters as well as brothers discoverable in those hundreds of thousands of square feet of corridors and offices in Washington today if one sets out to find them. Serving as Deputy Assistant Secretaries in the Post Office Department, for example, are the Misses (*Continued on page 193*)

HELENA AMARILLO, a Texan, is a free-lance writer whose hobby is indoor hiking.

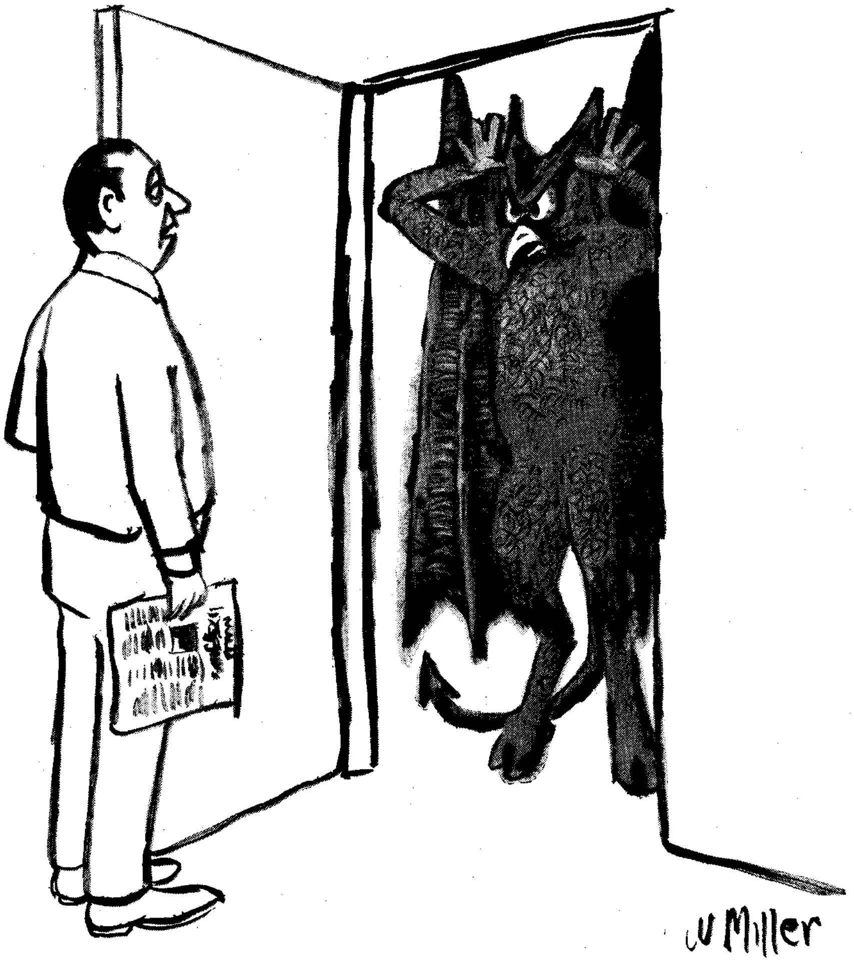
Greenland—New Horizons Greet Gifted Tourists

By TIMOTHY COOK

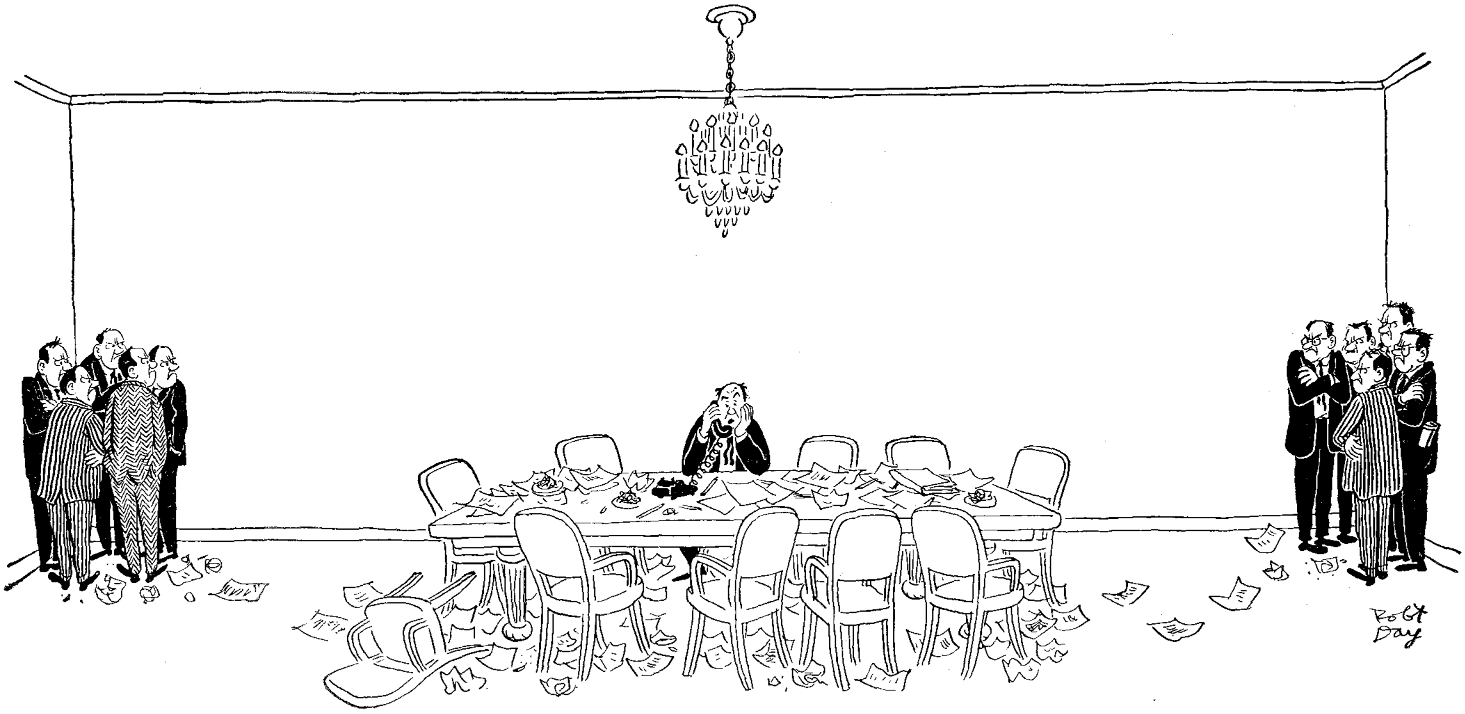
WITH the adoption of ultra-modern travel legislation by the Provincial Assemblies of both North and South Greenland at recent sessions held, respectively, at the gay and carefree coastal towns of Godhavn and Godthaab, some 840,000 square miles of almost virgin territory, only 708,000 square miles of which is covered by Greenland's immemorial ice sheet, is about to become a glorious playground for creative tourists.

It now remains only for the bills to be approved by the Parliamentary Greenland Committee, sitting in Copenhagen, and to be signed by the Danish Premier, Mr. Jens Otto Krag, before prospective travellers who have taken their examinations and are properly accredited can start packing, but those who haven't should bear in mind that the regulations require that they be able to prove that they can paint, sculpt, compose music, take photographs, or read or write. Once on their way to Greenland, the happy travellers will be welcomed at such typically charming settlements as Upernavik, Julianehaab, Frederikshaab, Egedesminde, and Sukkertoppen, the local inhabitants of which are already busily engaged in making a myriad of major and minor improvements, including the substitution of Roman numerals for place names.

Special-rate ship and air cruises are



"You have the wrong apartment. I'm on the wagon!"



"On the contrary, they're farther apart than ever."

• •

already being organized and jet travel from Idlewild will be fully (*Continued on page 194*)

TIMOTHY COOK is a free-lance writer whose ancestors had wide experience in travel activities.

Mumps and Measles—Wither Bound?

By ALEXANDER SWAB, M.D.

A HANDSOME and ebullient young interne paused in his progress through the children's ward of Manhattan's Bellevue Hospital and removed a thermometer from the slim fingers of a curvaceous, pink-cheeked nurse who, having just taken it from under the coated tongue of a puffy-cheeked boy of ten, was moving her pretty lips inaudibly as she read the thermometer's message preparatory to noting it down on the patient's chart. The interne glanced knowingly at the thermometer, handed it back to the nurse, and burst briefly into song—an impromptu "takeoff" of a popular ditty having to do with love, marriage, a horse, and a carriage, as follows:

"Mumps and measles,
Mumps and measles.
The two go together
Like minks and weasels . . ."

But as every mature mother, as well as every mature father, knows only too well, these two closely linked ailments of childhood are no laughing matter—or singing matter, either!

Now, what *are* mumps? And what *are* measles? And what *is* the relationship between them? In the first place, modern medical research teams, playing against one another between "goalposts" established during the last decade in hospitals for contagious diseases located in the North, the South, the East, the West, and Hawaii, have established beyond question that the gradual drift of diagnostical *expertise* is toward what is (*Continued on page 194*)

DR. ALEXANDER SWAB won a 1961 Nobel Prize for his discovery of gall-bladder fungus.

Gravest Risk—Can Numbness Lead to Dire Holocaust?

By LT. GEN. L. M. N. OVERLAND

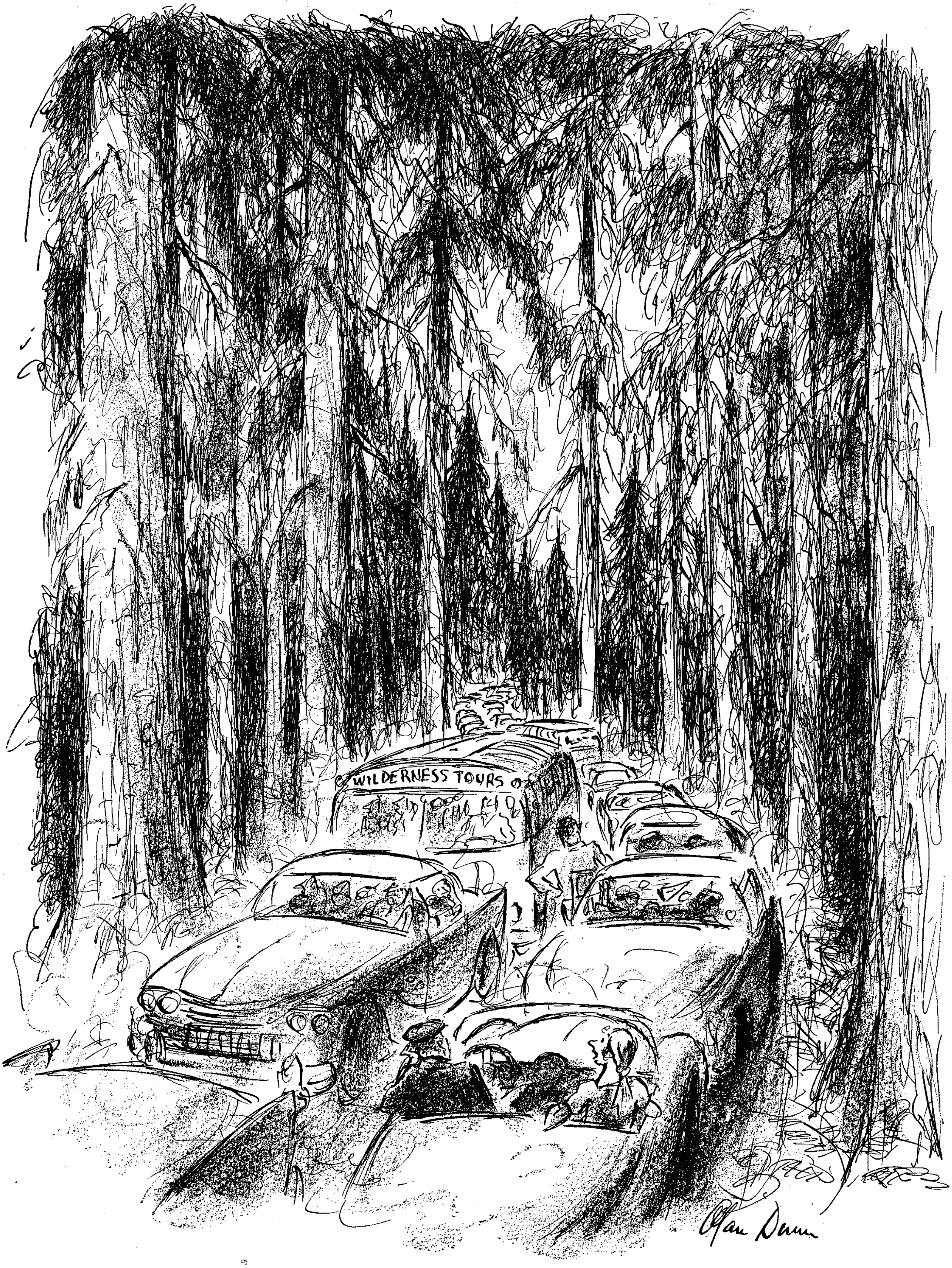
THE minds and imaginations of Army, Navy, and Air Force advisers in close proximity to President Kennedy in Washington, along with the minds and imaginations of corresponding advisers in intimate contact with Premier Khrushchev in Moscow, are highly optimistic this week about the new, relaxed, reversible defensive-offensive military posture in both world capitals as a result of the recent agreement between the Kremlin and the White House which calls for rapid installation of the long discussed "hot" line between the heads of states of the two great powers.

While alterations in present blueprints for this communications system may be inaugurated as technicians take up their tools and set to work, it is my considered opinion that the system should incorporate direct magnetic intrapolar transistor radiotelephonic automated stop-go blinkers with standup interpreters on a two-way mutually reversible twenty-watt circuit with "warm" fuses that, when discovered to be defective, can readily be replaced by mutually antagonistic teams of sitdown electricians equipped with fuse-finding instruments based on the willow-wand principle of divination.

The "hot" line will be employed, of course, in case of the occurrence of a grossly exaggerated possibility—i.e., the launching of an accidental sub-total thermonuclear attack by one side or the other, which flighty persons imagine might cause an instant retaliatory grand-total response by the other side while the manned bombers and presto-triggered rockets of the accidental attack force were still en route to their targets. Another possible cause of such an "accident" is said to be the virulent languor, or epidemic numbness, of both American and Russian publics, which some experts claim is on the increase, partly as a result of over-absorption on Sundays of such reading matter as that which is frequently (*Continued on page 195*)

LT. GEN. L. M. N. OVERLAND held the chair of Emeritus Professor of Military Verbosity at West Point until he exchanged it recently for an antique coffee table and an electric typewriter.

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY


WILDERNESS TOURS

"I must say it'll be good to get back to Gramercy Park, where one has one's own key."

POLLY ANDREWS, CLASS OF '33

Polly Andrews and Gus LeRoy had been having a love affair for nearly a year. She still lived in a furnished room-and-bath and went to work at Medical Center, and he shared an apartment with another man just around the corner—a book designer who, like Gus, was separated from his wife. Every night after work Gus came to Polly's for drinks, unless he had to go out with an author, and after drinks she cooked them dinner on her hot plate. Afterwards they went to a movie, or to a meeting about the Spanish Civil War or silicosis or the sharecroppers, or they played Polly's phonograph, but every week night he went home to sleep because it was simpler that way—he had his shaving things there and his pipes and manuscripts he was reading; it did not disturb him if the book designer had women in the other bedroom, so long as Gus could have his cornflakes and coffee the next morning in his bathrobe without having to make conversation with a third party.

Saturdays he worked till noon, but they had Saturday afternoon together, to go for walks in the Italian section or in Chinatown or to the Hispanic Museum or the Barnard Cloisters. Saturday nights, he stayed at Polly's, in her narrow bed, and Sunday morning they had a late breakfast and read the papers. Sunday afternoon he spent with his little boy, taking him to ride on the Staten Island ferry or climb up the Statue of Liberty or visit the Aquarium at the Battery or the snake house in the Staten Island Zoo; it was Polly who planned their expeditions, but she would not go along. "Not until we are married," she said, as though she were refusing him her favors until she had a wedding ring. So Sunday afternoons Polly saw her old friends, and Sunday evenings, when Gus brought young Gus home, he stayed for a glass of beer with his wife. Sunday night, they had agreed, was his "night off" from Polly, which she used to do her laundry and wash her hair.

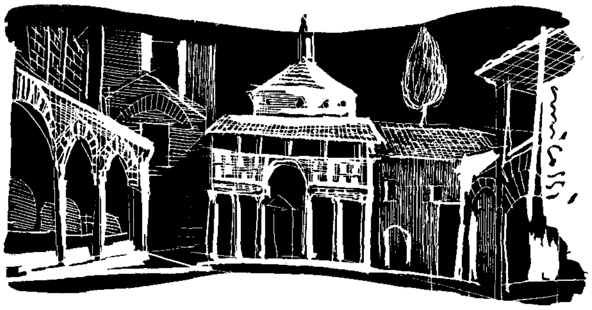
It was Sunday night now, and Polly's underwear, stockings, and girdle hung in her bathroom. In the living room her English ivy and Delicious Monster had just had their weekly bath, too, and her blouses were pinned to a stout cord festooned across her window; she was brushing her long damp hair with an Ogilvie Sisters brush and rubbing it with a towel. On another towel a white wool sweater was stretched out to dry. Doing her laundry, Polly had found, was a working girl's cure for depression, and Sunday nights she was depressed. The soapsuds, the steam, the smell of damp lamb's wool, the squeak of her clean hair made her feel that it would "all come out in the wash." If she ironed six white blouses in her landlady's kitchen, mended her stockings, and started on a diet to lose five pounds, Gus would decide that they could not wait any longer to get married.

Five afternoons a week, before coming to Polly's, he had an hour with his psychoanalyst. The psychoanalyst said it was a principle of analysis that the patient should not change his life-situation while undergoing treatment; this would upset the analytic relation. Therefore Gus had not done anything about getting a divorce. When he was "ready" for a divorce (the analyst's expression), he assumed he would go to Reno for six weeks. Polly had her doubts that Gus's wife would agree. She had promised him a divorce when he finished his analysis, but Polly suspected that she and the analyst were in cahoots to wear him out by attrition. He had been in analysis three months when he met Polly at Libby MacAusland's May-wine party, and the analyst was quite taken aback when he heard they had started a serious relationship—he felt Gus had broken his promise. As if a man could control falling in love!

Polly's family did not have an inkling of what was going on. Not even Miss Bisbee, Gus's secretary, knew. Polly would not go to literary cocktail parties with Gus ("After we're married," she said), mainly from that same sense of propriety that made her balk at spending Sundays with little Gus and his father. Polly hated questions—the questions young Gus would ask and the questions his mother would put to him, the questions her appearance at cocktail parties would solicit from the people at Gus's office. "When are you going to get married?" was what everyone immediately wanted to know when they saw a girl and a man in love. And a truthful answer to this question would lead to another one: why was Gus going to a psychoanalyst? What was the matter with him?

It was a question that, strangely enough, no one had ever asked about her father, when he had been "put away" in Riggs, poor darling, though her father's disease had a name—melancholia—which would have made it easy to answer queries. But Polly could not see that there was anything the matter with Gus. He was one of the most normal men she had ever met, at least to the naked eye. He liked to dance cheek to cheek and play tennis and drive a car—he had an old Hupmobile jacked up in a garage in Brooklyn. Like most New Englanders, he was cautious with the pennies, but he went to the best shops when buying presents—he had given Polly a beautiful handbag, some lapis-lazuli earrings, and a soft blue sweater from Brooks Brothers; every week, practically, he brought her flowers, and when they went out to dance on Saturday he bought her violets or a camellia. On the other hand, he did not care what he wore; he had two rather threadbare suits bought off the rack at Wanamaker's, a tweed jacket, flannels, and some bow ties. He had Blue Cross hospital insurance and went to the dentist three times a year to get his teeth cleaned. He watched his waistline and checked up on young Gus's visits to the pediatrician, who was one of the best younger men in the city, like Gus's analyst, who had been Brill's favorite pupil. Though he was only thirty, he was a second father to his authors. He had been active in starting a unit of the Book and Magazine Guild in his office, though he could not be a union member himself because he was considered part of management. He smoked union-made cigarettes, when he did not smoke a pipe, and tried to look for the union label on whatever he bought, though he was a secret believer in name brands, like Arrow shirts and Firestone tires. He could not be persuaded by the consumer movement that something at half the price was just as good. It tickled him to watch Polly mix her powder and cold cream at home, to save money; she failed to count the cost of her labor, he pointed out.

His liking for name brands was what had sold him on Communism, when he graduated from Brown spank into the depression. Shaw had already converted him to socialism, but if you were going to be a socialist, his roommate argued, you ought to give your business to the



biggest and best firm producing socialism; i.e., the Soviet Union. So Gus switched to Communism, but only after he had gone to see for himself. He and his roommate made a tour of the Soviet Union the summer after college and they were impressed by the dams and power plants and the collective farms and the Intourist girl guide. After that, Norman Thomas seemed pretty ineffectual. Gus never took any notice of the little splinter groups, like the Trotskyites, which Polly's friend, Mr. Schneider across the hall, belonged to—every big movement, he said, had its share of cranks. Yet he had not joined the Party when he and his roommate got back. He did not want to hurt his father, the owner of a job-printing business in Fall River that had been in the family for four generations. Besides, the American Communists did not seem to Gus as responsible as the Russian ones. Instead, he married a Party member—a Jewish girl he had met on a double date at a dance at Webster Hall; she taught the first grade at a downtown progressive school.

Some people might say that Gus's crush on Communism was one of those neurotic infatuations that middle-class puritans were prone to, but Polly could not see the Party as the Scarlet Woman in Gus's life. He was phlegmatic in his sympathy. He never took part in demonstrations or marched in May Day parades or referred to the police as Cossacks; the only part of the *Daily Worker* he read was the sports page. He did not argue with the infidels, including herself, and did not seem to care about spreading the faith, unlike poor Mr. Schneider, who was always trying to convert her to Trotskyism and just now was extremely exercised about the Moscow Trials, which he brought up every time he met Gus on the stairs. They were too far away, Gus said, to judge the rights and wrongs of—history would have to decide. To him they seemed insignificant in comparison with the war in Spain, which was something he was really excited about.

He had tried to get Hemingway to do a book on El Campesino, but unfortunately he was already signed up with Scribners, and Vincent Sheean, his other idea, did not answer his cablegram. He hoped for a great novel to come out of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, and at one point this winter, when they were recruiting, he decided to join up himself and slipped off to have a physical, without even telling his analyst. The picture of Gus as a brave volunteer in a beret appealed to Polly. But when his wife heard about it (he was going to leave his life-insurance policy to take care of Gus IV), she grew very indignant. In Gus's case, she said, enlisting would be an escape mechanism, which would make his action politically invalid.

Polly sympathized warmly with the Spanish Republicans, and when asked the reason for her allegiance she would answer, "I'm a Basque." This was a reference to the Catholic strain in Polly's ancestry; on her mother's side she was related to Lord Acton. Politically, she and Gus were opposites; her heart hastened to the losers in any battle, and she loved small sects with quaint doctrines, like Döllinger's Old Catholics, who denied the infallibility of the Pope; the Dukhobors, who went to Canada to escape the Czar's military service; the virtuous Anabaptists; the Chassidic Jews who leapt for joy in Polish villages. She championed "lost" races like the Basques, with their mysterious language; she was partial to extinct and extirpated species, like the passenger pigeon, on which she had done a paper for Zoology. She and Gus were both very generous with contributions to the Spanish Republican war effort, though Gus gave for airplanes and Polly gave for ambulances and medical supplies. Normally, she said smiling—that is, in peacetime—she was a pacifist, but in Gus's place she would have volunteered, and she was surprised he had listened to the analyst, who told him he would be more useful to the Spanish cause in New York than in Madrid. This might be true, but Polly could not imagine consenting to weigh yourself in the balance like that, as though you were an ingot you were hoarding. It was this side of Communism that Polly did not cotton to.

But if Polly was surprised that Gus had listened to the analyst, she was more surprised that the analyst had talked to him. "I thought they weren't supposed to give you advice," she said frowning. The analyst, Gus had told her, was utterly neutral; he only listened to the patient and asked an occasional question. "That's the theory," Gus answered. "But he's a human being. If he sees a patient about to commit suicide, naturally he steps in, as a human being." "I should think he would step in as a doctor," Polly said mildly. "Uh-uh," he said. "That's what they have to watch out for. The patient's

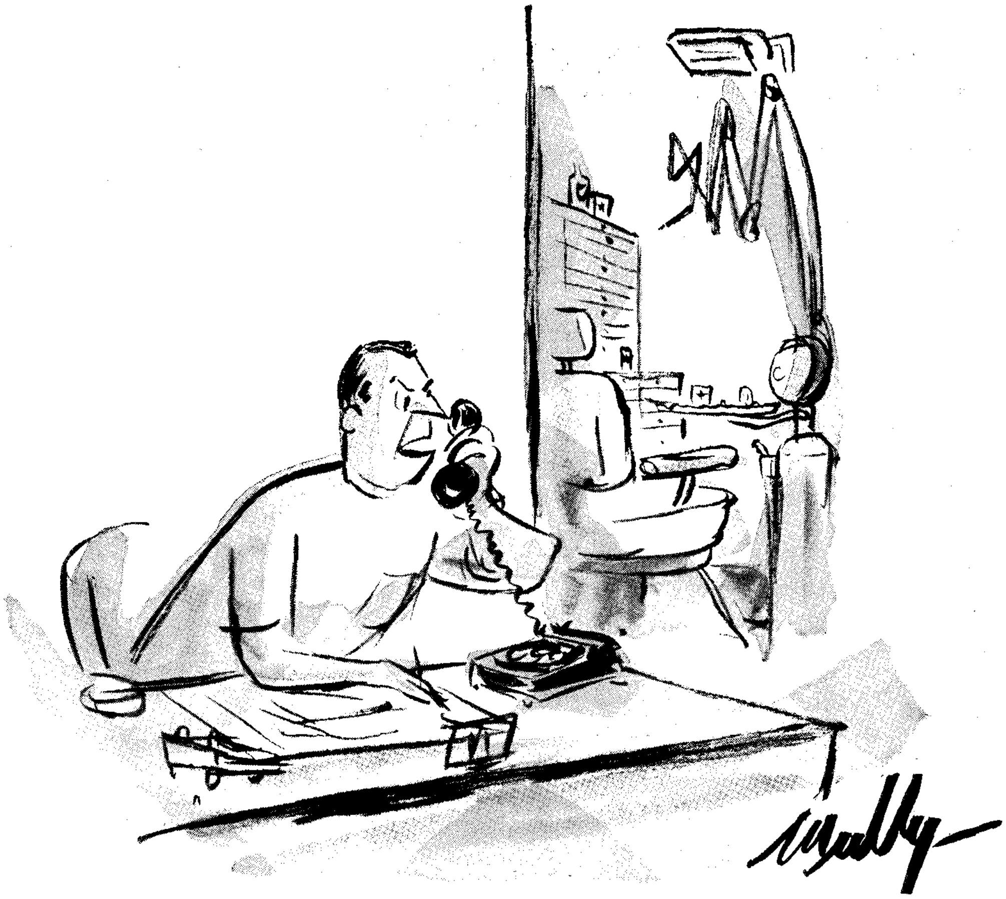
"You're both my best friends."

always trying to involve the analyst, qua analyst, in an unorthodox situation. To coax him out from behind his barrier. But the analyst has to stay behind that barrier—Rule One. If he can't, he has to terminate the analysis. But the patients are cunning as hell. Dr. Bijur might figure that my signing up with the Lincoln Battalion was a trap to get him interested in my personal decisions." He wrung his eyebrows. "Christ, Polly, maybe it was. Maybe I was just playing soldier." "But were you?" cried Polly. "I believed you. Weren't you sincere, Gus?" "How do I know?" said Gus, spreading his hands. "Good Lord!" said Polly. There it was again, that curious thing of treating yourself as if you were a dense, opaque object, as if you were not you but someone else, whose motives you could only guess at. Was this what was the matter with Gus or was it an effect of the treatment?

She did not pursue the subject. Rule Two, she knew, was that the patient was not supposed to discuss his illness. Polly was a conscientious girl and she would no more have tempted Gus to talk about his analysis than she would have pressed sugar on a diabetic, and the result was that she was totally in the dark about what to him, no doubt, was the most vital part of his life. For if it were not, why would he be going to talk for an hour a day about it to a stranger?

In retrospect, Polly sometimes wondered whether she would have let Gus make love to her if he had told her ahead of time he was "in analysis." He had told her he was married and living apart from his wife (which she already knew anyway from Libby), but not a peep about the analyst. Polly could see why; at first he did not know her well enough, and when he did, it was because they had been to bed together and then it was too late. The die was cast, for, having let him love her, she loved him. But *if* she had known beforehand, she doubted whether she would have lost her virginity with an "analysand;" she would have been afraid to.

Polly had always known that sex would mean a great deal to her. That was why she had been leery of men. At college she had been engaged to a boy with bad heredity and when she decided to break the engagement because of that, she was so upset she had to go to the infirmary. It was sex principally that tortured her. After that, she had firmly suppressed her desires, to the point of avoiding movies with kissing in them; she did not want to be "aroused." She decided she wanted a cool, starchy, independent life, with ruffles of humor like window curtains. Having considered her own hereditary "taint," she concluded she had best live for friendship, not for love or marriage. She saw herself in later years, large and soft, as an abbess, framed in a wimple, or as an Episcopal deaconess tending the altar, dusting the organ, and visiting the sick of the parish. She was an unbeliever, but time, she supposed, might remedy that. Her immediate danger, she saw, was that, being poor, she was on the verge of becoming a "character," and she resisted being pasted, at twenty-six, which was not yet old, in an album. Already some of her friends were treating her as a "find" they had pounced on in a thrift shop.



"Dammit, Miriam, we can't afford it! You know I'm filling twenty-one per cent fewer cavities."

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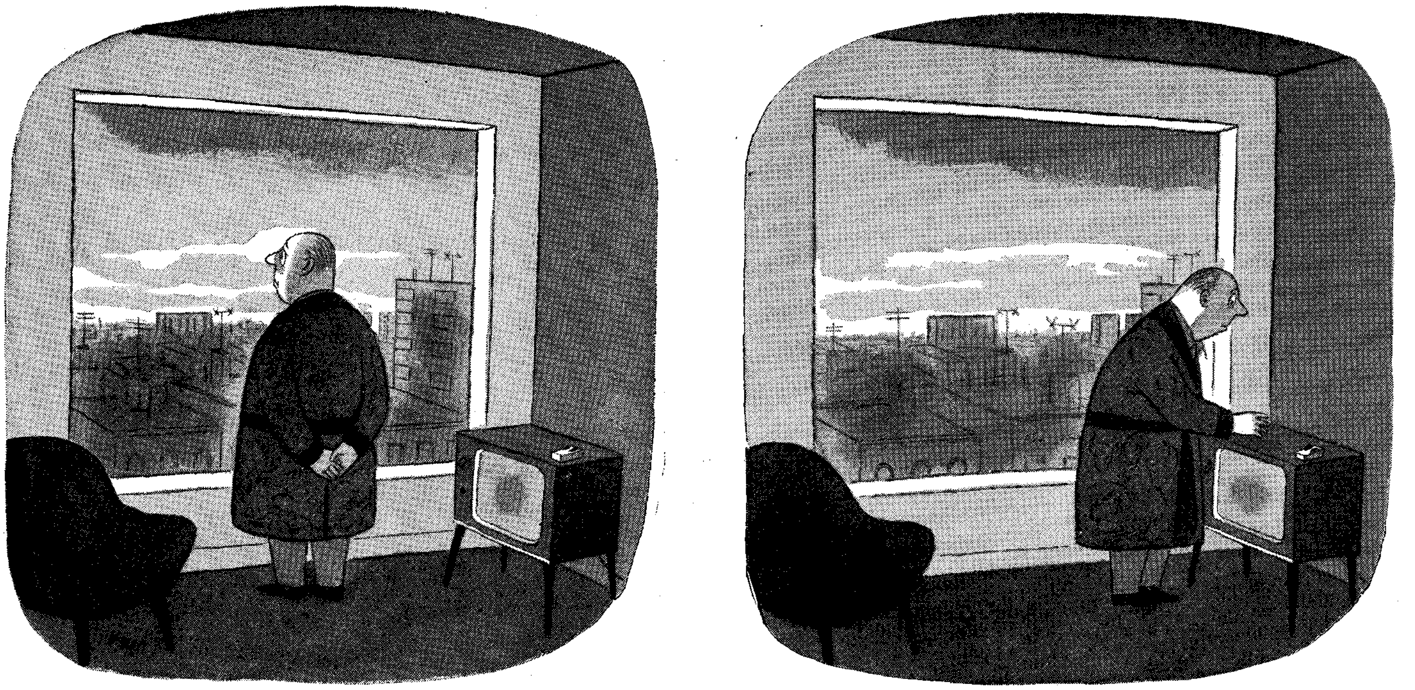
There was one point on which all Polly's acquaintances agreed: she ought to be married. "You pretty girl. Why you no marry?" said the iceman, adding his voice to the chorus. "I'm waiting for the right man," said Polly. And this, despite the wisdom she exercised on herself, was secretly the case. If she made it difficult for him to find her, that was part of the test he had to pass. "How are you going to *meet* anybody, Polly?" her Vassar classmates cried. "Living the way you do and never going out with a soul?" She was familiar with the arguments: the way to meet a man was through other men; you did not have to love a man or even like him a lot to agree to go to dinner and a theatre with him. But Polly did not think it right to start a relation you were not prepared to go further with; it did not seem to her honest to use a man to meet other men. So she had stubbornly refused all attempts to arrange male friendships for her—the extra man invited to dinner and prodded into gallantry. "Dick will take you home, Polly." "No, thank you," Polly would interpose. "I'll take the First Avenue bus." Even Mr. Schneider and Mr. Scherbatyeff, the White Russian in her rooming house, had been guilty of similar efforts; a series of young Trotskyites had been produced by Mr. Schneider, to meet Polly and drink a glass of "schnapps" in his room, while Mr. Scherbatyeff had served up a nephew who was learning the hotel business in Chicago.

"It is your pride, little girl, that makes you act so," said Mr. Schneider. "Maybe," said Polly. "But don't you think, Mr. Schneider, that love ought to be like entertaining an angel unawares?" The deep cleft in her chin dimpled. "You know how it is in mystery sto-



ries. The murderer is the least obvious suspect, the person you never would have guessed. That's the way I feel about love." Mr. Schneider looked gloomy. "You mean," he said, nodding, "you will fall in love with a married man. All the other suspects are obvious."

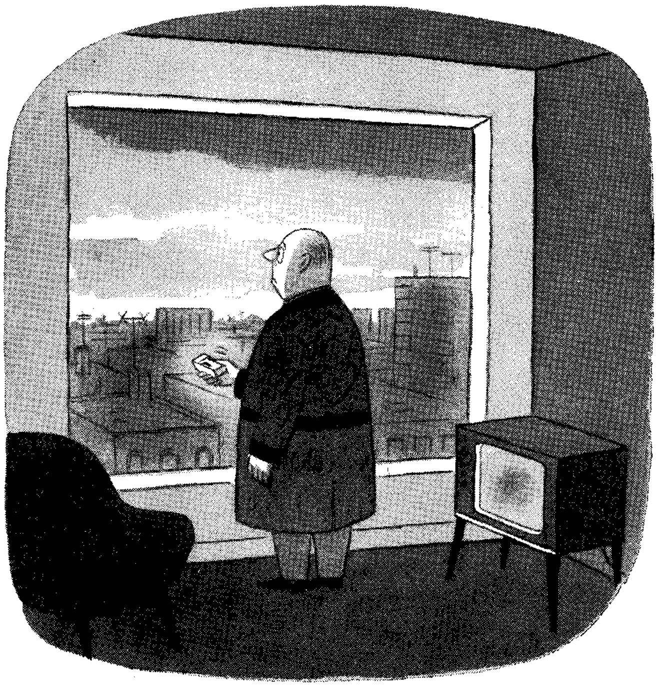
Sure enough, it had been like that with Gus. "You two are the *last* people," Libby had said the next day, "that I would have expected to hit it off. Did he ask you out again?" Polly had answered no, truthfully—he had only taken her phone number—and Libby was not surprised. "He's awfully hard to talk to," she remarked. "And not your cup of tea at all. I've been thinking about you, Polly. You're the type older people find attractive. Older people and other girls. But a man like Gus LeRoy would be blind to your looks. That's why I nearly went kerplunk when you walked out of here with him last night. You might not think so to talk to him, he's so quiet, but he's the *dernier cri* in publishing; you should see the authors on his list." She sighed. "I don't suppose he even tried to kiss you?" "No," said Polly. "He called me 'Miss Andrews' with every other sentence." She smiled. The way he had called her "Miss Andrews" all through dinner had amused her—as though there were a desk between them instead of a restaurant table. That desk, she had fancied, was part of him, like an extra limb; he had a special desk voice—judicious—and a habit of tilting back in his chair that had immediately made her see him in his office. He had asked about Libby. "Seems the MacAuslands are among the powers-that-be in Pittsfield. Is that true?" "Yes," said Polly. "They own one of the principal mills. That's how I first knew Libby. My family live in Stockbridge." "Mill owners?" "Father was an architect who never built anything except for his relations. He lived on his investments till the crash." "And now?" "Mother has a tiny income, and we have a farm that we work. *They* work," she corrected herself. "And what do you do, Miss Andrews?" "I'm a hospital technician." "That must be interesting and rewarding. Where do you work?" And so on. Exactly, Polly thought, like a job interview. This whole desk side of Gus had touched her heart. She sometimes felt she had fallen in love with a desk, a swivel chair, and a small scratchy mustache.

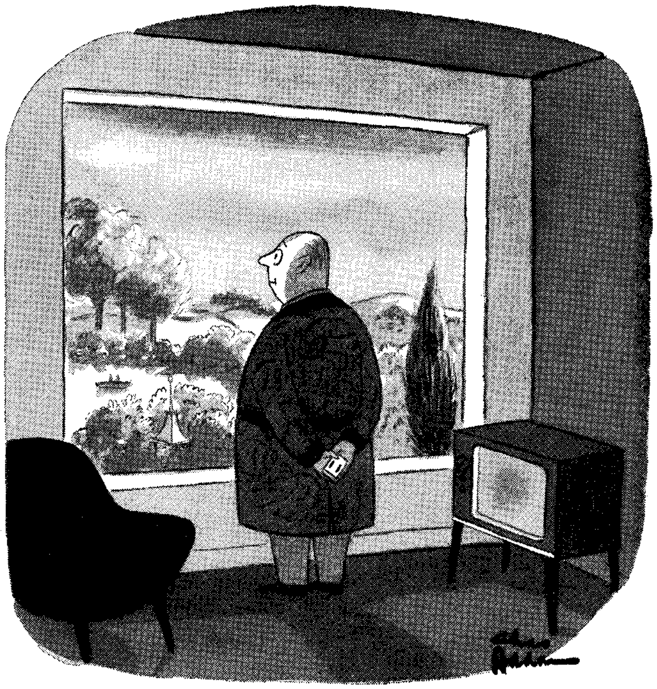
Still, to fall in love with a desk and be presented with a couch was daunting. She often tried to picture him on the psychiatric couch and failed. Did he chain-smoke cigarettes, dropping the ashes into an ashtray on his chest, as he did in bed? Which voice did he use—the desk voice, which creaked like the creaking of the swivel chair, or a softer, lighter voice that matched his boyish smile, slim ankles, soft red lips, and the ingenuous way he had of wrinkling his nose at her to signify warm affection?

When he had first told her about the analyst, his voice had trembled, and there were tears in his eyes. He had got out of bed, wearing Polly's kimono, a relic of Aunt Julia's Oriental travels, which came down just to his knees; nervously, he lit a cigarette and flung himself into her armchair. "There's a thing I've got to confess to you. I'm being psychoanalyzed." Polly sat up in bed, clutching the sheet to her, as though a third person had entered the room. "Why?" she demanded. "Oh, Gus, why?" He did not tell her why, though he seemed to think he had. What he told her was how he had happened to start going to the doctor.

It was all his wife's idea. After Gus had walked out because she had been "running around" with a Party organizer, Esther—that was her name—had decided she wanted him back. She had tried the old methods—tears, threats, promises—without shaking Gus's determination. Then one day she came to his office in a calmer frame of mind and with an entirely new proposal, which was that they should both go to analysts, to see whether their marriage could be saved. It would probably help Gus, too, in his work with authors, make him better able to deal with their conflicts, and it would help her in her work with children, so that even if he and she decided to divorce when they were finished, they would have gained a great deal from it professionally. Gus told her he would think it over, but before she left his office he had resolved to give it a try. He, too, would have liked to save his marriage, and his hopelessness about it had been based on the notion that neither he nor Esther could be changed. If he had not been hopeless, he would have gone back long ago, for he missed Esther and there was no one else in his life.

All this Polly understood. What she could not understand was why he kept on going to the doctor now, when there *was* someone else in his life. Was it because of the promise he had given? But if so, that implied to Polly's mind that





there still was a possibility that the analysis might return him to Esther, all mended, like some article that had been sent for repair. It gave her a very unpleasant feeling to have Gus come to her every day "fresh from the couch." She wished he could have his "hour" in the morning, before work, or at lunchtime. This way, she could not help wondering what they had been talking about. She hoped it was about his childhood; it was all right if it was about his childhood. The odd thing was that he never seemed shaken when he arrived from the analyst's; he was always as matter-of-fact as if he had come from the barbershop. He was much more excited on certain Fridays when he got excused from the analyst to audit a meeting of the Book and Magazine Guild. In his place, Polly was sure she would have been in turmoil if she had just spent an hour ransacking her unconscious.

Or indeed her conscious. Gus was not allowed to read Freud while he was in analysis (another rule), but Polly in her lunch hour had been perusing the literature available in the psychiatric section of the Medical Center library. She was trying—rather slyly, she felt—to find out which of the neuroses or psychoneuroses Gus could be suffering from. But he did not seem to fit the descriptions of hysteria, anxiety hysteria, compulsion neurosis, anxiety neurosis, character neurosis. He was most like a compulsion neurotic, in that he was set in his ways, punctual, and reliable, but she noticed that he did not do any of the things compulsion neurotics were supposed to do, like being sure to step on the cracks of the sidewalk or *not* to step on them, as the case might be. On the other hand, anxiety patients had difficulty making decisions, and it was true that Gus had been of two minds about enlisting to fight in Spain and had vacillated a bit about leaving his wife. But a real anxiety patient, according to the books, was one who could not make up his mind whether to take the B.-M.T. or the I.R.T. to work, for instance, and Gus always took the bus. Moreover, with all the neuroses, the patient's sexual life was supposed to be disturbed. Polly had no point of comparison, but Gus's sexual life, so far as she could see, was completely unruffled; he was always eager to make love and seemed to have had a lot of practice. He had taught Polly how with great tenderness, like a man teaching a child to spin a top or button its buttons—he was obviously a good father. It was bliss, Polly thought, making love with him.

The more Polly read and studied Gus, the more convinced she became that the only thing wrong with him was that he was spending twenty-five dollars a week going to a psychoanalyst. And she asked herself whether that could be a disease, a form of hypochondria, and whether you would have to go to an analyst to be cured of it.

But if she could not match dear Gus, like a paint sample or snippet of material, with any of the charted neuroses, the opposite, she found, was true of herself. She seemed to be suffering from all of them. She was compulsive, obsessional, oral, anal, hysterical, and anxious. If her sexual life was not disturbed now, it certainly had been. A sense of guilt transpired from her Sunday-night washing ritual, and she allayed her anxiety by the propitiatory magic of ironing and darning. The plants on her window sills were the children she could not have. She was addicted to counting; she collected buttons, corsage pins, string, pebbles, hatpins, corks, ribbons, and newspaper clippings; she made lists, including this one, and was acquiring a craving for drink. The fact that she viewed this alarming picture with humorous fascination was itself a very bad sign, proving a dissociation from herself, a flight into fantasy and storytelling from an "unbearable" reality. The whole Andrews family, Freud would say, lived in a world of myth.

Joking aside—and there were times when, reluctantly, she had to put joking aside—Polly realized that she was in a deplorable state. Whatever the clinical name for it. Sunday nights she knew she was terribly unhappy. Love was bad for her. There must be certain people who were allergic to love, and she was one of them. Not only was it bad for her; it made her bad; it poisoned her. Before she knew Gus, she had been not only far, far happier but nicer. Loving Gus was turning her into an awful person, a person she hated.

That person came to a head on Sundays, like a boil, because Sundays Gus saw little Gus and his wife. Unlike the patients she read about, she could put two and two together. She was jealous. On top of that, she was conscience-stricken, for, to be truthful, she did not approve of divorce where there were children. Unless the parents came to blows in front of them or one of them was an evil influence. Look at what her own mother had suffered from her father. And yet they were together. Esther had committed adultery repeatedly and she did not sound like a pleasant woman, but Gus had loved her enough to have a child by her. If Polly were not the "other woman," she would advise Gus to go back to her. At least on a trial basis. No, that was equivocating. Forever.

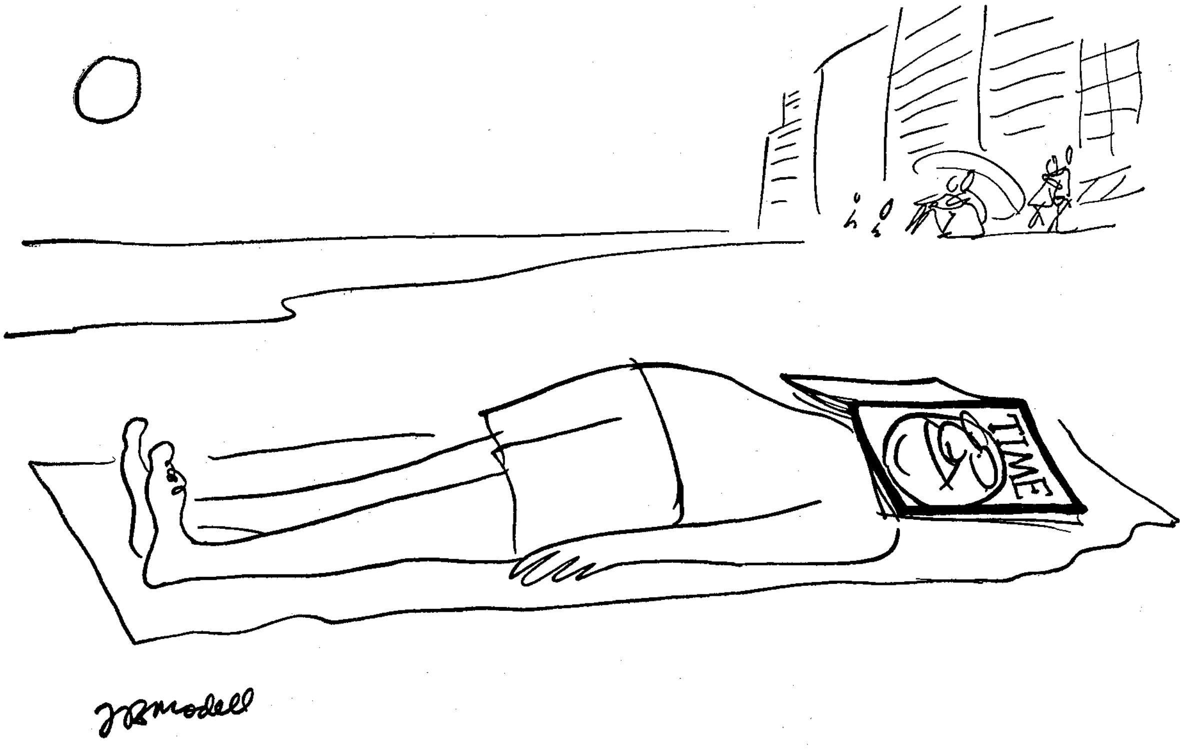
At that word, Polly's blood ran cold. She wrapped a dry towel round her damp head and began to darn a hole in the toe of a stocking. It was not *she* who had asked Gus to marry her; the divorce was Gus's business; she was not Gus's keeper. But she was. She told herself that it had never entered anyone's mind but Esther's that Gus should go back to her. That was not true, though. It had entered Polly's. Not all at once but gradually. During the week she forgot, but on Sundays, when Gus was not there, it came creeping back. As if once she had entertained it she could never turn it away. And in this it behaved exactly like a temptation. She longed to tell Gus, but she was afraid that he would laugh at her, or perhaps that he wouldn't. This thought was her Sunday secret. And the whispering of conscience (if that was what it was), far from directing her mind to good resolves, made her still more jealous—just short of the point where she mentally slew little Gus. Here something stayed her hand, always, and instead she slew Esther and lived happily ever after with little Gus and his father.

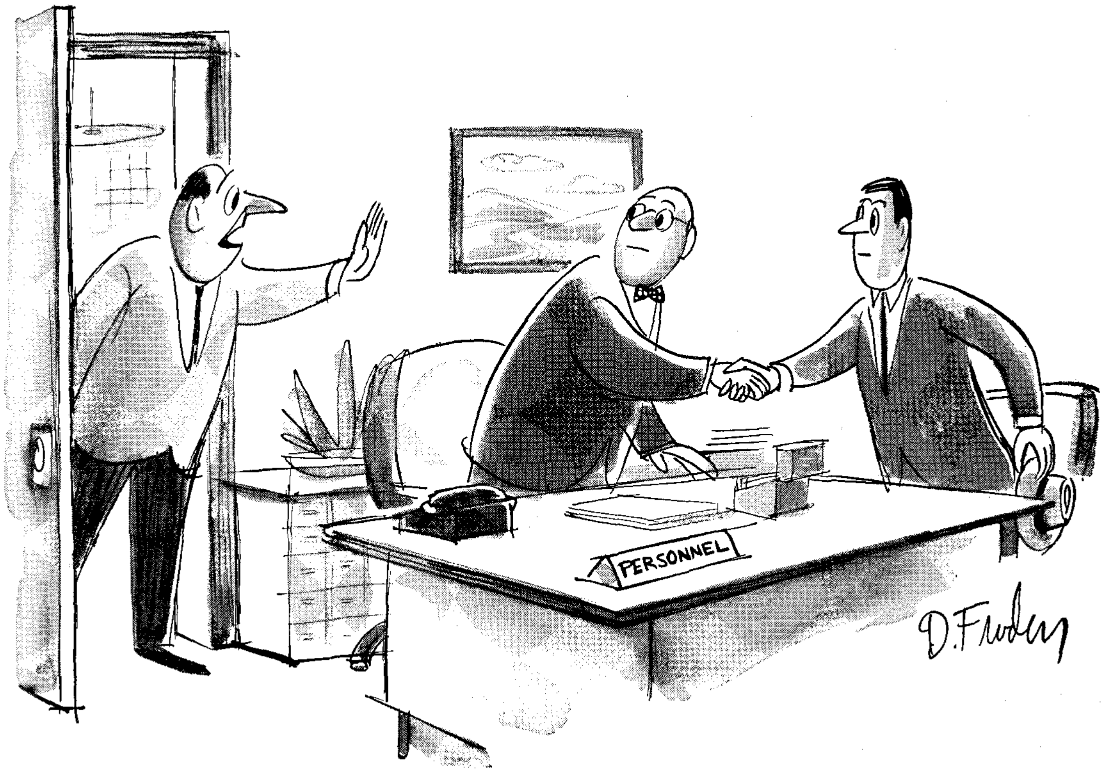
Polly put down the darning egg. She felt her blouses to see whether they were dry enough yet to iron. She wrapped them in a towel and coiled up her hair and stuck two big pins through it. If she ironed, Gus would call to say good night to her. She had come to feel that this call was a reward she earned, for if she moped and did not do her ironing or mend her stockings and step-ins, often, as if he knew, he did not call.

She had discovered a sad little law: a man never called when you needed him but only when you didn't. If you really got absorbed in your ironing or in doing your bureau drawers, to the point where you did not want to be interrupted, that was the moment the phone decided to ring. You got what you wanted, in other words, as soon as you saw you could do without it—which meant, if Polly reasoned right, that you *never* got what you wanted. Practically every other Sunday, Polly gaily found she could do without Gus if she had to; climbing the stairs with a stack of blouses still warm from the iron, she would feel quite self-sufficient and think that it might be almost a deprivation to get married. And she wondered if Gus, a block away, puttering around his kitchen, smoking his pipe, listening to the news, was thinking the same thing. Whether they were not, really, a bachelor and an old maid who were deceiving themselves and each other about the urgency of their desire to mate.

But this was the *other* Sunday. Tonight she needed him and so probably he would not call. The house was still. She pondered knocking on Mr. Schneider's door, to ask him to keep her company while she ironed. Though she had banished the bogeys for the time being, the prospect of the lonely kitchen, in the basement of the house, and of the labor of putting up the heavy ironing board seemed infinitely wearisome to her. And she was afraid of being alone with her thoughts there, out of the protection of her own four walls.

Yet if she summoned Mr. Schneider, he would be bound to start talking politics, and this would be disloyal to Gus. If it were not the Moscow Trials, it would be the war in Spain. Mr. Schneider was hipped on a group called the "Poum," and he also favored the Anarchists, both of whom, according to Gus, were sabotaging the war. But according to Mr. Schneider, it was the Russian commissars who were sabotaging the revolution and thereby losing the war to Franco. Mr. Schneider said the Communists were murdering Anarchists and Poumists, and Gus said they were not and if they were it was because the others were traitors. Polly could see how Gus as a practical man would logically support the Russians, who were the only ones who were sending help to Spain, but she could not control her instincts, which went sneaking over to Mr. Schneider's side of the argument. Besides, Mr. Schneider was a better arguer than she was, who could only repeat lamely what Gus told her, which meant that Gus was worsted by proxy every time she let Mr. Schneider get started. Listening to Gus and Mr. Schneider you gained a dimension, seeing the war from two sides. This was her justification for listening; she thought that if someone like Mr. Schneider could get Roosevelt's ear it might persuade him to lift the embargo, for if the Americans sent arms then the Russians would no longer be in control. But really she was not so much interested in the fine points of the Spanish Civil War as in Gus, and what Mr. Schneider gave her, without meaning to, was another perspective on him. In this perspective, Gus appeared credulous—"the Stalinists and their dupes," Mr. Schneider was fond of saying. But if Gus was a dupe, she ought not to want to know it.





"Hold it, Frank! That job's been replaced by a machine."

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Yet wanting to know was consuming her. She blamed the psychoanalyst for that. It was the psychoanalyst who had made Gus a mystery man to her, and often, she suspected, to himself. The idea that there was another Gus who came out like a groundhog every afternoon at five o'clock was becoming more horrible day by day. At first she had minded the psychoanalyst because he was an obstacle to their getting married; now she hated him because the longer Gus went, the more she speculated about what passed between the two of them. She was sure Gus told the doctor things he did not tell her. Perhaps he told the doctor that he was no longer so keen on marrying her or that he dreamed of Esther—how did she know? He could not be going to an analyst all this time unless he had a "conflict," but what was the conflict between?

Most of all, though, she hated the doctor because, thanks to him, she had seen things in herself that she hated. If there was another Gus, there was also another Polly. Not only a jealous Polly but a suspicious, spying Polly. The worst was that itch to know. When she mentally slew Esther, she was not unduly disturbed, because the real Polly would not kill Esther even if she could do it by cosmic rays or by pressing a button. But the real Polly would give anything to be present, in a cloak of invisibility, in Dr. Bijur's office. Why did she *have* to know? Feminine curiosity. Pandora's box. Bluebeard's closet. Yet Pandora's box had been primed with genuine troubles, nasty little winged creatures that she let loose on humanity, and Bluebeard's closet had been full of bloody corpses—the moral of those tales was that it was best to remain in ignorance. Polly did not approve of that moral; no science major could. It was another fable, she feared, that fitted her case—the story of Cupid and Psyche. Gus on the analytic couch, all innocent trust, was the sleeping Cupid, and she was Psyche, with her wax taper, trying to steal a look at his face. The moral of that story was that love was a gift you must not question, because it came from the gods. But she could not stop; that was the trouble with sins of thought. Once Psyche got the urge to see what Cupid looked like, she was done for, poor girl; she could not keep from wondering and speculating between his nightly visits—he came at the end of the business day, just like Gus. It showed gumption, Polly thought, on Psyche's part, to take a candle and get it over with.

For her own part, she wished she could say, "Choose between me and the analyst." But she was too soft and pliant. Besides, she had kept hoping the analysis would end. But lately, as though by reverse serendipity, she had been hearing stories that cast a new light on that. Kay Petersen knew a woman who had been going eight years. The only bright spot Polly could see was that Gus's savings would run out. Analysts did not extend credit; they were worse than the Telephone Company and Consolidated Edison put together.

Cheered by this thought, Polly went softly down to the kitchen and put up the ironing board. In his room, Mr. Schneider had begun playing his fiddle. She was in the middle of her third blouse when the phone rang on the landing. It was Gus. He wanted to know if he could see her for a minute. Polly unplugged the iron and hurried up to her room.

"Looks like a laundry," he commented, entering. "You've been washing your hair." He approached her, sniffing, and dropped a kiss on her topknot. "Smells good," he said. "Nice shampoo." "Camomile rinse," said Polly. She poured them each a glass of New York State sherry. He glanced around her room. It was the first time he had been here on a Sunday evening. She waited, wondering why he had come; he did not take off his topcoat but walked to her windows with his glass, looked out idly, and pulled the shades.

"I had a talk with Esther this evening." "Oh?" "We talked about my analysis." "Oh?" The second "Oh?" was more cautious. Had he come to tell her that he and Esther had decided to call off the analysis? "She asked me how it was going. Hers is going great. She dreamt she went to her analyst's funeral. 'You're telling me,' he said, 'that the analysis is finished.' Next week she's having her last hour." "Well!" said Polly brightly. Gus coughed. "My own news wasn't so good, Polly. I had to tell her I was blocked." He fingered the avocado plant Polly had grown from a seed. "Oh," said Polly. "Blocked?" He nodded. "What does that mean, exactly?" "I don't dream," he said, flushing. "It's funny, but I've stopped dreaming." "Is that so serious?" "It's a hell of a note," said Gus. "But why? There are lots of people who don't dream. I remember a girl at college who used to pay me to wake her up yelling 'Fire!' to make her dream for a paper on Freud. That was Student Self-Help." She smiled. Gus

ON TURTLES

TO A DEAD TURTLE

The bottle-green glass slick of wet shell
Is now tenable.
The tenant's breath is fled.
A corolla is left, of rings and
Spinning threads that curl
Fantastically on one another.

The upper shell is all a map of ditches,
Black on green. On the underbelly lies a miracle:
Exploding roses, gray on palest lime.
Between these double plates of great display,
The palpitating head, four feet, and tail—
The thing that wove you to and fro—are gone.

The lovely pattern of the shells now mine:
Two Persian game boards of some abstract cunning,
Shall I keep them, thin tokens of your life?

I look again. They lack a play of lights
That swam when you swam, a phosphorescent trailing;
Their beauty was elusive, is now marred.

The markings are all there. The design lacks motion.

—BEVERLY QUINT

THE TURTLE

This quiet intelligence,
dragging its posterior with the slow dignity
of a paraplegic, persists.

Behind the half-shut
eyes lurks
a quiet alertness.

The head, heavy
with sleep or plans,
telescopes out of a jack-in-the-box

that has lost its spring,
unpiling its elastic
neck-folds

as accordions open.
The softer body
floats in a G.I. helmet.

Mildewed and pocked like a fossil,
the World War II
relic converts to a shelter.

—LAURENCE LIEBERMAN

THE GIANT TURTLE GRANTS AN INTERVIEW

How old are you, Old Silence?
I tell time that it is.
And are you full of wonder?
Ephemeral verities.
What most do you long for?
No end to my retreat.
Have you affections, loves?
I savor what I eat.
Do shellbacks talk to shells?
"Sea" is a single word.
Have you some end in mind?
No end, and no reward.
Does enterprise command you?
I manage a good freight.
Has any counsel touched you?
Lie low. Keep quiet. Wait.
Your days—they have a pattern?
In the degree of night.
Has solitude a heart?
If a circle has a center.
Do creatures covet yours?
They knock, but seldom enter.
Have you not once perceived
The whole wide world is yours?
I have. Excuse me, I
Stay utterly indoors.

—JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

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frowned. "The point is, Polly, if I don't dream, I've got nothing to say to Bijur." "Nothing?" "Nothing. Literally. Not a damn word."

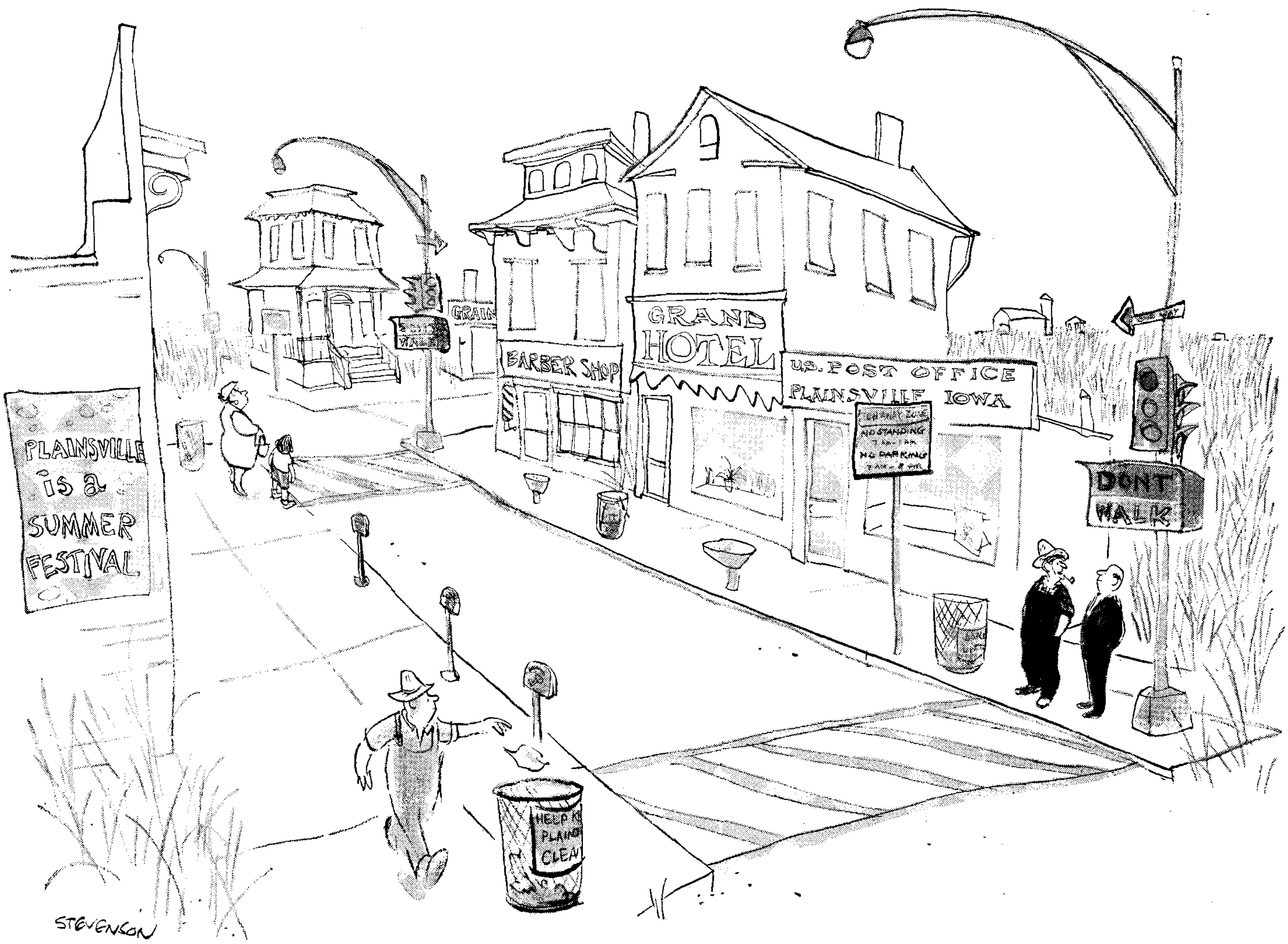
He drained his sherry despondently. "Every day it's the same story. I go in. 'Good afternoon, Doctor.' I lie down on the couch. 'Any dreams?' says Bijur, picking up his notebook. 'No.' He puts down the notebook. Silence. At the end of fifty minutes, he tells me the hour's over. I hand him my five bucks. 'So long, Doctor,' and I leave."

"Every *day*?" cried Polly. "Just about." "But can't you talk about something else? The weather. Or a movie you've seen. You can't just lie there!" "It's not a social occasion, honey. You're supposed to dredge up stuff from your unconscious. If I don't have a dream to warm the motor, I'm stuck. I can't start free-associating cold. So I just lie there. Once last week I fell asleep. I'd had a rough day at the office. He had to tap me on the shoulder to let me know the hour was up."

"But you can free-associate to *anything*," said Polly. "The word 'fire,' for instance. What does it make you think of?" "Water." "And water?" "Fire." She could not help laughing.

"Oh dear." "You see?" he said darkly. "That's what I mean. I'm blocked." "Have you tried talking about not talking?" "Bijur suggested that. 'Why do you suppose you refuse to talk?' he asked me. 'I don't know,' I said. End of conversation." He grimaced. "I've never liked the idea of talking to somebody who doesn't answer, who just sits there behind you, thinking."

"How long has this been going on?" "About a month. Longer, off and on." Polly's face crinkled into smiles. "If you only knew what I'd been imagining! I never thought I'd tell you. I was afraid you talked about me." "Why should I talk about you?" "Well, I mean, sex . . ." said Polly. "You goop," said Gus tenderly. "The



"We're mighty proud of our little town."

• •

patient doesn't talk about real sex. He talks about sexual fantasies. If he has any. I haven't since I was a kid." He paced about the room. "You know, Polly, what's wrong with me? I'm not interested in myself." "But Gus," she said gently, "I think that's an admirable thing. Doesn't everybody strive for self-forgetfulness?" She was about to say, "Look at the saints," and corrected herself. "Look at Lenin," she said instead. "Did he think about himself?" "He thought about the masses," Gus answered. "But frankly I don't think much about the masses either." "What *do* you think about?" she asked curiously. "Sales conference. Dust jackets. Bookstore reports. Agents. A talk I have to give to the League of American Writers." He brooded.

"I don't think your doctor ought to take the money," she said virtuously. "It's unethical." Gus shook his head. "According to him, it's all grist to the mill. I wondered whether I shouldn't quit—stop wasting his time. He said most patients expressed their resistance through talking. I express mine by silence. But my silence, he claims, is valuable. It shows the treatment is working and I'm fighting it."

Polly lost patience. Seeing Gus so upset and so humble made her angry. She asked the question she had resolved never to ask. "Tell me," she said, trying to sound casual, "what *are* you being treated for? What's its name?" "Name?" He sounded surprised. "Yes," prompted Polly. " 'Compulsion neurosis,' 'obsessional neurosis,' 'anxiety neurosis'—one of those." Gus scratched his head. "He's never said." "Never *said*?" "No. I think maybe it's against the rules to tell the patient the name of what's the matter with him." "But aren't you curious?" "No. What's in a name, anyway?" Polly controlled herself. "If you went to a doctor with a rash," she said, "wouldn't you feel entitled to know whether he thought it was measles or prickly heat?" "That's different." Polly tried another tack. "What are your symptoms? If I were writing your chart, what would I put down?" Gus seemed suddenly irritated. "Get the hospital out of your mind, Polly. I went, I told you, because Esther and I agreed. Because our marriage had broken up, over my jealousy. Esther wanted a free relationship; I couldn't take it."

A feeling of alarm came over Polly. "Oh," she said. "But that's natural, surely?" He knitted his brows. "Only in our culture, Polly. You understand, don't you, that there's a conflict in me between Fall River and Union Square?" "There is in almost everybody, isn't there? I mean of our generation. Maybe not exactly Union Square." She hesitated. "What if there were nothing the matter with you, Gus? What if you were just normal?" "If there were nothing the matter with me, I wouldn't be blocked, would I?" He sat down wearily. "What did Esther say?" He closed his eyes. "She said I was sabotaging the analysis. Because of you." "So she knows about me." "Jacoby told her." That was the book designer. Warily Gus opened his eyes. "Esther thinks I'd unblock if I stopped seeing you for the time being."

Polly stiffened. "The way Esther looks at it," he went on, flushing, "I'm throwing a monkey wrench into the analysis to keep from getting well. Because the part of me that's weak and evasive clings to you for support. The fact that you work in a hospital makes me see you as a nurse. If I got well, I'd have to leave my nurse." He looked at her inquiringly. "What do you think of that?" "I think," Polly said with a tight throat, "that Esther ought not to practice medicine without a license. Isn't it up to Dr. Bijur to tell you these things, if they're true? He should be the one to recommend that you stop seeing me for the time being."

"He can't, Polly. He's my analyst. We've been over that before. He can't advise me about my life-decisions. He can only listen when I report them." "At least," remarked Polly, "this will give you something to talk about in your next session." "That's a nasty crack," said Gus. "Have I deserved that, Polly?" He wrinkled his nose appealingly. "I love you." "But you've already decided, haven't you?" she said steadily. "You're going to do what Esther says. That's why you came to see me tonight." "I wanted to talk to you about it before I saw Bijur. And I have a lunch with an author tomorrow. But I haven't decided anything. We have to decide this together." Polly folded her hands and stared at them. "Hell," said Gus. "I don't suggest I believe what Esther said. But I might be game to try it as an experiment. After all, she knows me pretty well. And she has a good head on her shoulders. If we agreed to stop seeing each other for a week or so and I unblocked, that might prove something. And if I didn't unblock, that would prove she was wrong, wouldn't it?" He smiled eagerly. "She knows you *very* well," observed Polly.

"Hey!" he said. "That isn't like you, Poll. You sound like other women." "I am like other women." "No." He shook his head. "You're not. You're like a girl in a storybook." He looked around the room. "That's how I always think of you, as a girl in a storybook. A girl with long fair hair who lives in a special room surrounded by kindly dwarfs." For some reason, this friendly allusion to the lodgers was the thing that undid her. Tears streamed from her eyes; she had never thought he liked the "dwarfs." "And that's why you're going to let me go," she said. "Because I'm part of a fairy tale. I'm unreal." She brushed away her tears and poured herself another glass of sherry.

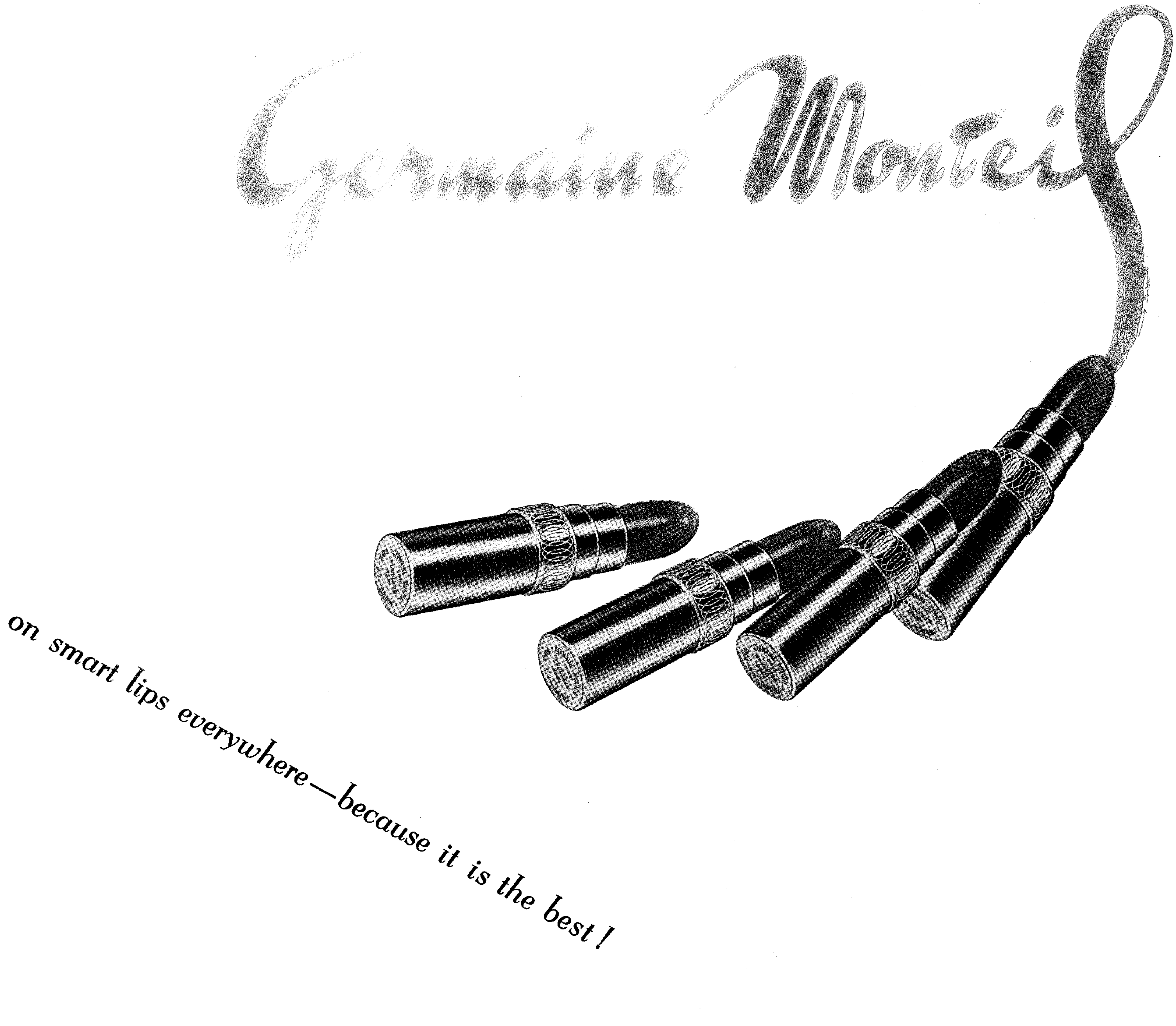
"Whoa!" he said. "I'm not going to let you go. This is just a tactic. In the interests of the over-all strategy. Please understand, Polly. I made an agreement with Esther. If I don't finish the analysis, no divorce." "We could wait," she said. "You could quit the analysis and we could wait. Living in sin." "I couldn't do that to you," he said emphatically. "You weren't built to live in sin." "Is that Union Square speaking?" "No, that's Fall River. Granite Block." She smiled mistily. "So you do understand," he said. "And you know I love you."

Polly reflected, turning the gold-speckled glass in her hand. "I know. And I know something else. You're going back to Esther. You think you're not, but you are." He was struck. "Why do you say that?" Polly waved a hand. "Little Gus, the Party, the analyst. You've never really left her. To leave her, you'd have to change your life. And you can't. It's all built into you, like built-in furniture. Your job. Your authors. Jacoby. I've always known we'd never get married," she added sadly. "I don't belong with the built-in furniture. I'm a knickknack."

"Are you condemning me, Polly?" "No." "Is there something you think I should have done different?" "No." "Tell the truth." She hesitated. "It's just a silly thing. Nothing to do with us. I think you

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Can you talk?"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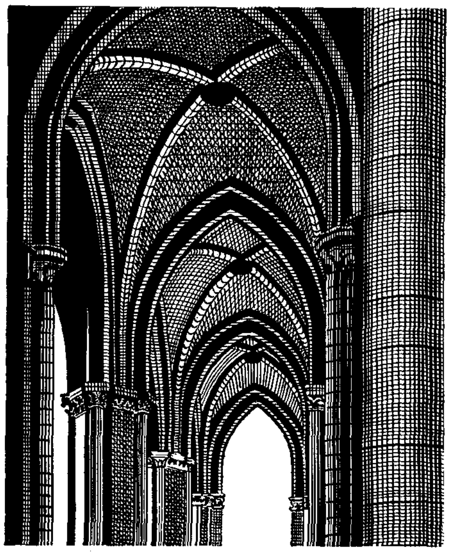

vault

Originally, a vaulted ceiling provided sturdy cover for a room intended for the safekeeping of valuables . . . hence our modern use of the term "vault."

But it's one thing to *guard* your valuable securities, whether under a vault of arching masonry or in a vault of more modern steel . . . and quite another to let them stay there indefinitely, going to waste in false "safety."

As a wise investor, you know that investment conditions change constantly—because of new products, new managements, new factors of every sort—and your investments must therefore be reviewed frequently and changed as change is indicated. As professional financial advisers, we know that your financial structure can best be kept *safe* by continually strengthening it...on a *currently* firm foundation.

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should have listened to Mr. Schneider about the Moscow Trials." "Oh, for Christ's sake!" said Gus. "I told you it was silly," she said. "No, Gus, listen. You *should* go back to Esther." That was the right course for him, but she wished he were different. A better man or a worse one. A few minutes ago, she had suddenly realized a fact that explained everything: Gus was ordinary. That was what was the matter with him.

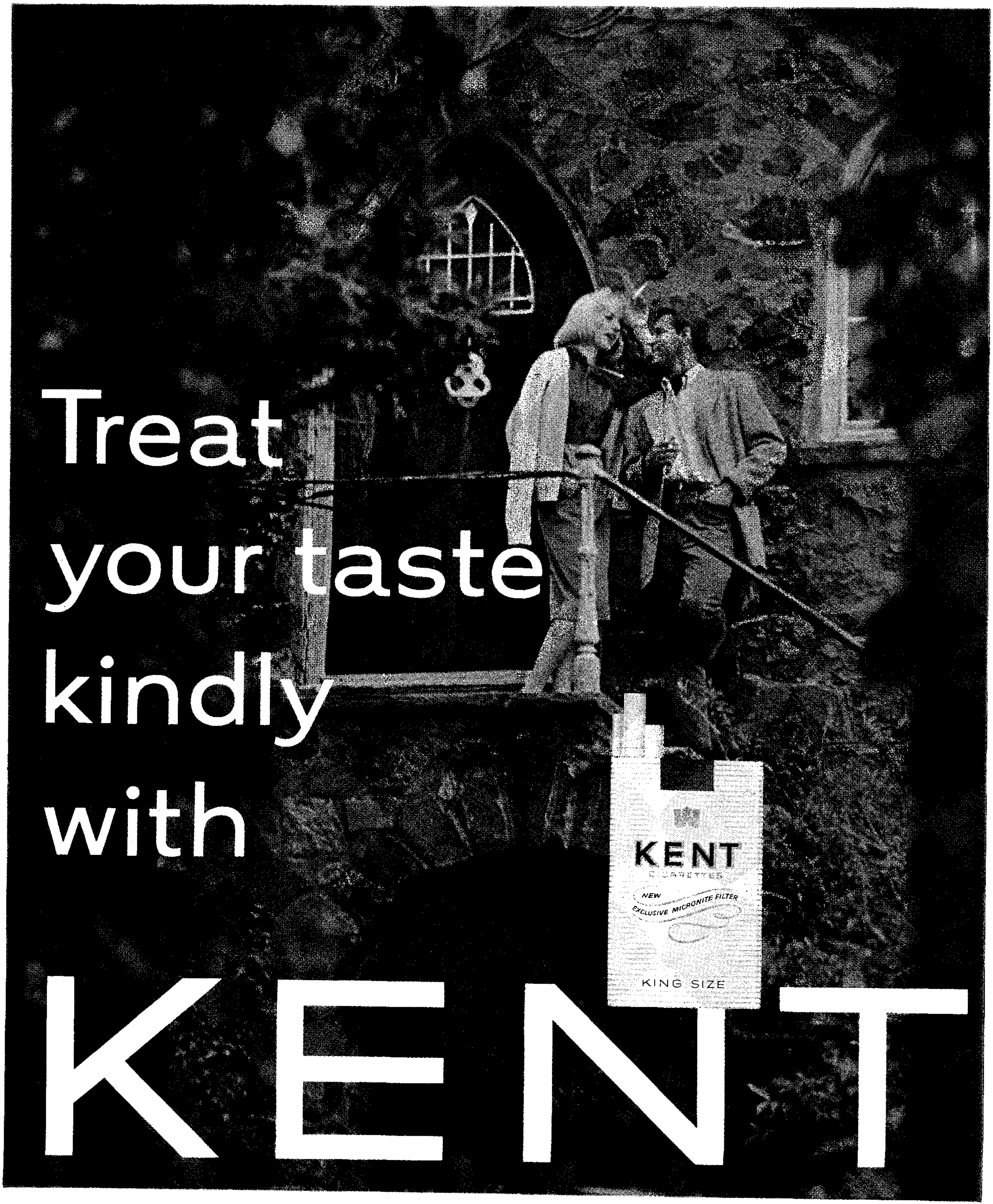
He was looking at her piteously, as if he felt naked before her eyes; at the same time, she observed, with surprise, that he still had his topcoat on, like someone who had come on business. "It's been awfully tough, Polly," he burst out. "These Sundays. You don't know. With the kid always asking, when I bring him back, 'Are you going to stay this time, Daddy?' " "I know." It was a minute before Polly recognized that he was taking her at her word: he was going home. As soon as he could with honor. And he was glad and grateful, as if she had "released" him. This was not what she had meant at all; she had meant that sometime in the future, eventually, he would go back. "I've loved you so much," he said. "More than anyone, ever." He sighed. " 'Each man kills the thing he loves,' I guess." He turned his head and looked around the room, as if in farewell to it. " 'Like the base Indian threw a pearl away, richer than all his tribe,' " he muttered into her neck. Polly was embarrassed. They heard Mr. Schneider tune up his fiddle again. She clung to Gus. He kissed her and gently disengaged himself, holding her at arm's length, with his hands on her shoulders. "I'll call you," he said. "Toward the end of the week. To see how you're doing. If you need anything, call me."

It came to her that he was going to leave without making love to her. This would mean they had made love *for the last time* this morning. But that did not count, she protested to herself; this morning they did not know it was for the last time. When the door shut behind him, she still could not believe it. The fact that he had not made love to her became a proof that he would be back; he would remember and come back. When the church clock struck one, she knew he would not disturb the house by ringing the bell so late. Yet she waited at the window in her kimono, watching the street. Toward morning, she slept for an hour. She went to work as usual, and her sufferings, as if punching a time clock, did not begin again until after five.

On the bus her mind started to make a list—bread, milk, lettuce—and then stopped with a jerk. She could not buy food just for herself. But if she did not buy food, this said that she knew Gus would not come tonight. To know it was to let fate see that she accepted it; if she accepted it, she could not live another minute. But if she bought food for two, this told fate she was counting on his coming. If she counted on it, he would never come. He would only come if she were unprepared. Or would he come only if she were prepared? With her lamp trimmed like the wise virgins?

Getting off the bus, she stood in front of the A. & P. while shoppers brushed past her. It was as though this decision—to market or not to market—would settle her whole future. She took a few steps down the street and turned back uncertainly. She read the weekly specials in the window; they had oxtails, and Gus liked oxtail soup. If she made oxtail soup tonight, it would be ready tomorrow. But what if he never came again? What would she do with the soup? Oxtail soup with sherry. She had sherry. Supposing she were to compromise and get eggs? If he did not come, they would do for breakfast. At the word "breakfast" she let out a little cry; she had forgotten about the night. She read the specials again.

There was something familiar about this panic of indecision. It was those cases she had read about in the hospital library—the anxiety patients who could not make up their minds about what to buy for dinner or which subway line to take to work. This was what it meant, then, to be a neurotic. To be a neurotic was to live, day in, day out, in terror lest you decide the wrong thing. "Oh, poor people!" she exclaimed aloud. A beggar came up to her. She wanted to give him money, the money she would have spent in the A. & P., but she remembered that Gus frowned on giving money to beggars, because charity helped perpetuate the capitalist system. If she disobeyed Gus's will, he would never come tonight. While her mind veered this way and that, the man went on down the street, shuffling. He had decided for her. But this thought made her act. She ran after him, opening her pocketbook, and stuffed two dollar bills into his hand. Then, slowly, she walked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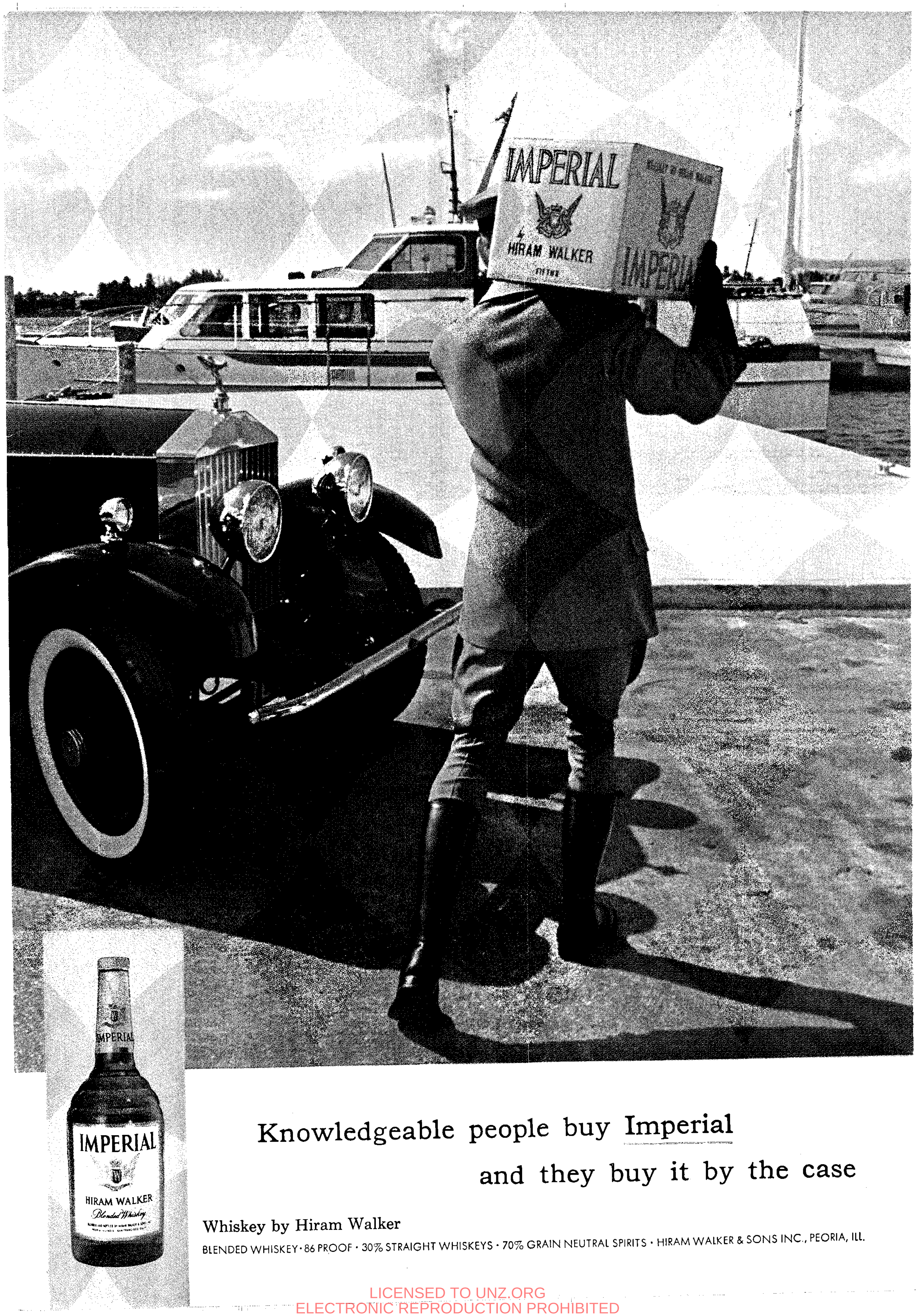
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home. She had given the money freely, on a quick impulse, not as a bargain, and she did not expect any result from it.

Under her door was a letter for her. She picked it up, not daring to look at it, for she knew it would be from Gus. She took off her coat and hung it up, washed her hands, watered her plants, lit a cigarette. Then, trembling, she tore open the letter. Inside was a single sheet of paper, a short letter, in handwriting. She did not look directly at it yet but put it on the table, glancing at it sidewise, as if it could tell her what it said without making her read it. The letter was from her father.

DEAR POLLY:

Your mother and I have decided to get a divorce. If it suits you, I would like to come to New York and live with you. That is, if you are not otherwise encumbered. I could make myself useful, do the shopping and cooking for you. We might look for a little flat together. Your mother will keep the farm. My mental health is excellent.

Your obedient servant and loving father,
HENRY L. K. ANDREWS

IT was an ill wind that blew nobody good. Had Gus not decided to go back to Esther (and he did, the following week), Polly would have had to turn her father away. Probably she would have telephoned her mother and begged her to keep her father on the farm—not to rush into a divorce. Or she might have suggested mental treatment. The irony of this was not lost on her from the very first minute. She took cold comfort from the thought that, thanks to Gus, she could wire her father to come ahead. On hearing the news, everyone took it for granted that her parents' separation must have been a dreadful shock to her, but the sad truth was that all Polly felt was a wan gratitude that her father was coming. It was with a start finally that she remembered her mother and wondered how she was taking it.

Long afterward, Polly admitted that it had all worked out for the best. She was happy, living with her father. They suited each other. And his arrival, three days after his letter, was occupational therapy for her—just what a doctor would have prescribed.

Mr. Andrews himself, when he got off the train, was in fine fettle—a small white-haired old man with a goblin head and bright-blue eyes; he was carrying a case of fresh farm eggs, which he would not entrust to the redcap, and a bouquet of jonquils. He had not been so well in years, he declared, and Kate was well, too, never better. He attributed it all to divorce—a splendid in-

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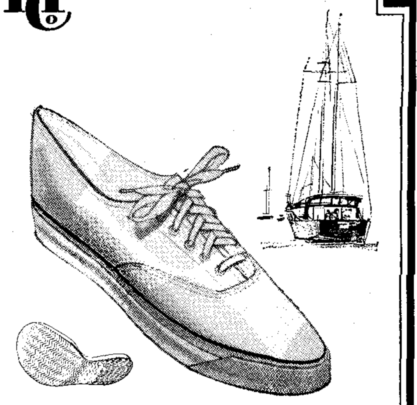

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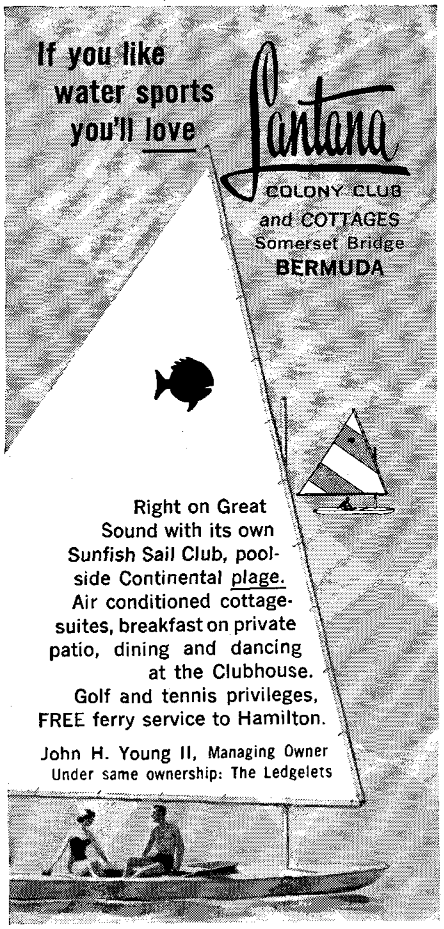

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stitution. Everyone should get a divorce. Kate already looked ten years younger. "But won't it take a long time, Father?" said Polly. "Even if Mother consents." But Mr. Andrews was sanguine. "Kate's already filed the papers and served me. The process-server came to tea. I've given her grounds, the best grounds there are." Polly was slightly shocked at the notion that her father, at *his age, had been committing adultery*. But he meant insanity. He was delighted with himself for having had the foresight to be loony and to have the papers to prove it.

Low-spirited as she was during the first days, Polly was amused by her father. She was startled to hear herself laugh aloud the night he came. She told herself that she was going through the motions of living, now that she had someone to live for, but before long she found she was looking forward to coming home from work, wondering what they would have for dinner and what her father had been up to in her absence. He was immensely proud of the divorce and talked about it to everyone, as if it were some new process he had discovered, all by himself. For the time being, Polly had taken him a room on the third floor; on weekends, they were going to look for an apartment. But then Mr. Andrews had a better idea. Having made friends with the landlady, he persuaded her to turn the top-floor rooms into an apartment for him and Polly. He designed the new apartment himself, using the hall to gain space and to make a little kitchen, long and narrow, like a ship's galley. All spring and early summer he and Polly were busy with the remodelling, which did not cost the landlady very much since Mr. Andrews gave his services free, did some of the carpentry (he had learned at the workshop in the sanatorium), and found a second-hand sink and plumbing fixtures in the junk yards he haunted, looking for treasure. Polly learned to paint, well enough to do the bookshelves and cupboards; she sewed curtains from old sheets, with a blue-and-red border, the colors of the French flag, and she got to work with upholstery tacks and re-covered two of the landlady's Victorian chairs.

The apartment, when it was finished, was delightful, with its old marble fireplaces and inside shutters. Carried away with his success, Mr. Andrews wanted to redo the whole house into apartments and make the landlady's fortune—a project Polly vetoed, thinking of Mr. Schneider and Mr. Scherbatyeff, who could not afford apartment rentals. Mr.

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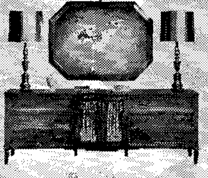

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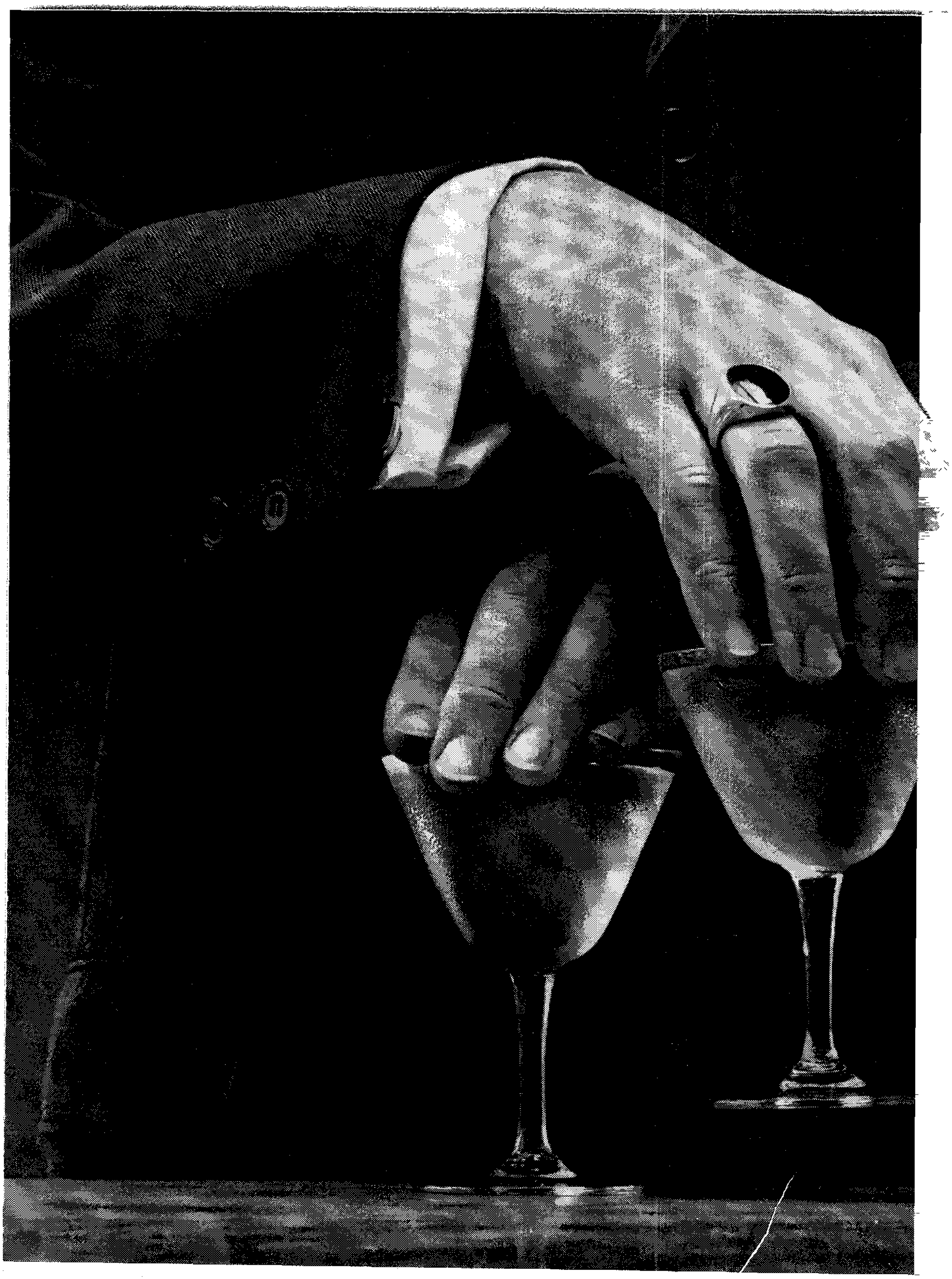

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Andrews had to content himself with the plan of fixing Polly a little winter garden or greenhouse for her plants; he wanted this to be Polly's Christmas present and spent a good deal of his time at the glazier's.

The change in Mr. Andrews amazed everyone who knew him. It could not be just the divorce, his sister Julia said, nor dear Polly's good heart and youthful spirits. Something else must have happened to Henry. It was Polly's mother who provided the information, during a visit she made to New York, where she stayed with her ex-sister-in-law on Park Avenue. "They changed the name of his illness, did you know that, Polly? They don't call it melancholia any more. They call it manic-depressive psychosis. When Henry heard that, he felt as if he'd been cheated all these years. He'd only had the 'depressed' phase, you see. He cheered up extraordinarily and began to make all these projects. Beginning with the crazy notion that we ought to get a divorce. At first I went along with it just to humor him. You know, the way I did when he insisted on being baptized into the Roman faith by the village curé and then baptized all you children himself. I knew those baptisms were otiose, since you'd all been christened as infants in the Episcopal church. Well, I assumed the divorce bug would pass, like the Romanism bug. But he got more and more set on it and on coming to New York. So finally I said to myself, 'Why not? Henry may have a good idea, after all. At our time of life, there's no earthly reason to stay together if we don't feel like it.' And I've been a new woman myself ever since."

TICKETS
TICKETS
TICKETS

Polly looked at her mother, pouring tea at Aunt Julia's table. It was true, she was blooming, like an expansive widow, and she had had a permanent wave. "Excuse me, Madam," said Ross, her aunt's maid, who was passing biscuits, "but why couldn't you and Mr. Henry just live apart, the way so many couples do?" "Henry said that wouldn't be respectable," replied Mrs. Andrews. "It would be like living together without marriage—living apart without a divorce. I can run the farm much better myself," Mrs. Andrews went on to Polly, lighting a cigarette. "With just your brothers' help. Henry was always interfering, and he's never cared for domestic animals. He was only interested in his pot herbs and his kitchen garden. Now that he's gone, we've bought some Black Angus and I'm going to try turkeys for the Thanksgiving market. If Henry were there, he'd insist on Chinese pheasants or peacocks. And peacocks are such an unpleasant bird! Quarrelsome and shrill."

"Do you mean that Father is in a 'manic' state?" "I suppose so, my dear," Mrs. Andrews answered comfortably. "Let's only hope it lasts. He's not giving you any trouble, is he?" "No," said Polly, but the next day she had a talk with Dr. Ridgeley, the second psychiatrist-in-charge at the Payne Whitney Clinic, whom she had known when he was a young resident. She often had to give metabolism tests to manic-depressive patients, but she had not known that her father's "melancholia"—which she connected with Dürer's engraving—was part of the same syndrome. In her experience, the manic patients were frequently under restraint, in strait jackets, and she was amazed at her mother's unconcern.

Yes, said the young doctor, Mr. Andrews' behavior did indeed reveal some of the typical manic symptoms but in a mild form. It was possible that a trough of depression would follow, but, given the mildness of the manic elation, it need not be severe. At her father's age, the cycle often lengthened or abated altogether. "After the climacteric, many manic-depressive patients spontaneously recover." Polly told him her mother's idea: that her father had changed his symptoms when he learned the new name of his disease. The doctor laughed. "With these nuts anything is possible, Polly," he declared. "Insanity is a funny thing. We don't really understand anything about it. Why they get sick, why they get well. Changing the name may make a difference. Now that we no longer speak of dementia praecox, we get fewer dementia-praecox patients. It tempts you to think that all mental illness has a hysterical origin, that they're all copying the latest textbooks. Even the illiterate patients. Do you suppose your father could be hysterical?" "I don't think so," said Polly. "Though he used to cry a lot. But very quietly." "Would you like me to see him?" Polly felt greatly relieved, without knowing why. "You might come for sherry some afternoon. Or for Sunday lunch, if you're off duty. Very informal. Father's a good cook and he loves to entertain."

This was true. Polly's social life had become much more active since her father had been sharing an apartment with her. The chief problem was restraining his expenditures. He had discovered the new A. & P. self-service market and was an enthusiastic patron, confident that he was saving money with every purchase he made. He shopped in vast quantity, saying that it saved time; the big Economy Size package appealed to him; he took advantage of every "special offer." He was also fond of the Italian fish and vegetable markets on lower Second Avenue, where he bought all manner of strange sea creatures and vegetables Polly had never seen before. Every Sunday at lunch they entertained, using chafing dishes Aunt Julia had put away as old-fashioned, and the guests sometimes stayed the whole afternoon, playing games or listening to the phonograph. Polly now had great trouble finding time to do her laundry and wash her hair.

Shortly after his arrival, Mr. Andrews had found a bar on First Avenue with a back room where there was a ping-pong table. Every day he played with the "regulars" and on Saturday afternoons he took part in tournaments, in which he insisted that Polly play, too. In this way, she met a number of young men, some of whom would turn up for Sunday lunch or for her father's Friday-night bouillabaisse. The guests often brought a bottle of wine. When Mr. Schneider came, he brought his violin. Or there would be a chess tournament, which Mr. Scherbatyeff presided over. "I hear you have a *salon*," Libby said enviously on the telephone.

But the red-letter day in Mr. Andrews' life was the day he became a Trotskyite. Not just a sympathizer but an organizational Trotskyite! It was Mr. Schneider, of course, who was responsible. Behind Polly's back he had been supplying him with reams of books and pamphlets about the Moscow Trials. Her father had found them heavy going; he had never taken much interest in politics, being a pessimist in the tradition of Henry Adams. But his attention was caught by the mystery in the trials—her father had a passion for puzzles, rebuses, mazes, conundrums. He concluded that Trotsky was innocent. The figure of the whiskered war commissar wearing a white uniform and riding in his armored train or reading French novels during Politburo meetings captured his imagination. He demanded that Mr. Schneider recruit him to the Trotskyite group. And unlike the village curé in France who had required him to take instruction before being "received," the Trotskyites, apparently, had accepted him as he was. He never understood the "dialectic" and was lax in attendance at meetings, but he made up for this by the zeal with which, wear-

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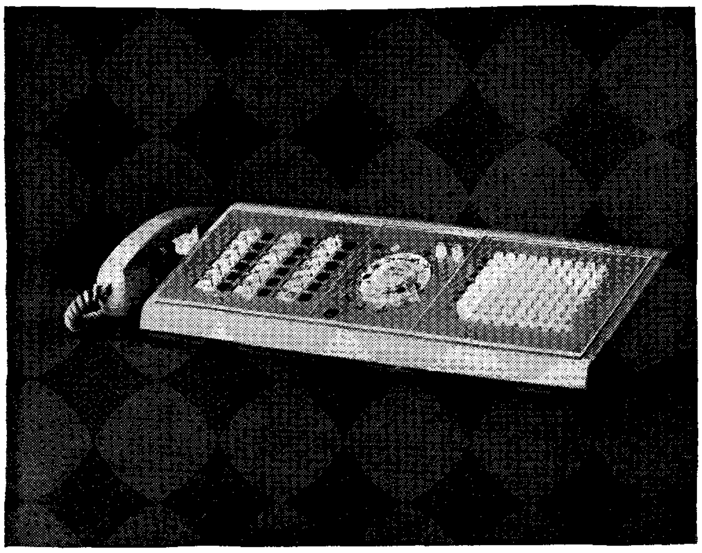

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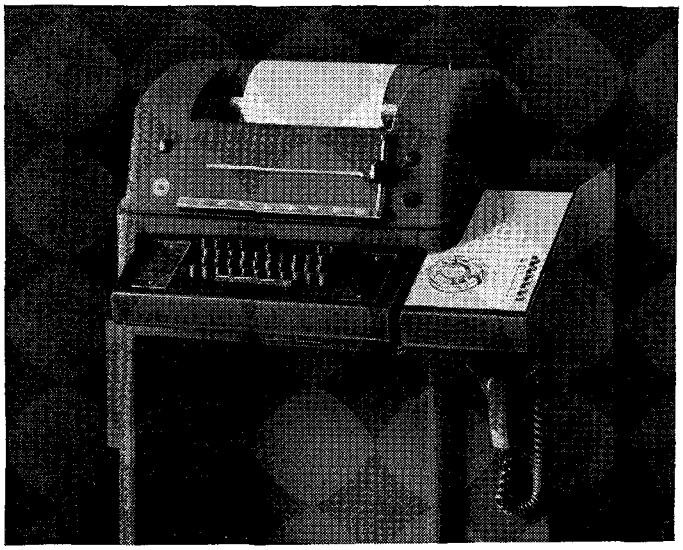

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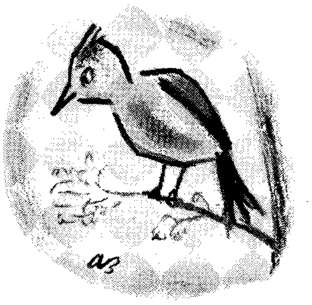
ing a red necktie and an ancient pair of spats, he sold the *Socialist Appeal* on the street outside Stalinist rallies.

Polly was embarrassed by her father's behavior; she felt that his style of dress and upper-class accent were giving the Trotskyites a bad name: the Stalinists would laugh at this "typical convert" to the doctrine of permanent revolution. And just as Gus had not made a Stalinist of her, her father could not make her a Trotskyite. She did not approve of revolutions, unless they were absolutely necessary, and she thought it peculiar, to say the least, that her father and his friends were eager to make revolutions in democratic countries like France and the United States instead of concentrating on Hitler and Mussolini, who *ought* to be overthrown. Of course, as her father said, it was pretty hopeless to make a revolution against Hitler, since the workers' parties had all been suppressed; still, it seemed rather unfair to penalize Roosevelt and Blum for not being Hitler. Fair play, replied her father, was a bourgeois concept. Polly would have been horrified to hear her parent talk this way if she had thought he believed what he was saying. But she was sure that he did not, and furthermore the idea of his "seizing power" made her smile, it was so unlikely. "Do you belong to a cell, Father?" she asked him, but he would not say, claiming that he was under discipline. It struck her that becoming a Trotskyite had merely made him more snobbish. He now looked down his nose at Stalinists, progressives, and New Dealers, as well as on the middle-class "moneyed elements," whom he had always derided. Some of his worst prejudices, she told him, scolding, were being reinforced by his new adherence. For example, coming from Massachusetts, he had a plaintive aversion to the Irish, and he was elated to hear that Marx had called the Irish the bribed tools of imperialism. "Look at that bribed tool of imperialism!" he would whisper, of the poor policeman on the beat.



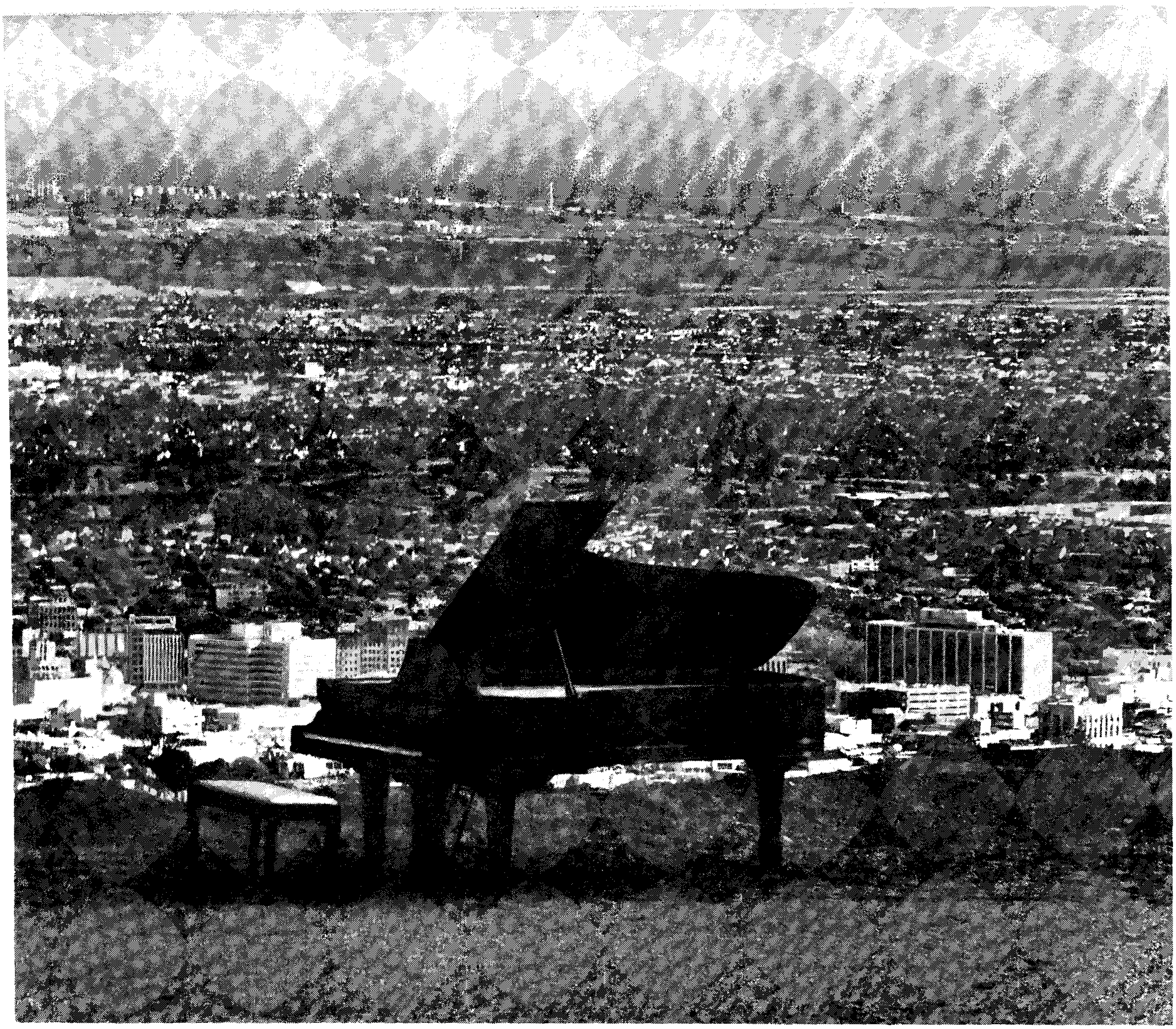
Eventually, of course, he learned about Gus ("That Stalinist," he called him). The fact that Gus had been unequal to getting a divorce increased Mr. Andrews' contempt for him. "Are you still pining for that Stalinist publisher?" he asked, if Polly was quiet.

Gus had called her, as he promised, at the end of that first week. Mr. Andrews answered the buzzer. "A man wants to talk to you," he reported, and Polly, feeling weak, went to the phone on the landing. "Who was that?" said Gus. "That was my father," said Polly. "He's come to stay with me." There was a long silence. "Does he know?" said Gus. "No." "Oh, good. Then I guess I'd better stay away." Polly said nothing. "I'll call you again next week," he said. He called, to say that he was moving back to his apartment. "Is your father still there?" "Yes." "I'd like to meet him sometime." "Yes," said Polly. "Later." After he had hung up, she remembered that she *ought to have asked him if he had "un*blocked."

Once he had moved, she lost hope of running into him on the street. Yet she wondered about this hope, remembering her fear when her father had called her to the telephone. *She had been afraid that Gus would tell her he wanted her back.* What would she have done? At the same time, she still felt their love affair had not quite finished; it lived somewhere underground, between them, growing in the dark as people's hair and fingernails grew after their death.

When her father became a Trotskyite, she took a defiant pleasure in the thought that the two might meet. She imagined her father trying to sell Gus a copy of the *Socialist Appeal* outside some rally for Spain. Gus would shake his head brusquely, and he would be *wrong*, because he was afraid to read what the other side said, and Mr. Schneider was not afraid to read the *Daily Worker* from cover to cover every day. If it came to the picket lines, she was a Trotskyite, too.

But when the two did meet, it was not in the political arena. It was in the ping-pong bar one Saturday afternoon. Polly, luckily, had stayed home to listen to the Metropolitan Opera on the radio. "I met that Stalinist," Mr. Andrews said, coming home with a shopping basket full of groceries. "LeRoy. Beat him two sets out of three." Polly was pleased; she would have hated it if Gus had beaten her father. "He was with a chap called Jacoby, another Stalinist. A book designer. They're probably infiltrating that bar." "How did you know he was he?" said Polly. "I didn't. He knew I was I." He laughed gently. "I'm well known there. Eccentric Henry Andrews. Decayed gentleman. Used to play tennis with Borotra. Now lives with his beautiful



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daughter, Polly, on East Tenth Street. Trotskyite agent and saboteur." "Oh, Father!" said Polly impatiently. "Did you talk about politics?" "No. We talked about you." "You didn't—" Mr. Andrews shook his head. "*He* brought you up. He asked if I had a daughter Polly. Then a great many other tiresome questions. How were you? What were you doing? Did you still have the same job? I told him your mother and I were divorced." "What did he say?" "That it must have been a shock for you." "What did you *think* of *him*?" "Ordinary," said Mr. Andrews. "Sadly ordinary. A dull dog. I think he was in love with you. That makes him worse, of course. If he dropped you because he was tired of you, I could sympathize. But this poor chap is a dangerous neurotic."

Polly laughed. "So you saw that, Father. I never could. He always seemed so normal." "It's the same thing," said her father, putting the groceries away. "All neurotics are petty bourgeois. And vice versa. Madness is too revolutionary for them. They can't go the whole hog. We madmen are the aristocrats of mental illness. You could never marry that fellow, my dear. He probably knew that himself."

"I can never marry," said Polly. "Nonsense," said Mr. Andrews. "I intend to find you a husband. For purely selfish reasons. I need a son-in-law to support me in my old age. I don't want to crawl back to Kate." "You'll stay with me." "No, my dear. I don't want to be the companion of an embittered old maid." Polly was hurt. "If you sacrifice your youth to me, you'll be embittered," said Mr. Andrews. "Or you ought to be. But if I find you a nice husband, you'll be grateful. Both of you. You'll keep a spare room for me and take me as a tax deduction."

Polly bit her lip. When her father used the word "selfish," he was speaking the truth. Loving him, she did not mind. Selfish people, she felt, were more fun to be with than unselfish people. If Mr. Andrews had been mild and self-effacing, she would have hated living with him. Instead, he was mild and self-willed. He was hard to circumvent, once he had an idea in his head, and he was quite capable of gently forcing her to marry to provide a home for him in his old age. In fact he had a point; she did not know how else she would be able to support him. Mrs. Andrews helped by sending eggs and poultry from the farm. Aunt Julia helped; she had given them bed linen and blankets and, as usual, she gave Polly clothes, which Polly fixed over. But with her father on the scene,

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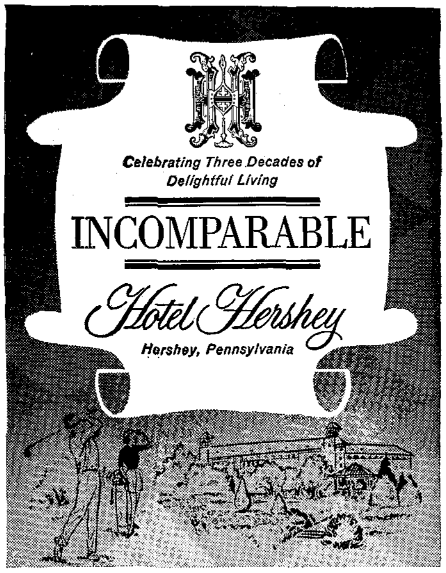

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Polly had less time for dressmaking and needed more dresses; if people were coming, he would not let her appear in just a blouse and skirt—"Put on something pretty," he would say. That he was thinking of her made his thoughtlessness harder to bear.

It was the same with the household money. Every week he overspent it and had to ask her for more. Again it was not for himself but for treats for her and their friends. Knowing him, as the autumn days passed, Polly grew afraid of Christmas. She had decreed that all their presents had to be homemade, and by that she meant little things like penwipers. During her vacation, on the farm, she had made jellies out of crab apples and mint and thyme and rosemary, which she intended as presents, and she was going to make her pomander balls again; at work, she was knitting a muffler for Mr. Andrews, and for her mother she had bought a length of cerise jersey, on which she was sewing bows of colored velvet ribbon for an evening scarf. But to her father "homemade" meant that greenhouse, which he declared he was going to putty together with his own hands; he claimed at first that the sun would heat it but lately he had been deep in conference with a plumber about how to maintain a temperature of fifty degrees night and day. And of course he justified it as an economy: Polly would have flowering plants from cuttings all winter long and they could force hyacinths and crocuses for Easter to give their friends. In the long run, it would "pay for itself."

Polly did not want that greenhouse, much as she loved flowers, any more than her mother would have wanted peacocks, and she supposed she would have to ask the landlady to put her foot down. She hated to go behind her father's back, but that was what young Dr. Ridgeley said she must do when it came to money matters.

They had talked again about her father, after Jim Ridgeley had come to lunch one Sunday; he had asked her whether Mr. Andrews had become very openhanded. This, it seemed, was one of the signs of the onset of a manic attack. It would be wise, he suggested, to close her charge accounts and warn tradespeople against giving her father credit. Polly only had a D.A. at Macy's, and besides she felt Jim Ridgeley was looking at her father too clinically. He did not understand that a person who had had an independent income most of his life could not grasp what being poor meant. Polly grasped it, because she was "a child of the depression," but Mr. Andrews still felt

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that prosperity was just around the corner. That was why the "economies" he made were a kind of play—like when the power failed in the country and you used candles and oil lamps and drew your water from the well. Mr. Andrews, in financial matters, always expected the power to come on again. This was a delusion, but a delusion shared by many people, including, Polly noted, quite a few of her classmates.

As for the delusion that spending was saving, this, too, Polly observed, was quite widespread; all the advertisements tried to make you feel that. Many people, too, as they grew older, became obsessed, like her father, with bargains. No matter how much money they had. Aunt Julia had reached that stage and was always buying useless articles because she had seen them at a sale. Yet Aunt Julia was perfectly sane.

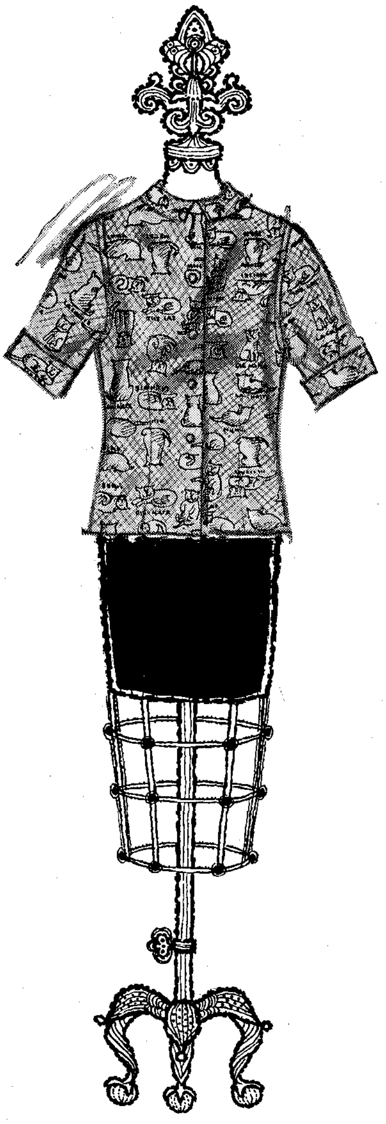
Except for a big item like the greenhouse, Polly excused her father. Their problem, she decided, was to find another source of income. Last week, she had gone to the Morris Plan and borrowed on her salary, and she felt as if she had taken the first step downward into vice. The interest rate confirmed her instinct that there was something actually immoral about the transaction—a kind of blackmail; no questions asked. And in fact it was to avoid questions that she had gone to the Morris Plan people, whose ad she had seen on the bus. She could have asked Aunt Julia, but Aunt Julia would have exacted "a serious talk" from her, wanted to see her budget, and started blaming her father. And supposing his carelessness about money *was* a part of his illness, he ought not to be reproached for it, Polly felt—only protected. She did not mention the loan to him.

But how was she going to pay it back? To pay it back, they would have to spend even less than they had been doing, but the reason for the loan was that already they were spending more than they should. Aunt Julia's Christmas check would not make up the difference. There were so many little things that added up; when they had calculated the rent on the apartment, they had forgotten that they would have to pay the gas and electricity, too.

Polly had been casting about in her mind for ways of supplementing her pay. She thought of needlework or of marketing her herbal jellies and pomander balls through the Woman's Exchange. But when she figured out the profit on a jar of rosemary jelly that would retail, say, at twenty cents, she saw that with the cost of the jars, the sugar, the labels, and the shipping, she would have to make five hundred jars to earn twenty-five dollars, and this assuming the fruit and herbs and cooking gas were free. She tried the pomander balls. What could they retail for? Fifty cents? That was too high, but it took her an evening to make six, and there was the cost of the oranges and the orrisroot and the cloves and the ribbons, not to mention the sore thumb she got from pushing in the cloves. It would be the same with needlework. For the first time, she understood the charms of mass production. Her conclusion was that it was idle to think that a person could make money by using her hands in her spare time; you would have to be an invalid or blind to show a profit. She had a vision of herself and her father, both blind or bedridden, supported by a charity, happily weaving baskets and embroidering tablecloths. Useful members of society.

She sent in solutions to the contests in the New York *Post*. She asked her father whether he would like to dictate a cookbook to her, giving his favorite French receipts. But the notion of sharing his receipts did not appeal to her father. She wondered whether, if someone gave them the capital, she and her father could open a small restaurant. Or whether she could make a cucumber cream and sell the formula to Elizabeth Arden. She glanced through the alumnae notes of the Vassar magazine for inspiration, but most alumnae described themselves as happy with their "volunteer work" or heading a Girl Scout group; a few were doing part-time teaching, one was a cowgirl, and one was walking dogs. Her father might be called to do jury duty, which made her smile; he would be such an unusual juror. This led to the picture of him as a professional mourner—but did they have them in America?—or a member of an opera claque. He could sit in the evenings with children, for he was a very good storyteller; why had no one thought of that as an occupation? She could quit her job, and he and she could hire out as cook and chambermaid.

When she tried to think more practically, she was appalled by the images that crept into her mind. Just now, on this Saturday afternoon, while her father talked about marriage, a picture of the reading of Aunt Julia's will appeared



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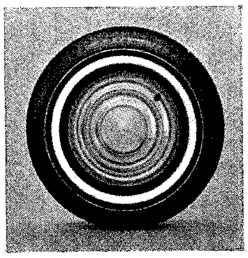

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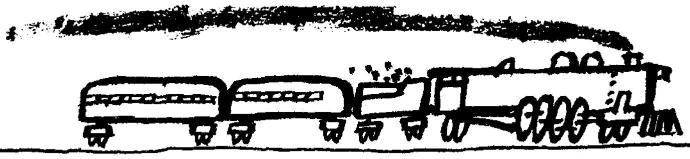
before her. They were gathered together, the relations, in Aunt Julia's library; the corpse was in the drawing room, and the lawyer was reading her will to them. Henry Andrews was the chief beneficiary.

"I wouldn't count on Julia," her father said quietly. Polly jumped. He had this uncanny faculty—which Polly had observed in some of the mental patients in the hospital—of sitting there silently, reading your thoughts. "Julia," her father went on, "is a queer one. She's likely to leave everything she's got to a charity. The Animal Protection Union. Or the Salvation Army. To be used for Santa Claus uniforms." He gave his plaintive laugh.

Polly smiled. She hoped her father was right, for if he was, she would be able to forget about Aunt Julia's will. Counting on it was close to wishing for her death. Not that Polly had done that, but she feared she might if things got very bad. Or even if she did not, it was still wrong to see the *good side* of the loss of a relation.

"No," said her father. "I must find you a husband. Invest my hopes in grandchildren—not in the death of an old woman. Though I still trust that I can get her to leave a small legacy to the Trotskyites." "You're crazy," said Polly. "You can't seem to get it through your head that Aunt Julia's a Republican." "I know that, my dear," said Mr. Andrews. "But Julia has read in the papers that we Trotskyites are counter-revolutionary agents bent on destroying the Soviet Union. Walter Duranty and those fellows, you know, have made her believe in the trials. If what they write wasn't true, she says, it wouldn't be in the New York *Times*, would it? And of course I've added my bit. The Trotskyites, I've assured her, are the only effective force fighting Stalin. Roosevelt is playing right into his hands. And Hitler has his own axe to grind." "You're a crook, Father," said Polly, kissing him. "Not at all," said her father. "It's true. And I've saved Julia from being a Fascist."

This conversation, by entertaining her, made Polly forget her worries for the moment. That was the trouble with her father. When she was with him, she could not remember to worry. And when she did remember, it was with a start of fear at the thought that she could have forgotten. At night she had terrible dreams about money, from which she would awake sweating. Once she dreamed that Christmas had come and the whole apartment had turned into a greenhouse as big as the Crystal Palace because she had for-



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gotten to tell the landlady to countermand it. But at the hospital one day she found a solution to their troubles. Like the purloined letter, it was staring her right in the face. She was taking blood for a transfusion from a professional donor, and the thought popped into her mind: "Why not I?" That week she sold a pint of her blood to the laboratory. The next week she did it again, and the week after. It was not dangerous; professional donors did it all the time, and the internes sometimes did it. Besides, she was unusually well nourished this year, because her father was an excellent dietitian—if she looked anemic, it was only that she was naturally pale. Yet she told herself that it would be wiser, in the future, to make her donations at another laboratory, so as not to cause talk among her colleagues. The next time, though, she was in a hurry, for she had used her lunch hour to buy candy canes and paper to make chains for Christmas-tree decorations—her mother had sent them a tree from the farm. So she went to her own laboratory as usual.

That day, as luck would have it, she was discovered by Dr. Ridgeley, who had come to look at a patient's blood sample. "What are you doing?" he wanted to know, though he could see from the apparatus, which still hung beside the couch where she was resting, as you had to after giving blood. "Christmas money," said Polly, smiling nervously and letting her clenched fist relax. He turned and went out. In a minute, he came back. He had been consulting the records. "This is your fourth donation, Polly," he said sharply. "What's the trouble?" "Christmas," she repeated. But he thought it was Mr. Andrews. "Did you do what I told you?" he said. "Shut down your charge accounts? See that he doesn't get credit?" "I don't have charge accounts. He doesn't use credit."

"That you know of," said Dr. Ridgeley. "Look here, Polly. Allow me to put two and two together. If I see a manic patient and meet his daughter selling her blood in a laboratory, I conclude he's been on a spending spree." "No," said Polly. "We're just short of money over the holidays." She got up. "Sit down," he said. "Your father, my dear girl, is severely ill. Someone ought to see that he gets treatment." "Goes to the hospital, you mean? No, Dr. Ridgeley." She refused to say "Jim" now. "He's sane, I swear to you. His mind is completely clear. He's just a little bit eccentric." "These spending sprees, I told you," he said impatiently, "are symptomatic. They indicate

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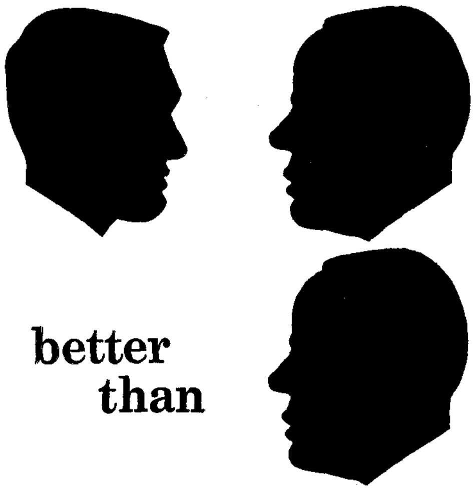
the patient is way up on the manic curve. The next stage is often an outbreak of violence, with megalomania. Commonly with a sense of mission. Is your father interested in politics?"

Polly paled. "Everyone is interested in politics," she muttered. "I'm not," said Jim Ridgeley. "But I mean, does he have some special angle? Some pet formula to save the world? A discovery he's made recently?" To Polly, this was magic. "He's a Trotskyite," she whispered. "What's that?" he said. "Oh, don't be so ignorant!" cried Polly. "Leon Trotsky. One of the makers of the Russian Revolution. Commander of the Red Army. Stalin's arch-enemy. In exile in Mexico." "I've heard of him, sure," said Jim Ridgeley. "Didn't he used to be a pants-presser in Brooklyn?" "No!" cried Polly. "That's a legend!" A great gulf had opened between her and this young man, and she felt she was screaming across it. In fairness, she tried to remember that a year ago she too had probably thought that Trotsky had pressed pants in Brooklyn; a year ago, she had been almost as ignorant as this doctor. But this only made her realize how far she had travelled from her starting point, the normal educated center, where Jim Ridgeley now doggedly stood in his white coat, and which now seemed to her subnormal and uneducated. Yet the fact that he had guessed that her father was a Trotskyite without even knowing what one was commanded her puzzled respect. She began explaining that the Trotskyites were the only true Communists and that, right now, they were in the Socialist Party.

He sat on the leather couch beside her. "Be that as it may"—a phrase Polly disliked—"they're a small sect with a mission. Is that right?" "In a way," said Polly. "They believe in permanent revolution." In spite of herself, she smiled. The doctor nodded. "In other words you think they're nuts," he said. She tried to be honest. Forgetting about her father, did she think Mr. Schneider was a nut? "On many points, I think they're right. But on that one point—permanent revolution—I can't help feeling they're a bit out of touch with reality. But that's just my idea. I may lack vision." He smiled at her quizzingly. "You have wonderful eyes," he said. He leaned forward. For a startled moment, she thought he was going to kiss her. Then he jumped up.

"Polly, you ought to commit your father." "Never." He took her hand. "Maybe I feel strongly because I'm falling in love with you," he said. Polly



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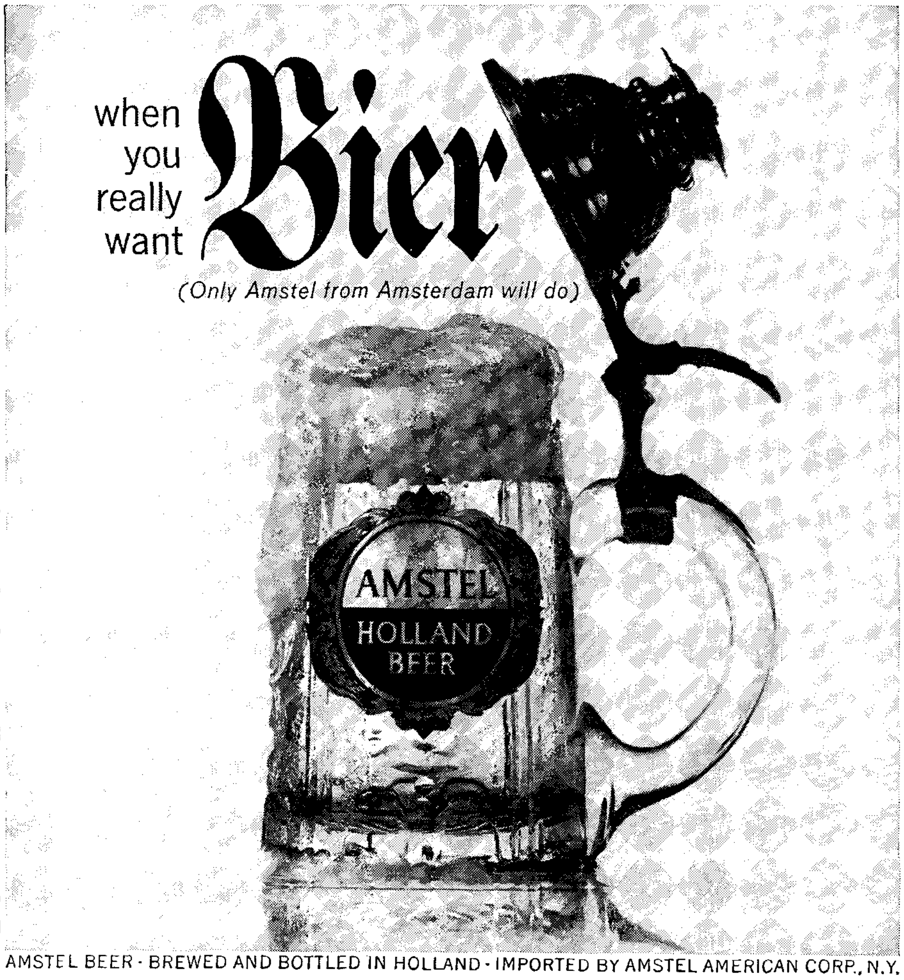

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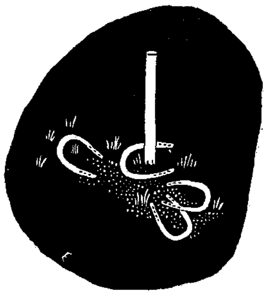
pulled her hand away. She was not as surprised as she ought to have been. In the back of her mind, she feared, she had been angling to make Dr. Ridgeley fall in love with her; that was why she had consulted him about her father! Just like other women, she had had her eye on him, having guessed that he liked her quite a bit. Sensing that (she now admitted), she had “thrown herself in his way.” But now that she had heard what she had been hoping to hear, she was scared. She wished he could have said something different; he sounded like the hero of a woman's magazine story. The idea too that she had probably been using her poor father as a pawn to lure this young man forward disgusted her with herself. At the same time, inside her, an exultant voice was crowing, “He loves me!” But then another voice said who was Jim Ridgeley after all, what did she know about him? Her father might say that he was sadly ordinary—another Gus. The proof of this was that he could talk of love and of putting her father in an asylum in one and the same breath. She gave him an icy look. “If you won't do it,” he said in a different tone, “your mother should.” “She can't,” Polly answered triumphantly. “You forget. They're divorced.” “Then the nearest of kin.” “His sister,” said Polly. “My aunt Julia.” He nodded. “She's senile,” said Polly, in that same tone of childish triumph. She did not know what had got into her that was prompting her to lie. “And your brothers?” “They'd never do it. Any more than I would. You'll have to give up, Dr. Ridgeley.” “Stop playing,” he said. “It's a dangerous game.” “*My father is not dangerous*,” said Polly. “You leave him alone. I suppose you think I have a father complex,” she added coldly. “I'm not a Freudian,” he said. “You feel protective toward him. As if he were your child. This may be because you haven't yet had any children.”

Suddenly Polly began to cry. He put his arms around her, and she pressed her wet cheek against his stiff white coat. She felt completely disconsolate. Nothing lasted. First Gus, and then on top of that her father. She had been so happy with him and she would be still, if only they had some money or if he were just a *little* different. But it was true, he was like a child, and gradually she had got to know that, just as gradually she had got to know that Gus would never marry her. But she ought to have faced facts in both cases from the beginning. She had welcomed her father because she needed him and had deliberately not noticed his frailties, just as she had done with Gus. And with her father there was probably a little element of trying to be superior to her mother: *she* could make him happy, if her mother couldn't. This meant that she had given in to him, where her mother had had the strength not to. They should *never* have taken the apartment, her mother could have told her that; that was the beginning of the *folie des grandeurs.*



“I had an *awful* love affair,” she said, still weeping. “The man threw me over. I wanted to die, and then my father came. I thought finally I had a purpose in life, that I could take care of him. And now I can't seem to do it. It's not his fault; I just don't earn enough for the two of us. And I can't ship him back to my mother. And I won't put him in an asylum. He really and truly isn't certifiable. You said yourself he might ‘spontaneously recover.’ Of course, I could go to my aunt.”

“Go to your aunt?” “Ask her for money. She isn't senile. That was a lie. And she's very rich, or used to be—nobody knows how much she has left. But you know how rich people are about money.” “That might solve your problem temporarily,” he said, sounding like a psychiatrist. “But you must face the fact that your father may get worse. What will you do with him when you marry, Polly?” “I can't marry,” she said. “You know that. At least I can't have children, with my heredity. I've come to terms with that. It would be selfish to have children—wicked.”

“Was it wicked to have you?” he said smiling. Polly rushed to her parents' defense. “They didn't know, then, about my father's melancholia. That happened later.” He still smiled, and Polly saw the point. Would she wish not to have been born? Unhappy as she was, she could not say that. Even when she had wished to die, she had not wished never to have been alive. Nobody alive could do that. “What set ideas you have!” he said. “And you a medical technician. It isn't as if you had a family history of idiocy. Or hereditary syphilis.” “I always thought that from a scientific point of view I ought to be sterilized.” “Good God!” he replied. “What bunkum! Where did you learn that?” “At college," said Polly. "I don't mean the professors taught it in class, but it was sort of in the atmosphere. Eugenics. That certain people ought to be prevented from breeding. Not Vassar women, of course"—she smiled—"but the others. I felt like one of the others. There was a lot of inbreeding in my family—people marrying their cousins. The Andrews blood has run thin." " 'The blood of the Andrews,' " he said, glancing at Polly's arm, where a pad of cotton still lay at the point the vein had been opened. "How dare you be a blood donor? You ought to be exposed." He laughed. "I'll prove to you that I have confidence in the blood of the Andrews. Will you marry me? Polly, I'm serious." "But we've never even had a date," protested Polly, rather spuriously, she thought. "You don't know me. We've never—" She stopped herself. "Been to bed," he finished. "Did they teach you that in college too? All right, let's go to a hotel. You call your father and tell him you won't be home. I've got my car outside. We'll have dinner first and a dance. Are you a good dancer?" Polly feared this was a "line" he used with all the young nurses and technicians, and yet if he asked them all to marry him, how did he edge out of it afterward? He was quite good-looking, tall and curly-haired, and that in itself suddenly made her suspicious. In real life, it was only homely men who fell in love with a bang and did not leave you to guess about their intentions. He had a breezy manner of talking that she was at a loss to interpret; it *might* come, she told herself, from dealing with sick people. "Are you always such a 'fast worker'?" she asked teasingly, taking the tone she took with her father in his headstrong moments. "No," he said. "Not with women. Believe it or not, I've never told a woman I loved her before. Or signed 'Love' to a letter, except to my folks. And I'm thirty years old. Naturally, now that it seems to have hit me, I don't want to waste time." Polly's misgivings lessened. But she laughed gently. " 'Waste time,' " she chided. "How long do you imagine you've been in love with me?" He looked at his watch. "About half an hour," he said matter-of-factly. "But I've always liked you. I picked you out when you first came to the hospital." So she had been right, Polly said to herself. Her confidence increased. But she was frightened now in a new way. He was different from Gus, straightforward, and she liked that, yet she found herself wanting to parry his onslaught. He was all too eager to commit himself, which meant he was committing *her*. At the same time his hurry

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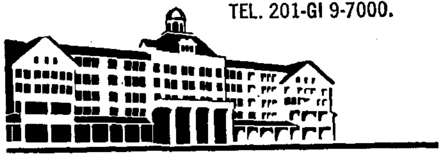
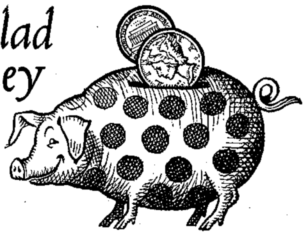


made this whole conversation seem unreal to her, like a daydream. "But we have nothing in common," she started to object, but this sounded rude. Instead she said, "Even if I were to marry, I could never marry a psychiatrist." To her surprise, she discovered she meant this, from the bottom of her heart. Looking for what was wrong with Jim Ridgeley, she had found it, alas. A psychiatrist would have a desk side even more wooden than Gus's. "Good," Jim Ridgeley said promptly. "I'm going to get out. It was a mistake I made in medical school. I thought it was a science. I'm leaving here the first of the year. Next objection?" "But what will you do then?" said Polly, thinking that if he left at the first of the year she would miss him. One part of her was resolutely ignoring his intention of marrying her. "General medicine?" "No. Research. Brain chemistry. I have a job lined up with a research team. You can work with us, too—as a technician. There's no future for you here." "I know that," said Polly. "But what attracts you about mental illness, Jim?" "The waste," he said emphatically. "Of human resources. I'm impatient." "I can *see* that," she murmured. "Then," he went on, apologetically, "I suppose I have a bit of the do-gooder in me. Came by it naturally. My father's a minister. Presbyterian." "Oh?" This news was pleasing to Polly; it would be nice, she reflected, to have a minister in the family. "If you like, he can marry us. Or we can go down to City Hall."

The more serious he sounded, the more Polly tried to joke. "And what about *my* father?" she said lightly. "You can use him as a guinea pig, I suppose. To test out your brilliant discoveries. He could be my dowry." He frowned. Already, she said to herself sadly, he was starting to disapprove of her. "He can live with us and keep house," he said shortly. "Do you mean that?" "I wouldn't say it otherwise," he answered. "And after we're married I can keep an eye on him. To tell the truth, Polly, I think most of our patients would be better off at home. The Victorian system was better, with mad Auntie upstairs. More human. The fault lies mostly with the families. They want to get their mad relation out of the house and into what's known as 'the hands of competent professionals'—i.e., sadistic nurses and orderlies." "Oh, I agree!" exclaimed Polly. "But if that's the way you think, why did you say he should be committed?" "The difference between theory and practice. I didn't like the idea of your being alone

Glad Money



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with him." "*He's not dangerous*," repeated Polly. "They would never have sent him home from Riggs if he were dangerous." "Nonsense," he said. "But let's grant that you're right; you probably know more about it than a doctor. He may still be dangerous to himself. He was suicidal at one time, wasn't he?" "He talked about it, and Mother was afraid." "Well." His eyes were like him—light brown, with surprising green flecks. "Maybe," he said, "I told you to commit him to see what you'd say." "Oh!" exclaimed Polly. "You were testing me!" She was disillusioned. "Maybe," he repeated. "It's a habit you fall into. Watching for the reflexes. But I already knew what you'd answer. I knew you'd say no. I think I wanted to see whether I could scare you." "You did," said Polly. "No, I didn't. Nothing could persuade you to distrust your father. You're not a distrustful girl." "Oh, but I am!" said Polly, thinking of how she had been with Gus. "I *know* my father, that's all."

Polly found she had agreed to marry Jim without ever being aware of saying yes. They did not go to a hotel that night; they had dinner and danced, and they kissed a long time in his car in front of her apartment. When she went upstairs, finally, she still did not know whether she loved him or not. But she was relieved that she was going to marry him, and she wondered whether this was immoral. In the old days, people used to say gratitude could turn to love—could that be true? She had liked kissing him, but that might be just sex. What bothered her most was that she and Jim had so little in common—a phrase she kept repeating anxiously to herself. Outside the hospital, they had not a single common acquaintance. And as for those old friends, the characters in books—King Arthur and Sir Lancelot and Mr. Micawber and Mr. Collins and Vronsky and darling Prince Andrei, who were like members of the family—why, Jim seemed hardly to know them. He could not read novels and had no preference between Hector and Achilles. At least she and Jim both knew the Bible and they both had been science majors, but was that enough? She was insular, like all the Andrews. Why else would they have kept marrying their cousins? What would Jim talk about with her brothers, who were only interested in farming now and either discussed feeds and beef-cattle prices or swapped lines from Vergil's Georgics the way other bumpkins swapped dirty stories? They would have bored Polly stiff if she had not known them all her life. What would a psychiatrist make of

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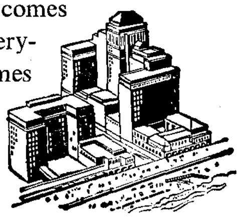

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the whole Andrews clan? Polly's mother still described *her* feelings on meeting them as a young bride from New York. "Your father and I," she now said, "have never been compatible. I was too normal for Henry." But no one would have guessed that, seeing her on the farm in overalls with a finger wave in her majestic coiffure. These thoughts had never troubled Polly when she had dreamed of marriage with Gus, which proved, she decided, that she had never believed in that marriage. This time, she was trying to be realistic.

When she came in, her father, a night owl, was still awake. She felt sure he would notice the change in her, though she had combed her hair and put on lipstick in the car, and she was reluctant to confess that she had got engaged in a single night. Luckily, his mind was elsewhere. He had been waiting for her to come home to tell her an important piece of news. "He's going to get married," she exclaimed to herself, seeing his unusual excitement. But no; he had got a job. In a thrift shop on Lexington Avenue that was run by a charity. The pay was not much, but he had only to sit in the shop afternoons and talk to customers; he would have his mornings to himself.

"Why, that's wonderful, Father!" said Polly. "How did you ever get it?" "Julia arranged it," he said. "Julia's on the board. The position's usually kept for 'reduced gentlewomen,' but she lobbied me through. 'Henry knows wood' was her slogan." "That's wonderful," Polly repeated. "When do you start?" "Tomorrow. This afternoon the manageress explained my duties to me and itemized the stock. A preponderance of white elephants. The stuff is all donated." "Is it all bric-a-brac?" said Polly. "By no means. We have secondhand furs, children's clothes, old dinner jackets, maids' and butlers' uniforms." Polly frowned; she did not like the thought of her father selling old clothes. "They come from the best houses," he said. "And there are amusing French dolls and music boxes. Armoires, *étagères*, jardinières. Whatnots, umbrella stands, marble-topped commodes. Gilt chairs for musicales. Gold-headed canes, fawn gloves, opera hats, fans. Spanish combs, mantillas, a harp. Horsehair sofas. An instructive inventory of the passé."

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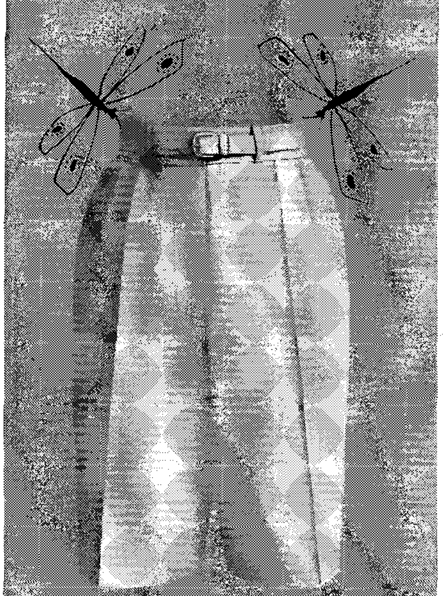

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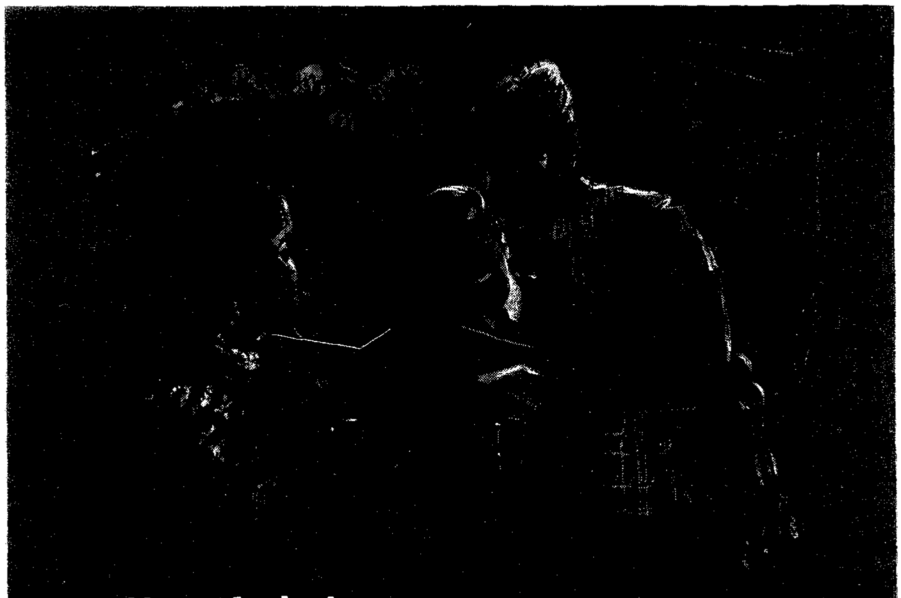
self pleased to be a breadwinner. I've joined the working class. And Julia plans to exploit me." "How?" "Well, 'Henry knows wood.' I'm to keep a sharp eye out for her in the event that a bit of Sheraton or Hepplewhite pops in from an attic. Then I'm to set it aside for her quietly." "You can't do that!" said Polly firmly. "That would be cheating the charity." "Exactly what's in my sister's mind. As she confided to me, 'Some of our younger members have no notion of the value of old furniture.' "

It occurred to Polly while he was talking that if she had known this afternoon that he had found work she might not have sold her blood, and in that case she would not be engaged at this moment. It was another of those kinks in time or failures to overlap, like the one that was responsible for her father's being here now. The idea that she had nearly missed being engaged terrified her, as though *that*, not this, were her real fate, which she had circumvented by accident, like those people who *ought* to have gone down on the Titanic and for some reason at the last minute did not sail. This fear showed her that already she must be in love.

THE announcement of Polly's engagement did not surprise any of her friends. They had always known, they said, that there was "somebody" at the hospital. "We were counting on it for you, my dear," said Libby. "We all had our fingers crossed." The implication was that if it had not been Jim it would have been Dr. X in obstetrics or Dr. Y in general surgery. And it could never have been anybody else. She had made the great discovery that Jim was good, and this amazing fact filled her with wonder—most good people were rather elderly. Yet when she tried to communicate this to others, they seemed bewildered, as if she were talking a foreign language. Even her mother. "Why, yes, Polly, he's very attractive. And intelligent, I expect. You're very well suited to each other." "That's not what I mean, Mother." "I suppose you mean he's a bit of an idealist. But you were bound to marry someone like that. A worldly man wouldn't have attracted you."

Only Mr. Schneider and the iceman seemed to feel as she did. The iceman wanted to be assured that her *fidanzato* was "a good man." Mr. Schneider went further. "I understand what you are feeling. As Socrates showed, love cannot be anything but the love of the good. But to find the good is very rare. That is why love is rare, in spite



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of what people think. It happens to one in a thousand, and to that one it is a revelation. No wonder he cannot communicate with the other nine hundred and ninety-nine."

What did surprise Polly's friends—though not Mr. Schneider—was that Mr. Andrews was going to live with the young couple. One by one, her Vassar classmates appeared to advise her against this—Pokey Beauchamp made a special trip by private plane up from Princeton. Dottie Latham, who was in town with her husband for the theatres and staying at the Plaza, went so far as to talk to Polly's mother. Priss Crockett came to lunch in the coffee shop at the hospital. "When you have children, you will have to think of them. Supposing your father—" "Goes mad again," said Polly. "Would that be so terrible for them, Priss? He was mad off and on when we were children, my brothers and I." That was different, Priss allowed; in those days, people did not know any better than to expose young children to mental illness. But even if Mr. Andrews were normal, Polly's friends thought she would be making a terrible mistake—a mistake this generation, at least, had learned to avoid. You did not have your relations to live with you if you wanted your marriage to succeed. Opinion was unanimous on the point. If Polly wanted to fly in the face of experience, she was practically dooming her marriage from the start.

"And you mean to say your doctor *accepts* it?" the young matrons of Polly's circle cried, shocked. "Yes," said Polly. This astonishing news planted a grave doubt in her friends' minds. "If he really loves you," argued Kay Petersen, "I should think he would want to be alone with you. Wild horses wouldn't have persuaded Harald to share me." "What would you suggest I do with my father?" Polly demanded quietly. "There must be *something* you and Jim could do with him, if the two of you put your heads together," Kay declared. "Why can't he live with your Aunt Julia?" "He doesn't like her," said Polly. "But she has a *huge* apartment," said Kay. "He could have his own quarters. And servants to look after him. He'd be much better off. What are you going to do with him when you entertain? At your aunt's he could have a tray." "At least," remarked Libby MacAusland, "you're not going to take him with you on your honeymoon?" "Of course not," said Polly impatiently.

The only person who was deaf to the general concern was Mr. Andrews. For him, the problem was architectural: finding an apartment that would house

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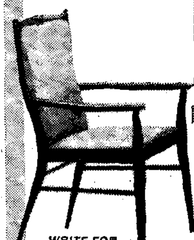

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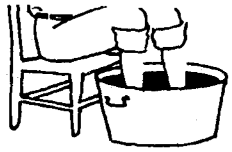

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three and not cost too much to fix over. They were going to be married in the spring—on the farm; Jim's parents would come from Ohio, and his father would perform the ceremony. It was Dottie's hope that Mr. and Mrs. Andrews might be reconciled by the occasion and make it a double wedding. "Your father could be Jim's best man, and your mother could be your matron of honor. And then vice versa. Terribly original." She twinkled. "Don't you love the thought, Polly?"

When Jim heard this, he told Polly that they had better be married right away at City Hall and get it over with. Polly agreed. So as not to hurt anybody's feelings, they did not even take her father as a witness. They were married by a magistrate, and that night they went to Key West for their honeymoon, sharing a lower berth. From the station they sent telegrams announcing what they had done. Polly's friends were greatly disappointed that they had not had a chance to give her a shower or any kind of sendoff. But they understood that a gay wedding, under the circumstances, would have been more than she could bear. The group was awfully sorry for Polly and would have sent her a floral tribute by telegram if only they had known her address. But naturally she and Jim were lying low, enjoying the last days the two of them would have alone together ever, probably, in their lives. In Dottie Latham's suite at the Plaza, a few of the girls and their husbands drank a toast to her *in absentia*. "To her happiness!" they said loyally, clicking glasses. She deserved it if anyone did, the girls affirmed. The men's sympathies went to Jim Ridgeley, whom they did not know, but as Brook, Dottie's husband, continued to refill the champagne glasses, they concurred among themselves that he must be an odd gent to take a situation like that lying down.—MARY MCCARTHY

•

Miss Novak's connection with the remake of the Somerset Maugham novel has been stormy. None too keen on the role of Mildred the Flint, hearted London waitress, Kim had a row with director Henry Hathaway . . . —*The Post.*

Mildred the Flint? Wasn't she Harry the Horse's girl?

•

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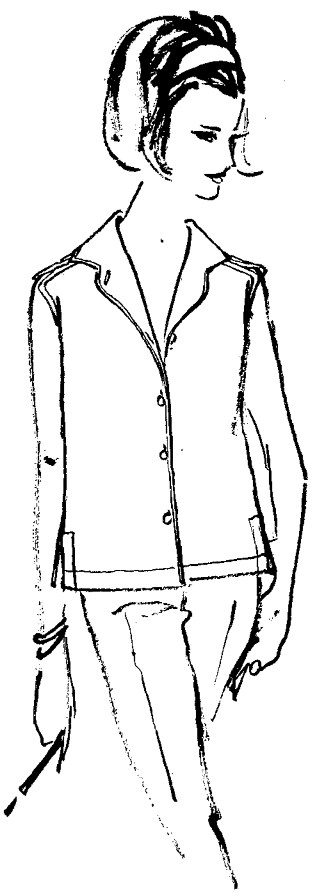

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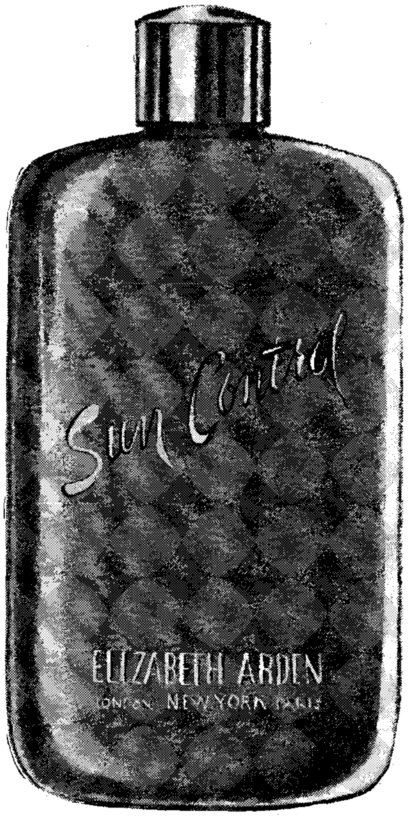

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Elizabeth Arden

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Without a Net

THE self-portrait, an ancient and economical convention among painters and writers, has suffered a peculiar refinement in our time: the creator of a work of art, dissatisfied to serve merely as his own model, proceeds to make not his likeness but the difficulty of creating a work of art out of that likeness the subject of the work of art. The struggle to achieve something becomes the thing achieved; getting there is *all* the fun, or, more likely, all the anguish. Even the reticent Eliot composes a poem to explain that a general mess of imprecision of feeling may prevent him from composing the sort of precise, unmessy poem that his readers have at that very moment before their eyes. In the case of writers and artists less cunning than Old Possum, such public revelations of professional hazards degenerate into labored circus tricks, which stultify the performers and bewilder their audiences—if it's so bloody hard for some poets or painters to turn somersaults up there at the top of the tent, why don't they go into another line of work, like laying bricks?

TWO FEA
THEY WE

That being the rude question I'm nearly always inclined to ask, my heart sank when I heard, a year or so ago, that the autobiographical itch had spread, not for the first time, from the world of letters and paint to the world of film. The rumor was that the brilliant Italian movie director Federico Fellini was engaged in making a movie about a brilliant Italian movie director engaged in making a movie. As an admirer of Fellini, I longed for the rumor to be false; surely, I thought, the man who was content to play the invisible god behind the camera in such films as "I Vitelloni," "La Strada," and "La Dolce Vita" had nothing to gain and a good deal to lose by, in effect, coming around to a place in front of the camera and letting us see how hard (or perhaps even how easy) he found it to turn somersaults. Well, I was wrong—the picture has arrived, it is indeed about how hard it is to turn somersaults, and it is marvellous. Fellini is a cinematic Old Possum, and his innumerable intricate tricks are enchanting.

"8½"—the title is a prankish reference to the fact that Fellini has directed seven complete movies and segments of three others—begins in the mind of a man at the end of his tether. In the prime of life, celebrated and envied, with a cool, handsome wife, a vulgar mistress, and an eye for any other woman who happens by, Guido Anselmi stands poised on the brink of breakdown. The weight of a tangled, unexamined past and the threatened weight of an equally tangled and unexamined future have so paralyzed him that he is unable to work; a producer has him under contract to direct a picture, elaborate sets have been built, and shooting must start at once, but poor Anselmi cannot even choose the members of the cast. Doctors having sent him to a spa to take a cure, he wanders about the hotel and its gardens and baths in listless emotional disarray, avoiding the unresolvable imperatives of real life by random retreats into memory and fantasy.

A grim-sounding predicament, and since Fellini makes no bones about there being at least a superficial resemblance between his hero's life and his own, one might have expected him to recount it in tragic terms (for most of us, what befalls us is quite literally no laughing matter), but, unexpectedly and welcomely, "8½" is a comedy, and the hero's plight and eventual salvation are, to an uncanny degree, disguised manifestations of joy. Life, Fellini seems to be saying, is often very hard as well as absurd, but oh, how desirable it is! How eager I am to come to terms with it, and how sorry I shall be to bid it goodbye! He conveys this, of course, by means that have nothing to do with speech; what these means are is his secret—his somersault—but they certainly include the remarkable performances he has secured from Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo, as the hero, his wife, and his mistress, respectively; the photography, the intensity of whose blacks and whites moved me as no pretty befuddlement of colors ever could; an ingenious use of background music (even Wagner is made to do a funny turn); and a bold, witty, intelligent script, which Fellini wrote in collaboration with Tullio Pinelli, Ennio Flaino, and Brunello Rondi. "8½" is an important episode in Fellini's life and a not unimportant one in the history of films.

MARGARET RUTHERFORD, who is one of the greatest women in the world and looks it, is on display in two new English imports. One is "The

The remarkable story of Schweppes new Bitter Lemon—and how it Schwept all England off its feet!

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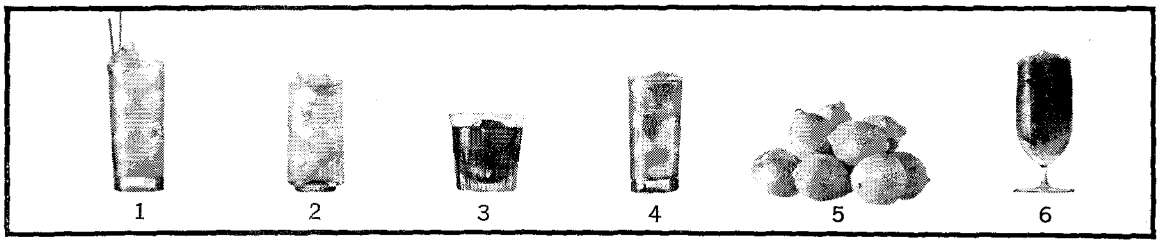

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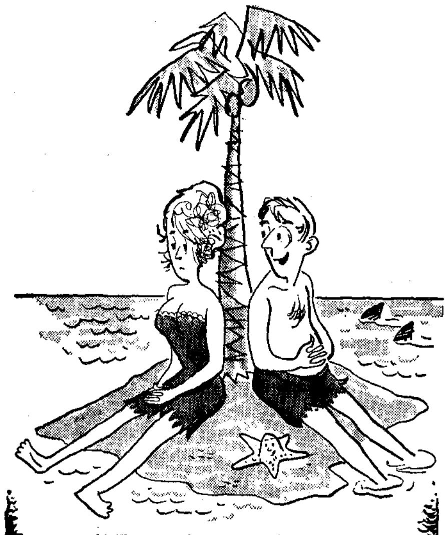

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Mouse on the Moon," a sequel to "The Mouse That Roared," and the other is "Murder at the Gallop," a sequel to "Murder She Said." In "The Mouse on the Moon," Miss Rutherford plays the Grand Duchess of Fenwick, but, alas, is called on to do little but be sleepy, tipsy, and slightly touched. The story concerns the Grand Duchy of Fenwick's completely unintentional success in putting a couple of men on the moon a few minutes ahead of the United States and Russia, but its authors have made a grave mistake in leaving the Grand Duchess earthbound. Miss Rutherford and the moon would have set each other off so well, like a brooch on a brooch. In "Murder at the Gallop," our rumpled heroine has lots to do. As in "Murder She Said," she plays that indefatigable busybody Jane Marple, whom Agatha Christie first put between covers many years ago. People have a knack for getting murdered whenever Miss Marple is in the vicinity, and the police have a knack for doubting whether their deaths are anything but natural. Miss Marple's task is therefore always to outwit both the murderer *and* the police, and by what fierce yet ladylike pertinacity does she contrive to do so! Though "Murder at the Gallop" isn't up to its predecessor, it's good enough for all practical murderous purposes. Robert Morley, as a foxhunting innkeeper, hams it up in glorious fashion, especially at the moment when he proposes marriage to Miss Rutherford. I'm glad to say she refuses him.

—Brendan Gill

•

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[Letter received by a young man on Central Park West]

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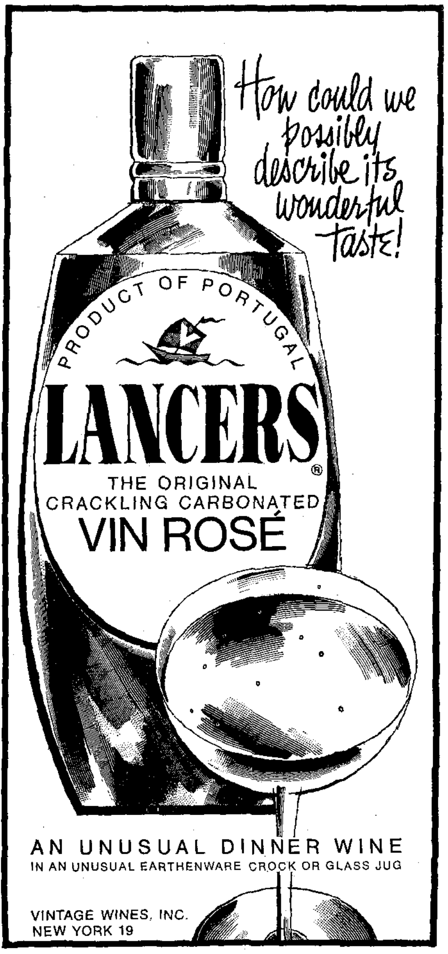

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There's even room for an extra one thousand kids at Fresh Air *Camps*, and they can't make it. It costs $80 for each kid to go to a camp, and we don't have it.

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The Fresh Air Fund started in 1877; 60 city kids were sent to the country that year. Since then, over 900,000 have gone. We're doing all right. But we can do better.

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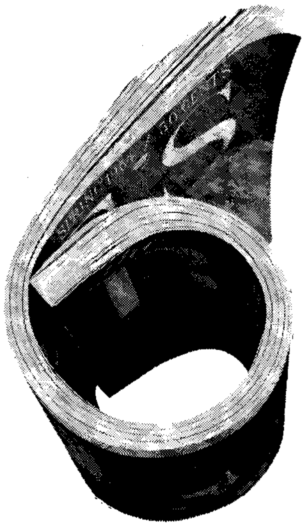

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LETTER FROM LONDON

June 18

THE thoughts of the morning after the extraordinary Profumo debate in the House of Commons were probably not entirely cheerful ones even for Mr. Macmillan's critics, since no one, it seems fair to say, would have chosen to have things happen in quite this way. The Prime Minister and his Government have not fallen, but he has tottered, as the voting at the end of the tense evening showed, in spite of the three-line whip—the strongest form of Party directive—that was issued before the debate to get every Conservative M.P. who was in any sort of physical shape short of *extremis* to muster loyally at Westminster and swell the Party majority. Yet the majority dropped, indicating more Conservative doubters than had been expected. The result makes it certain that the Prime Minister's resignation cannot be far off, despite the loud (perhaps too guiltily loud) cheers of the Government benches, mixed with indignant shouts of "Resign!" from the Opposition, as he left the chamber, walking carefully and a shade stiffly, as though suddenly dilapidated by the wounding debris that the upheaval of the last twelve days had showered on him. It is painful to most people that the man who perhaps had hoped to be remembered as the Prime Minister who led Britain historically into the European community should be apparently about to make his literal exit from office on a note of scandal rather than history. Yesterday's debate acquitted Mr. Macmillan without a stain on his character, as no one could have doubted that it would. However, the unmistakable rider—that he and his administration, by assuming that their own high standards of honor must have been held by John Profumo, their colleague and friend, had been feeble and foolish in their handling of the affair—seemed to emerge clearly from the defense, and to be deadly.

The scramble for every nook and cranny of seating accommodation in the House was so phenomenal that journalists lucky enough to get a coveted pass often shared it with a confrere, as music lovers with a single ticket might arrange to divide up the acts of "Götterdämmerung." Many of the visitors in the Strangers' Gallery, told by the attendants of the unusual special ruling that if they left for a cup of tea they would not be allowed back, because of the press of M.P.s' wives and others waiting in the hope of a seat, chose to remain, riveted in fascination and cramp, peering down from the packed narrow benches for the full six and a half hours of the debate. It was opened by Harold Wilson, the leader of the Opposition, with a carefully low-toned, destructive, and effective speech. Ever since the Profumo confession hit the largely unsuspecting, quiet, and decent majority of the public, which was miles away, geographically and mentally, from the gossip of Fleet Street and of London dinner parties, the Opposition tactics have been to say punctiliously little and let the Cabinet flounder on among the troubles, the much publicized comings and goings of Ministers, and the daily crop of fresh rumors that followed the departure of the Secretary of State for War. Several times toward the end of the debate, when Mr. Wilson's followers were beginning to make a triumphant din behind him, he raised his hand warningly to them without looking around—a signal, obviously, to pipe down, so that the Government would not be able to profit from their noisy disorder, as has happened on other occasions. In his speech—made in a silence so profound that the long row of intently listening Ministers on the Government front bench (with Mr. Macmillan's profile looking sharp and gray to us gallery spectators), and the Speaker's wigged figure sitting immobile in the shadow of his canopied seat, and the jostle of Members peering over one another's shoulders at both ends of the chamber, and the galleries bright with women in pretty summer hats, all looked frozen in a sort of trance—he gave a new twist to the story. He related that during the Cuban crisis he had received a letter from Dr. Stephen Ward, the ambiguous central figure in the Profumo case, who mentioned that he had acted as the go-between from the Soviet Embassy to the Foreign Office in an attempt to get the British government to take a conciliatory initiative on Cuba. Among the hundreds of letters he had received at the time (many of them slightly crackpot, it may be guessed), Mr. Wilson said, it had made little impression. In March, however, when London was already buzzing with rumors about the guests Dr. Ward was entertaining at his house on the estate of Cliveden (again in the news as a not lucky omen for the Government of the day, though not in the political context that made this great mansion famous in the thirties), he had recalled the letter, dug it out of the files, and sent it to the Prime Minister, who felt that it was not serious enough to require any action. It was a piece of the murky jigsaw, however.

It has seemed extraordinary and alarming to many people here that Mr. Macmillan, as head of security, did not hear the stories, which were freely and luridly circulating in London but had apparently not reached his desk in Admiralty House. In his long, involved account of events to the House, the Prime Minister observed that the fact that the information about the remarkable company his Secretary of State for War was keeping had not been given him early this year was "very unfortunate," which lots of British will surely think too unflappable a phrase by half. It had been recognized that there was "some security risk" in Mr. Profumo's moving in circles that included a prostitute; the osteopath Ward, who will appear in court shortly to answer a charge of living on immoral earnings; and the handsome, gregarious Captain Ivanov, who played, it was mentioned by somebody in the debate, such an excellent game of bridge, for higher stakes than most Soviet Embassy attachés might be expected to have at their disposal unless their seniors perhaps hoped that their entry into such society might pay off. Mr. Macmillan stated that there had been no leak of information, as far as could be known, resulting from this strange quartet and its unedifying goings on. To many shaken Conservatives, the most serious criticism of Mr. Macmillan's leadership was his telling the House that when he was finally alerted to the political time bomb in his administration, he had shrunk from having the Secretary of State on the mat and confronting him with the accusations of impropriety and dangerous conduct—because, obviously, to one of his old-fashioned, upright cast of mind, a gentleman and a colleague (and, moreover, one who had argued his innocence with such conviction and, as a last, mad proof of good faith, had offered to sue anyone who published a hint of what was only the disreputable truth) could not be guilty of such embarrassing things.

So the weird, unbelievable story lurched on to the moment in March when three Labour Members—Mr. George Wigg, Mrs. Barbara Castle, and Mr. Richard Crossman—mentioned the current rumors in the House of Commons. As a result, Mr. Profumo was roused from his bed that night to go down to the House, prudently ac-

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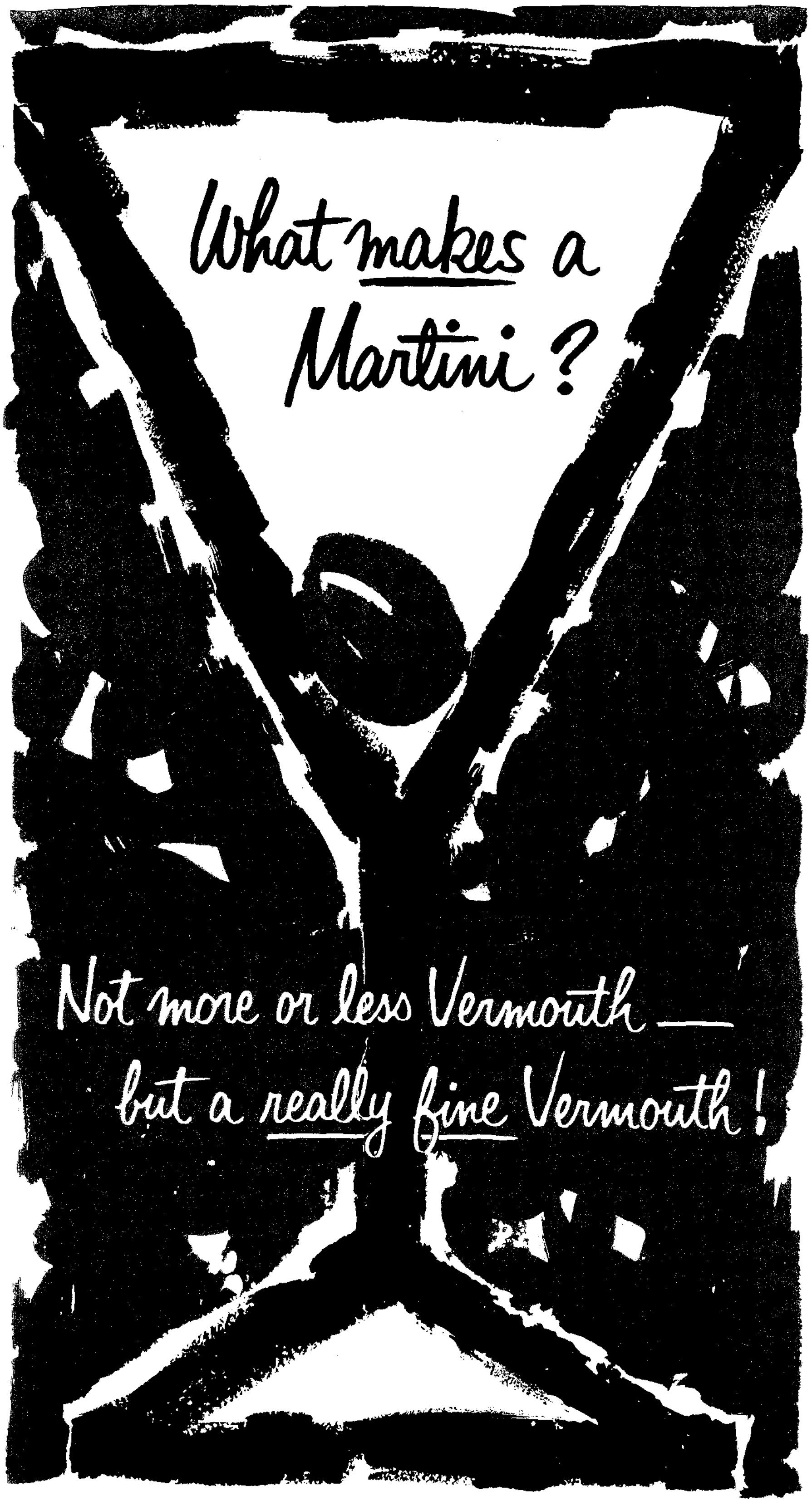
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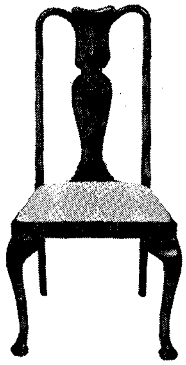

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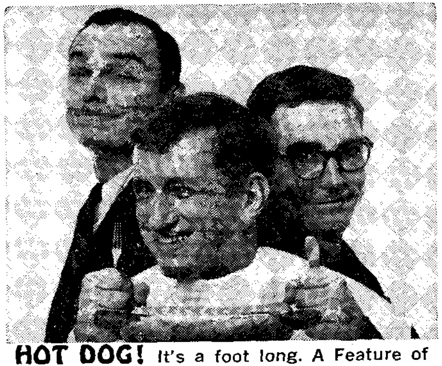

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companied by his solicitor; to be confronted with the accusations by the Leader of the House, Mr. Iain Macleod, together with the chief Conservative whip and the Attorney General; and to convince this team of intelligent men that his extenuating story was true. Mr. Macmillan admitted to the House that he had hung on to Mr. Profumo with such fatal fidelity because of the censure he had incurred when, far too readily, as everybody thought, he accepted the resignation of his former Civil Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Thomas Galbraith (now back in the Government), who had become the target of scurrilous stories—all later proved totally false—connecting him with the Admiralty clerk John Vassall, a convicted spy. He was determined not to repeat the mistake, and he did not, but he picked the wrong man to be loyal to.

Considering the amount of emotion aroused throughout the country by the affair, signs of which have been exploding in the mailbags of M.P.s and newspaper editors, and coming in from worried Conservative workers all over the place who fear that the general election is now as good as lost, it was an impressively reasonable debate. The speech that probably was even more damaging to Mr. Macmillan than the attacks by the leader of the Opposition and the leader of the Liberal Party was made in a quiet, conversational voice by one of the wittiest performers in the House—Mr. Nigel Birch, a Tory ex-Minister, who resigned from the Treasury with Mr. Peter Thorneycroft and Mr. Enoch Powell in 1958 on a matter of principle. There is no backbencher who carries more formidable weight in the Conservative Party, and he told his right honourable friend the Prime Minister, in tones of silky urbanity, that he hoped he would soon give place to "a far younger man." There was also talk in the debate of yet another inquiry to investigate the workings of the security services, which in many alarmed citizens' view should not be left as the responsibility of the overworked Prime Minister anyway.

However the Conservative Party resolves its crisis of leadership, it seems to many people that some of the damage of the Profumo disaster will be hard to repair. In its effect, the scandal is not really comparable to the big Victorian political scandals involving public men and their private sex lives, which were immediately recalled—Parnell's ruinous passion for Mrs. O'Shea or the scything down of the brilliant Charles Dilke on what had been considered a

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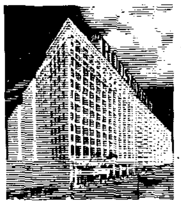

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clear path to the highest office by a sordid divorce action in which he was cited, though the charges were never clearly proved. Both these men, whose Parliamentary prospects were destroyed by the catastrophes, were infinitely bigger than the equally destroyed late Secretary of State for War, who was regarded by most political observers as a lightweight Minister (however regretfully his former Stratford on Avon constituents are now remembering him as an amiable and efficient M.P.), and the great outrage to the society of their day was the fact of their adultery. Though the Profumo revelations undoubtedly caused deep disgust and surprise among citizens who had supposed or hoped that the private behavior of public men was invariably sound, the principal shock, expressed again and again with real anger by all sorts of people, seems to have been the Minister's lie to the House of Commons. Parliament has been seen to be steadily losing power in recent years, still carrying on the formal show of democratic government by the will of the people while the business of government has passed more and more autocratically to the holder of the office of Prime Minister. Now, as a result of Mr. Profumo's writing this miserably unprecedented chapter into the history of British Ministerial resignations, trust in what will be uttered in future from the same solemnly privileged place is in danger, obviously, of being still more cynically undermined in the public view.

Several sections of the community found in the recent happenings an opportunity to make a point of some sort—for instance, the press, which resented the dressing down it received over the Vassall spy case, and has now been able to remark that if it had been allowed to be the proper watchdog of the nation and print what it had long known of the Profumo story, much of the Government's troubles might have been avoided. Practically all the newspapers have been hostile in one way or another to the Prime Minister's handling of the situation. Church leaders seized on the moral issue to preach repentance and a shift away from the present materialistic values for the whole nation, and this has also been the line taken—with a sternness that many of its readers have found magnificent and many more have thought sickeningly smug—by the editor of the *Times*. Some of the arguments have appeared to equate immorality with growing affluence, as though more people owning cars and washing machines had led to the drop in moral standards. In a strange sort of way, the figure of the ex-Minister has seemed almost to disappear from the feverish talking of the last week or so (as he literally vanished from the sight of press and public until he and his wife returned to London today), having acted as catalyst to the national debate now proceeding. There is general relief that the President's visit is not going to be cancelled, in spite of uncertainties. If it had been, people would have felt it as a sad blow. At the moment, even such big international subjects as the coming talks on a nuclear test ban have taken a back seat to the domestic crisis, and countless citizens will be deeply thankful when the look of the headlines reverts to normal.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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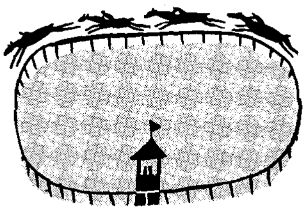
THE RACE TRACK

Ladies' Day

ANYBODY who has bet on three-year-old fillies knows that they are as tricksy as hobgoblins. So I wasn't flabbergasted when Spicy Living, who stood her opposition on their ears in the Acorn Stakes last month but had a hard time winning the Mother Goose a few weeks later, was beaten in the Coaching Club American Oaks at Aqueduct last Saturday by Lamb Chop, who finished third in both the Acorn and the Mother Goose. Smart Deb was third. The Oaks had been a fixture at Belmont Park for nearly half a century, and, like the Belmont Stakes, it didn't seem quite the same in its new setting. Even to members of the venerable Coaching Club, who always show up for the race, and used to drive to the track in their hackney carriages (they leave them home nowadays, and come in their Rolls-Royces and Cadillacs and Lincolns), it was just the seventh race on the card. But it was a lively one.

Smart Deb, in particular, pleased observers in the paddock; indeed, she seemed to have grown and filled out since her last race, and her coat had more sheen than that of any of the nine other runners. Lamb Chop also looked smart and fit. Spicy Living, on the other hand, would have attracted nothing more than casual attention if she hadn't been the favorite. She's wiry and on the small side, and because her withers are low and her quarters are high, her slanting posture reminds you of a jack rabbit. Gallant Man, her sire, has similar conformation and stands the same way. Spicy Living had her share of bad luck, for she stumbled slightly coming out of the starting gate and didn't get into her full stride for a couple of furlongs. Meanwhile, Smart Deb, who was quickest away, set a snappy pace for more than six furlongs, with Lamb Chop not far behind. On the turn for home, however, Spicy Living began to close the gap, and for a moment I thought she'd make it, but Lamb Chop held her safely in the run through the stretch. Lamb Chop, a very attractive chestnut filly by Bold Ruler out of Sheepsfoot, is one of a draft of yearlings that William Haggin Perry, an up-and-coming young horseman, bought two years ago, and she has done all right for him this season, winning four stakes and $136,606 in prize money. Her next start may be the Monmouth Oaks, on July 6th.



ONCE again Kelso has demonstrated his ability to make a race look like a morning workout. The other afternoon at Aqueduct, in the Nassau County Stakes, which was his first start since he took the Campbell at Bowie last March, he carried 132 pounds, gave eighteen pounds to each of the four other starters, took the lead when he chose, and won breezing from Lanvin, Polylad, Garwol, and Manassa Mauler, who finished in the order named. Actually, the race *was* a workout—for the Suburban, at Aqueduct on the Fourth of July. Kelso has never looked so well; in fact, he's grown fat. His stable says he's only sixty pounds heavier than he was at Bowie—but every ounce of it shows.

To start last week off at Aqueduct, Bill Winfrey, who has succeeded Jim Fitzsimmons as trainer for Ogden Phipps and the Wheatley Stable, saddled his first horse in his new job—the Wheatley Stable's Beautiful Day—and she obligingly won the filly division of the National Stallion Stakes by lengths.

THE Michigan Mile (actually, the distance is a mile and a sixteenth) at Dale Shaffer's track in Detroit brought out the best lot of handicap horses on the scene last weekend. Crimson Satan won by five lengths from Decidedly, winner of the 1962 Kentucky Derby, and Greek Money, winner of the 1962 Preakness. Admiral's Voyage, Sunrise County, and Towson were among the also-rans.

AND an outside man of mine reports that at Aqueduct the other afternoon a coatless young man with mud on his shoes strolled up to one of the hundred-dollar windows and bet two big ones—two thousand dollars, if you please—on a first-time-outer named Friendly People, who, if he'd won instead of being beaten by a nose, would have paid $32,400. That's how the state gets rich. —AUDAX MINOR

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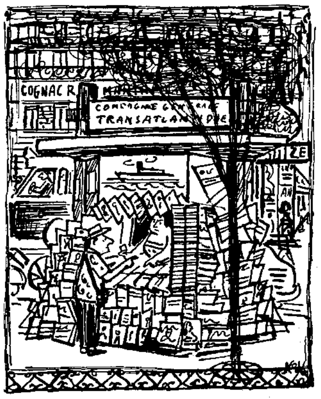
BAIN DE SOLEIL by Antoine

LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 19

PRESIDENT DE GAULLE is periodically still the most interesting Frenchman of all France to the French, and doubtless to himself as well, almost constantly. For nothing interests him like French history, and he is the only one with the power to continue making it. If one returns to France after a six-month absence, one finds that nothing consequential has changed in the interim except under his impulsion. He has all the causal elements between his large hands and within his broad imagination, and he represents the successful results. This last week, he made a vital segment of new history, which is not only French history but also European. After Parliament spent all last Thursday in often brilliant scathing debate, led by the minority old-guard Opposition—an opportunity for recrimination against de Gaulle, his deputies, and his policies such as the minority rarely has a chance at—the Chamber, balloting at midnight, gave a strong three-to-one vote (with the minority's unexpected assistance) for the ratification of de Gaulle's extraordinary Bonn treaty of Franco-German collaboration, which Parliament had been called together to consider. This treaty not only buries the hatchet on paper between France and Germany but invokes the establishment of Franco-German friendship like a new bridge across the Rhine. Many deputies and also many bourgeois sections of French society felt cold, suspicious, and grudging about offering even to the Western remnant of the former Nazi nation this Treaty of Coöperation, its official title. But the big, ordinary French public's reaction to it—along with the powerful effect that the President-General has on their minds—was made clear on Thursday in the report of a poll by the Institut Français d'Opinion Publique. It showed that fifty-four per cent of the French who were queried approved of de Gaulle's West German policy, and that forty per cent preferred Germany to England as the country France should now be allied to. De Gaulle, who has been in the southwest vineyard regions on one of his grass-roots tours, shaking hands with his provincial admirers by the thousand, sent word on Sunday from some remote hamlet that "this Franco-German entente is the principal foundation on which we are building Europe," but characteristically added, "France is a member of the Atlantic Community with her whole personality."



That Thursday Parliamentary debate had what the French press admiringly called "*du ton, du mordant*"—style and bite. The Opposition was headed by the so-called Europeans, who are for the Europe of the Common Market, for England as a member of it, and for America as a still trustworthy ally—all of which the Gaullists are against. The former French Premier, old Guy Mollet, the Socialist Party chief, opened the attack by caustically telling the Gaullist government bench, "Your only interest in Europe is in a balance of power—an English-style Europe without the English." He then accused the Gaullists of showing ingratitude toward the Americans, "who have been our shield," and of increasing the American isolationist spirit. In answer to an Opposition deputy's protest against de Gaulle's costly construction of his own nuclear *force de frappe*, a Gaullist deputy crushingly declared that today it would cost no more than "half as much as the government spends on subsidies to agriculture." Then de Gaulle's Prime Minister, Georges Pompidou, the former Rothschild banker who in a short time has become an alert, able Chamber debater, invoked the United States' Cuban crisis as proof that the free world's situation in the nineteen-sixties has changed. He said, "Since France has the sad privilege of being within range of Soviet missiles, how can she not fear that she might be destroyed before she would be defended?" Denying one Opposition deputy's conclusion that Gaullist "French policy is based on doubts of American reliability," Pompidou explained that in the United States' recently revised defense program for herself and for her allies, the proportion seemed like that in the recipe for the legendary old-world lark pâté—one lark to one horse—and added, "I must say that a lark for our defense is not a sufficient guarantee." To American and English listeners present, Premier Pompidou's most dazing contribution to this public session, which aired the Opposition's many criticisms of the treaty (although the deputies had no power either to change or to amend it), was his patient, courteous reminder to one captious anti-Gaullist deputy that, after all, "the government need not have submitted this treaty to Parliament. But it has done so." It is with such a sovereign free hand that President de Gaulle can create his continuing French history.

THIS year, the government's annual estival art attraction for Parisians and visitors is a centenary exhibition of the works of the prodigious Romantic painter Eugène Delacroix, who died here in the summer one hundred years ago. It is an extremely thorough collection. Five hundred and twenty-nine items, featuring his major grandiose pictures surrounded by their conceptual sketches, are on view in the Louvre's Salon Carré and Grande Galerie (both badly lighted); his drawings are displayed in the Cabinet des Dessins; across town, his black-and-whites are on show in the Bibliothèque Nationale; the Parliament and Senate libraries are open to show his frescoes; his studio in the Place Furstenberg has been unlocked for sightseers; and a provincial exhibition of his paintings is in the Beaux-Arts at Bordeaux, where his father was a prefect under Napoleon, when the painter was a little boy. Because none but normal attention has been paid Delacroix for years, Paris cultural weeklies have gone into a Delacroix delirium. *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* featured him on thirteen of its vast pages, offering articles on Delacroix the Romantic painter, the writer, the dandy, the political revolutionary, and the colonial traveller; on his love affairs (which were few); on his paternity (apparently he was not the bastard of the famed Talleyrand, as was rumored by Madame de Staël, but the son of his own dull, officious father); on his portraits and his battle scenes; and on his love for the music of his young friend Chopin, whose piano he had brought over to his own studio, so that the hypersensitive Pole could compose there in peace, away from the embraces of George Sand.

"My pictures achieve tension," Delacroix wrote. According to French analyses, he melted neoclassic formalism into light, subjected form to color, started the modern evolution in French painting that culminated in Monet, and affected Impressionism, Fauvism, van Gogh, and Cézanne. His compositions were too strong but glorious, whether

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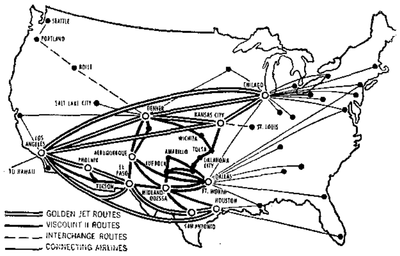
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depicting man, beast, or history—ancient or of his own time, for he was sensitive to both. It is these familiar history scenes that are the most popular and worthy in the Louvre show. He used the 1830 Paris revolution, which he saw but did not participate in, in his canvas called "July 28, Liberty Leading the People," with a top-hatted citizen on the barricades bearing a musket, and bare-breasted Liberty triumphantly holding the French flag. His sumptuous "Death of Sardanapalus," most grandiose of these anecdotal masterpieces (some of which need cleaning), with its amplitudes of scarlet, female flesh, and drama, was the scandal of the 1827 Paris Salon. When His Majesty Louis-Philippe, who bought Delacroix pictures for his royal gallery, sent the Comte de Morny to Morocco after the French conquest of Algiers, the artist accompanied him, and was thus the first French colonial painter—of caïds, of warriors in burnouses and sashes, of Arab horses. The odalisques that Matisse later imagined and painted in Paris, Delacroix painted in their corporeal reality in North Africa. His drawings, such as those from Meknes, are among the really choice less familiar pleasures of this gigantic Louvre exhibition. It is not ingratitude but fatigue and a sense of faulty measure that lead many visitors to remark that it is too inclusive—that less would have been better, and better chosen.

AFTER long seasons of criticism of the Opéra for the monotony of its repertoire, its careless vocalizing, and its dispiriting scenery, followed by the installation some time ago of the composer Georges Auric as new manager to bring about the needed miracles of change, pleasure, and something new for ear and eye, an unfamiliar opera that is really grand in satisfactions has finally triumphed here in its three opening performances—Verdi's "Don Carlo." True, a major portion of its satisfactions were borrowed from the Milan Scala, but at least the décors, which have been acclaimed as the most beautiful and harmonious of any seen in modern times in *any European theatre, are a French* creation, by M. Jacques Dupont. His main set represents the interior of the Gothic church at San Justo, pallidly, prismatically colored, and uncertain in its elderly architectural outlines, like an Impressionist painting—an evocative stony shell for the resonance of musical melodrama and the golden blare of Verdi's trumpets and horns. The prison scene, with its tiers of silver bars, is like a magic box with singers inside. The

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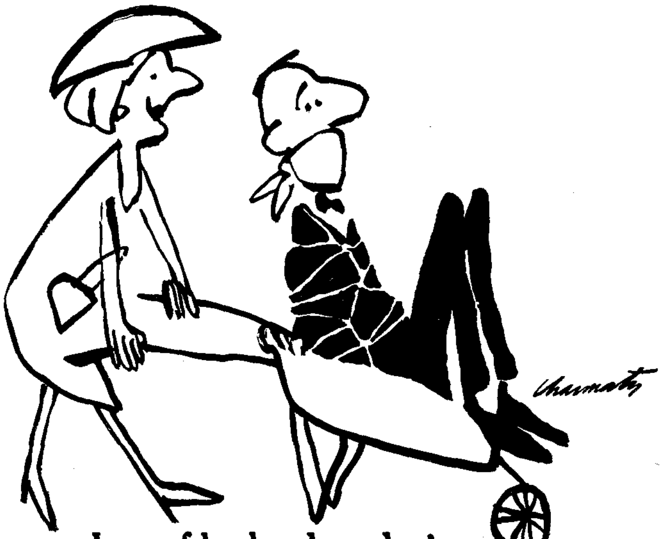
complicated movement of the enormous choruses; the marching soldiery in flashing armor with pink plumes; the ballet dancers somnolently posturing, rather than dancing, on the church steps; the every action of the chief singers, of whom the female royalties seemed garbed in precious pale stuffs as light as tissue paper—all this was the work and the success of Mme. Margherita Wallmann, the famous Scala *metteur en scène*, who has a *maîtrise* not only for putting stage people into intelligent motion but for teaching them how to stand perfectly still. The Scala tenor Flaviano Labò, as Don Carlo, had the appropriate high voice for the role but was ignominiously short in the legs. The Scala basso, the Bulgarian Nicolai Guiaourov, had the rich Slav timbre of a Boris Godunov as the Spanish Philip II, and was musically magnificent, thrilling. The Belgian soprano Mme. Rita Gorr was masterly in her dominant, striding style during her long last-act solo. The French section of the cast and the choruses sang in French and the Scala section in Italian, and George Sebastian conducted with brio. "Don Carlo" furnished a fresh, splendid opera evening.

A company of American players called the Paris Playhouse has just opened at the Théâtre Charles de Rochefort. Though her name does not appear on the program, the energetic person behind it is Mme. Colette de Jouvenel, daughter of the great Colette. Aside from a small contribution from the American Embassy's cultural section here, the angels backing her venture are all French, Mme. de Jouvenel says. The first program consisted of two one-act plays by Edward Albee, heard of here, though so far not seen, as the American playwright who eclipses Europe's avant-gardes. "The Zoo Story," with Jerry



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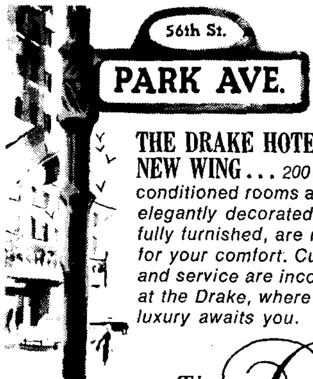
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acted by James Leo Herlihy, who had already played the role in Boston, and with Richard Shepard as the refined Peter, was intelligently done, was coherent, tiptop theatre. It received a highly complimentary review from *Le Monde's* critic, who expressed the hope that it would be played in French in the autumn. The second one-act drama—"The Death of Bessie Smith," featuring several American Negro players—was unfortunately nothing like as good, partly because of amateurism in some cases, and *trac*, or stagefright, all around, at least on opening night. This is not the first American acting troupe to try its luck here, but it might have the most staying power, because of the acute interest among French young people and the older intelligentsia in what they have heard and read about the Off Broadway theatre.

The tenth season of the Théâtre des Nations is now on the boards at the Sarah-Bernhardt. It always turns up with at least one choice imported item. This time it is the London Theatre Workshop's rowdy, heretical musical revue "Oh What a Lovely War," directed by the unbeatable Joan Littlewood. It may be difficult to make clear why—considering that the revue's basic material is the First World War and England's agonized part in it—this show is so uproariously funny (once one gets the hang of it). It is so satiric, so subtle, so bold, so true (every official quotation or fact has been documented), and so humanely generous to the former stupidities that it becomes the best, bitterest, and most comical peace propaganda Paris has ever heard or heard of. It is like "The Guns of August" loosely done in the Premise or "Beyond the Fringe" style. The formula used is that of the awful démodé prewar Pierrot players of Brighton Beach in their white satins—topped, as the action develops, by Army caps or generals' epaulets or bandages—appearing on a bare stage equipped at the back with a luminous message track and a small movie screen for newsreel films or stills of the period, which show truths that nobody wants to mention out loud, such as the first cheery volunteers and then the accumulating piles of dead. The music consists of old war songs, such as "Pack Up Your Troubles" and "Put the Kibosh on the Kaiser," and soldier take-offs on popular songs, like "The Bells of Hell Go Ting-a-ling-a-ling." After an opening parody of international world power figures explaining how there cannot be a 1914 war, the recruiting begins, with one Pierrot on a

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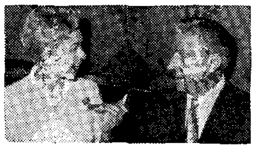

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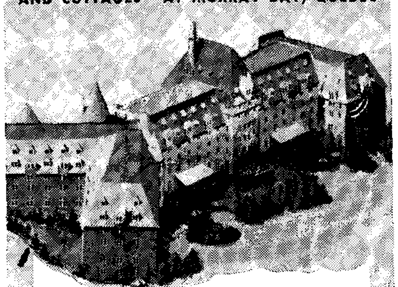

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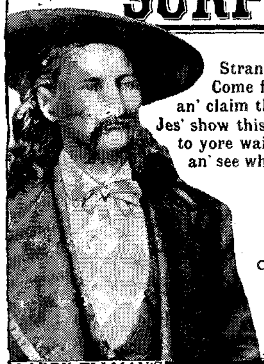

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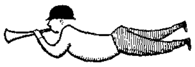

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balcony impersonating the stony-faced Lord Haig, always demanding men, blood, and victory. Throughout, chorus girls, of a realistic lack of pulchritude, appear as Red Cross nurses, as tarts, as munitions workers, or as dreary patriotic wives. The second, and more effective, half of the revue starts with the first blinded Tommy to come home. There is a front-line scene in which a smart young visiting officer complains about a corpse's leg in a trench, whose defending soldiers deferentially explain that the decaying limb, sir, is an architectural necessity, to keep the trench wall standing, and a scene at the Battle of Loos, where a blinded German officer is relishing his subaltern's report of its progress while the luminous message track ticks off the number of English and German dead. There is a skit in which the Archbishop of Canterbury, holding services for the men, announces that the Dalai Lama of Tibet has just sent word that he is praying for the British, and then proceeds with his offices while the soldiers sing ribald words to the church tunes; a shocking champagne pheasant shoot among the war profiteers back in dear old England; a frightfully funny number with a French officer who can't speak English and an English one who can't speak French officially presenting each other with medals; and then the finale. This is a handful of mutinous French soldiers shouting that they are sheep being led to slaughter and, as their gallant officer cries "*En avant pour la gloire!*," advancing with the animal cry of "baa, baaaa" toward the footlights, to disappear in a fringe of darkness as dead men. It is a terrific show.

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From "Tragedy at Honda," by Charles Lockwood and Hans Christian Adamson*]

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Life for Song Nyu has been a bewildering succession of new places, strange voices and unfamiliar faces. Her family are refugees from the north. When Song Nyu's father was killed in an accident last year, her mother moved to a neighboring village to seek work. She now ekes out a precarious living as a farm worker. The harsh demands of the soil leave her little time—or strength—to care for Song Nyu.

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BOOKS

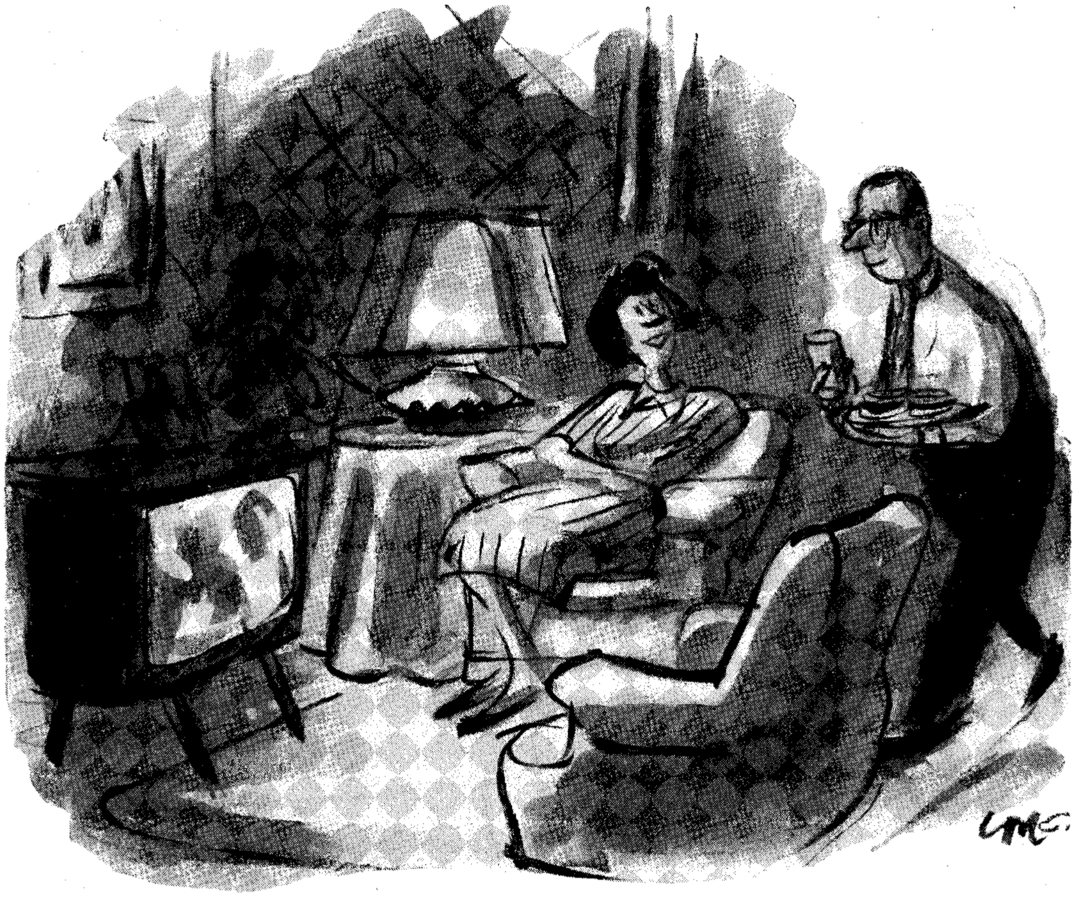
Johnson Père, Boswell Fils

HAD Johnson and Boswell never met, or had their first meetings gone sour (they were the sort of sensitives who often detest one another immediately), English letters would be very different. To be sure, Johnson—Boswell or no Boswell—was a self-made literary monument who has cast a long shadow on lexicography, literary criticism, and (most important) prose style. His careful, massive, oak-beam sentences provided much of the substructure of nineteenth-century English prose. But in the past seventy or so years this style has been discarded. (The Dictionary and his criticism had even before that become curiosities.) Indeed, only scholars and strong-backed students now read Johnson, and they read him, I suspect, without much pleasure. Johnson's eloquence is round, slow, and close to the ground. Nonetheless, Johnson the hypnotic human being is still with us, for his greatest accomplishment was not his writing but his accidental creation of Boswell. Without Johnson, who became his "sun" (by his own admission), his father, his teacher, and the very engine that propelled his baling-wire personality, Boswell would be forgotten. There would be no "Life of Johnson" and, very likely, none of the priceless journals. In the century and three-quarters since their deaths (Johnson in 1784, Boswell in 1795), the two men have slowly become the equally fascinating and totally different halves of a single outsize personality. It is no longer possible to consider one without the other. What we relish of Johnson, Boswell has given us, and what we relish of Boswell, Johnson inspired.

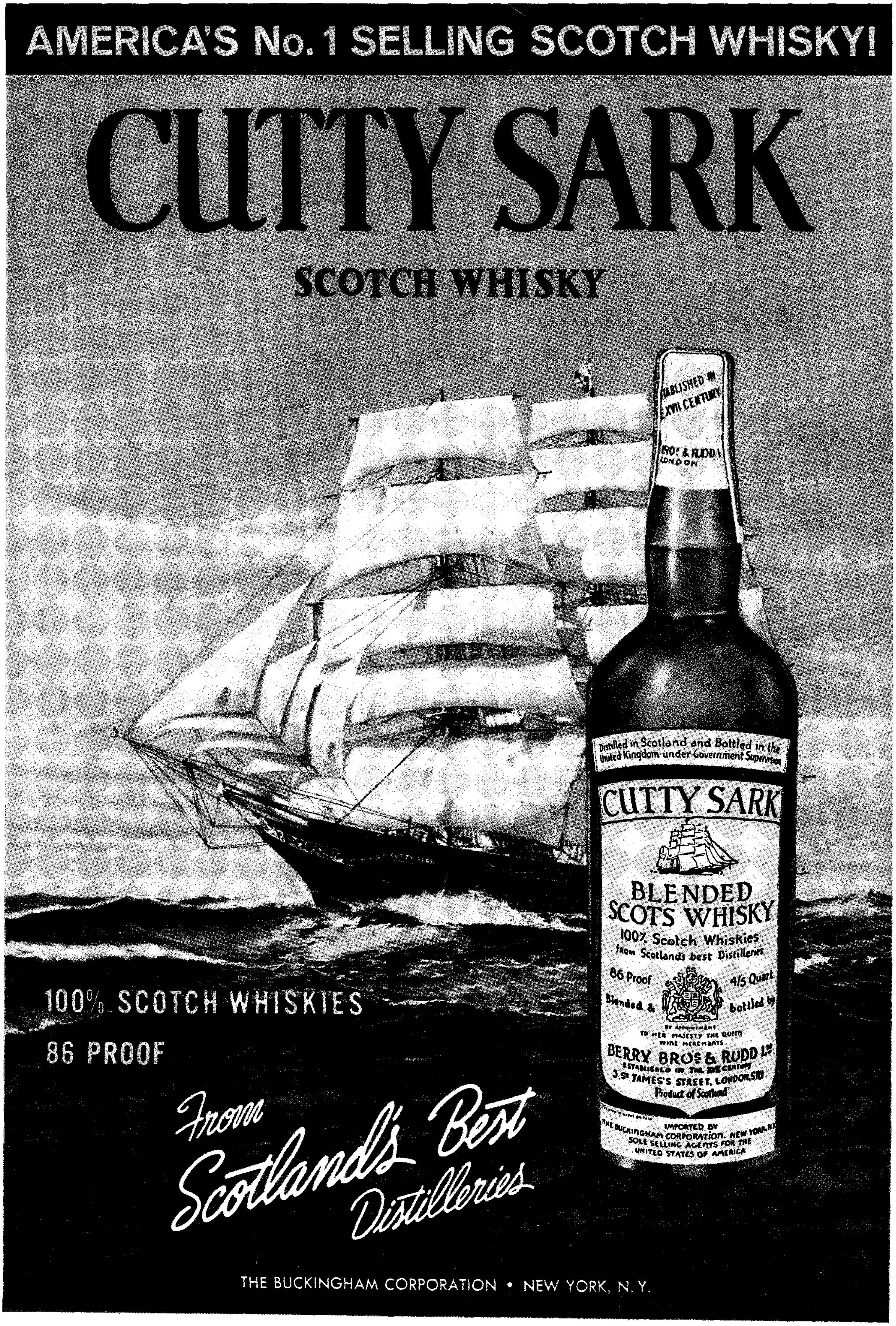
The publication by McGraw-Hill of the ninth volume of the Boswell papers—"Boswell: The Ominous Years, 1774-76," edited by Professors Charles Ryskamp and Frederick A. Pottle—confirms still another thought: Johnson and Boswell have nearly reversed the positions they held during their lives. Johnson, feared and revered, was Literature, and Boswell, ridiculed and snubbed, was Life. But it is as a person that Johnson now chiefly draws us, while Boswell is increasingly admirable as a writer and literary journalist. And this is ironic, for Johnson's vanity was fed largely by the respect granted his work, and Boswell's by the importance of the company he kept. It is easy, while luxuriating in the journals and the "Life," to forget that they are the hard work of an acute and gifted reporter and writer. But they did not spring from Boswell's forehead; he *wrote* them. This is superbly evident at the end of "The Ominous Years," in a long letter that Boswell sent his friend William Temple. It is not so much a letter as a detailed, on-the-spot report of an interview Boswell has just had with Margaret Caroline Rudd, a notorious swindler and courtesan. On the surface, little happens. Boswell, naked curiosity, goes unannounced to Mrs. Rudd's lodgings. She is not at home, so he waits in her dining room, inspecting her furnishings and her library, in which he reads. Mrs. Rudd arrives:

> I was all impatience and trepidation, when there entered rather a little woman, delicately made, not at all a beauty, but with a very pleasing appearance and much younger than I imagined. . . . She was dressed in black clothes, with a white cloak and hat. I begged pardon for intruding upon her, but I was a friend of Mr. Macqueen's [an acquaintance of hers], and though I had no direct instructions from that family, she might believe that they would be glad to have accounts of her. She said she was much obliged to me for my civility. We sat down opposite to one another at a little distance, and I asked her how she was now.

The interview continues smoothly, with Boswell largely listening, and gradually a portrait of a clever and alluring woman is created. Boswell is bewitched, and though he is in control of himself, he cannot resist kissing her good night. Neither can he resist speculating on *his* effect on *her*. Two strangers have met, been attracted to each other, and part-



"Perry's left the office suddenly after a mysterious telephone call. While Della tries to have it traced, Paul is racing toward the motel where the suspect is staying . . ."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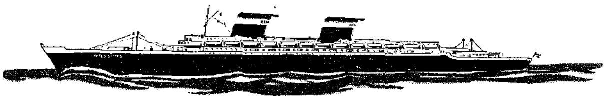

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ONE BROADWAY, NEW YORK and in Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, Norfolk, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C., Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver ed, and there the episode is left. But there remain tantalizing threads in the air. It is, with its balance of revelation and implication, a masterly vignette.

Yet if Boswell the writer-reporter is everywhere in the book, so are the four other Boswells—Boswell the stolid Edinburgh lawyer and family man (he has three children now), Boswell the at-heel companion and friend to Johnson, Boswell the busybody-social climber, and Boswell the drunk and satyr. The editors have melodramatically chosen to italicize this last Boswell with their title, and this is unfortunate. The title makes too much of weaknesses in Boswell that, though they became increasingly noticeable, never got in the way of the important things. And it needlessly points up, in an almost moralistic manner, occurrences that Boswell himself makes indelible:

> He and I drank five bottles of claret and were most profound politicians. He pressed me to take another; but my stomach was against it. I walked off very gravely though much intoxicated. Ranged through the streets till, having run hard down the Advocates' Close, which is very steep, I found myself on a sudden bouncing down an almost perpendicular stone stair. I could not stop, but when I came to the bottom of it, fell with a good deal of violence, which sobered me much. It was amazing that I was not killed or very much hurt.

It is difficult to take Boswell seriously as a sinner. His self-condemnation is that of the naughty rather than the evil. Like W. C. Fields, he *enjoys* his excesses. There is even muffled pride in this passage:

> But when I got into the street I grew very drunk . . . and when I got home I was shockingly affected, being so furious that I took up the chairs in the dining-room and threw them about and broke some of them, and beat about my walking-stick till I had it in pieces, and then put it into the fire and burnt it. I have scarcely any recollection of this horrid scene, but my wife informed me of it. She was in great danger, for it seems I had aimed at her both with chairs and stick. What a monstrous account of a man!

But the remaining Boswells eventually triumph, and the best portions of the journal, which starts in the fall of 1774 and ends in the spring of 1776, have to do with springtime jaunts to London (the volume is divided between Edinburgh and London), where, with or without Johnson, Boswell resembles cold water dancing on a hot skillet. In 1776, he arrives in London on a Friday in March. By nine the next morning, he has had tea with his hosts, the Dillys, and is on his way to see Johnson, who, however, has moved. He finds Johnson's new home, and is told that Johnson is at the Thrales'. On the way, he meets and talks with Allen, the printer, who is Johnson's new landlord. Then he is off to Blackfriars Bridge, where he takes a boat to the Thrales', at Southwark. He has chocolade with Mrs. Thrale and Johnson, and there is much good talk. Johnson invites him to accompany him in the near future on a trip to Oxford, Birmingham, and Lichfield. Johnson and Boswell leave the Thrales' and take a boat to get to the Inner Temple. Johnson goes home, and Boswell looks in at his lodgings of the year before. He calls on David Cuninghame, a relative of his wife's, and on the Duke of Queensberry, who is out. In the street, he runs into Alves, a painter of miniatures whom he had met in Rome, and Charles Fox, "who was indifferently civil." He visits his old friend General Paoli, and then Mrs. Stuart, whom he flirts with, and moves on to Lord Mountstuart's. Back to Paoli's, where he dines. (His big meal of the day, generally taken about four.) At seven, he leaves Paoli's and goes to Ridley's, a bookseller, and then walks in St. James's Park. Tea with Spottiswoode, a legal acquaintance, follows, and in the Strand he picks up a girl and buys her "a glass of wine to humour the fancy of similitude." Back to Dr. Johnson's, where he writes to his "dear" wife (Boswell's poker-faced ability to juxtapose opposites is astonishing) and has oysters, porter, and tea with Johnson and his housekeeper, Mrs. Williams. More good talk, and, finally, the day ends: "I got home to Messieurs Dilly's not long after twelve."

Whenever Johnson is about, Boswell's journal takes on sparkle and high tone. The entries, compared with the Edinburgh ones, which grow increasingly crabbed the longer he is there, are voluminous and free. The sense of eighteenth-century immediacy, of a cluttered, pre-telephone, face-to-face existence, rises to almost photographic intensity. Boswell's attacks of melancholy lessen, his perception sharpens, he cuts down on his drinking. He sees himself crystal clear: "I was a little sorry to part with my fellow travellers; of so soft and warm a composition am I that I adhere a little to almost all with whom I come in contact." His humor increases and his lust decreases, or at least is reined in. Johnson advises him on how to lighten his melancholy:

> While we were in the chaise driving to Birmingham to breakfast, he said, "When

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> you have a place in the country, lay out twenty pounds a year upon a laboratory. It will be an amusement to you." I said I had last summer taken a course of chemistry. "Sir," said he, "take a course of chemistry, or a course of rope-dancing, or a course of anything to which you are inclined at the time. Contrive to have as many retreats for your mind as you can, as many things to which it can fly from itself." There was a liberal philosophy in this advice which pleased me much. I *thought* of a course of concubinage, but was afraid to mention it.

After breakfast, Johnson and Boswell go to the house of Johnson's friend Edmund Hector, a surgeon. The sound of Boswell rubbing his hands over Johnson's waywardness is almost audible:

> When we came to Hector's door, a very stupid maid answered. She told us her master was out . . . but she could not tell when he was to return; in short she was a wretched receiver of his friends, and as Dr. Johnson said, "She would have behaved no better to people who might have wanted [Hector] hastily in the way of his profession." He said, "My name is Johnson; tell him I called. Will you remember the name?" She answered, "I don't hear you, Sir," or, "I don't understand you, Sir." "Blockhead," said he, "I'll write." I never heard *blockhead* applied to a woman before. However, he grew calm, and roared loud, "*Johnson,*" and then she catched it.

Since "The Ominous Years" is part of the "reading," or common folks', edition of Boswell's papers (a "research" edition, with original spellings, punctuation, and the like, will be inaugurated later this year), the volume seems inordinately weighed down by footnotes, many of them useful only to genealogists and many of them redundant or dull. Moreover, the double-page map of Boswell's Edinburgh shows everything but his house.

—Whitney Balliett

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

I'll Sing You the Death of Bill Brown, by Bruce Dexter (McGraw-Hill). This improbable melodrama, which makes good reading from beginning to end, is built on the attempt of a father, Cabot Green, to avenge the murder of his son, Tom Green. The elder Green, a Chicago financier who is enormously rich, extremely powerful, and possessed by an icy heart, sets out to destroy the murderer, Ed Hayward. Hayward, a Los Angeles dry cleaner's deliveryman, feels no remorse at all about having shot and killed the younger Green, because Green had just finished killing Bill Brown, Hayward's closest friend. Cabot Green hires a private detective named Runyan to

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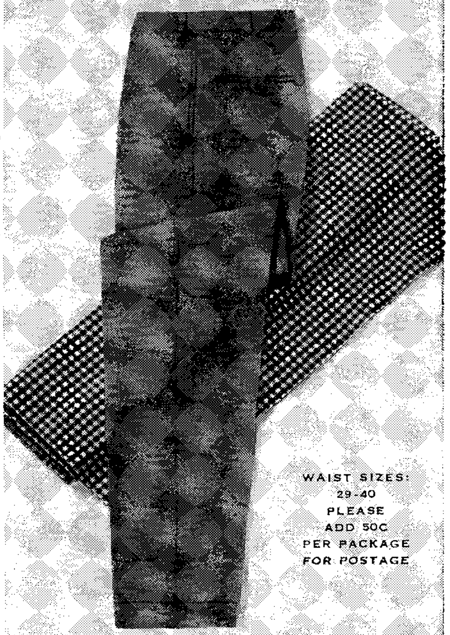

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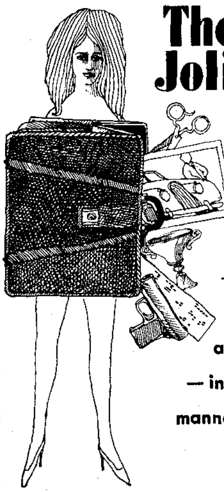

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collect evidence against Hayward, but Runyan, who has nothing at all in common with men like the Greens, discovers he has a good deal in common with Hayward. All the characters in the book move and speak with a kind of stagy confidence, as though they were under the domination of a sure and dependable, if perhaps overambitious, director. The atmosphere is heavy and sad, and the time is very much the present.

The Fratricides, by Maurice Edelman (Random House). Algiers early in 1962 is the scene of this violent novel, which arrives at its point of greatest strength during its gentlest and most deadly moments—when Mr. Edelman describes the final appearance of his central figure, Dr. Hassid, an old, distinguished, and unselfish physician who is true to himself (which is to say to his profession) at all costs. Hassid's beloved only child, Eliane, has a husband, and she also has a lover. Her husband is a leader in the O.A.S., and her lover is an undercover agent sent from Paris by the French government to help destroy the O.A.S. The two men fought together in the Second World War. Now they represent the hatreds that are tearing Algeria apart. Dr. Hassid, the only fully realized character in the book, represents the possibility that order and balance will be restored in the embattled country, and in this role he impresses a sense of unity on Mr. Edelman's otherwise somewhat scattered work.

City of Night, by John Rechy (Grove). The narrator, an uneducated male waif from Texas, sells himself to men all over the United States and ends up back in El Paso without a penny in his pocket and just as disgruntled as he was at the start of his odyssey. A redeeming feature of the work is that no talent was wasted in the writing of it.

GENERAL

Blueprints for Leviathan, American Style, by Roy F. Nichols (Atheneum). Adopting Thomas Hobbes' metaphor of the state as a leviathan, Mr. Nichols, a historian who is vice-provost of the University of Pennsylvania, surveys the methods by which Americans have attempted to form, control, and adjust their state. He begins where America's constitutional history begins, in Puritan-Renaissance England, and continues with descriptive analyses of the numerous documents and charters that colonial Americans wrote to reg-

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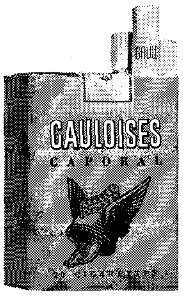

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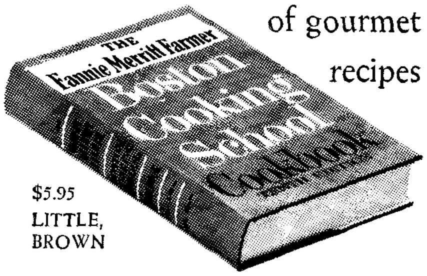

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ulate their political affairs. The colonists showed from the first a lasting American tendency—writing, not fighting, as Nichols says, about power. They fought from 1775 to 1783, however, and turned out another spate of documents for his and our consideration—the Articles of Confederation and the state and federal constitutions. Finally, Mr. Nichols traces our failure to find a constitutional adjustment that could have averted the Civil War, and he discusses the assorted inadequate proposals that were made and the unsatisfactory measures that were taken. Still, as he points out, the Civil War's effects on the Constitution made possible the nation's subsequent expansion and development. His persuasive conclusion is that constitution-making—or leviathan-construction—is a continuous process, and he offers this retrospect as a hopeful prelude to absorbing work ahead.

THE GOAL, by Phyllis Bottome (Vanguard). Thanks to the skill that has marked Miss Bottome's long lifework in fiction, this part of her continuing autobiography is wonderfully readable, even though she omits what sound like interesting stories (she never really explains, for instance, why, when she was married during the First World War, her husband's old friends disapproved of her), and even though she puts in such baffling things as pages of paeans to the psychologist Alfred Adler and all his works. Miss Bottome's strengths are her powers of sympathy and vivacity. She has lived all over the map, and by getting straight to the point of what she wants to tell she makes her discursive, oddly reticent memoirs as lively as if she were Telling All.

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Selbyville (Del.) Delmarva News*]

Mr. Oliver Tingle spent the weekend at home with his wife, Mrs. Ruth Tingle.

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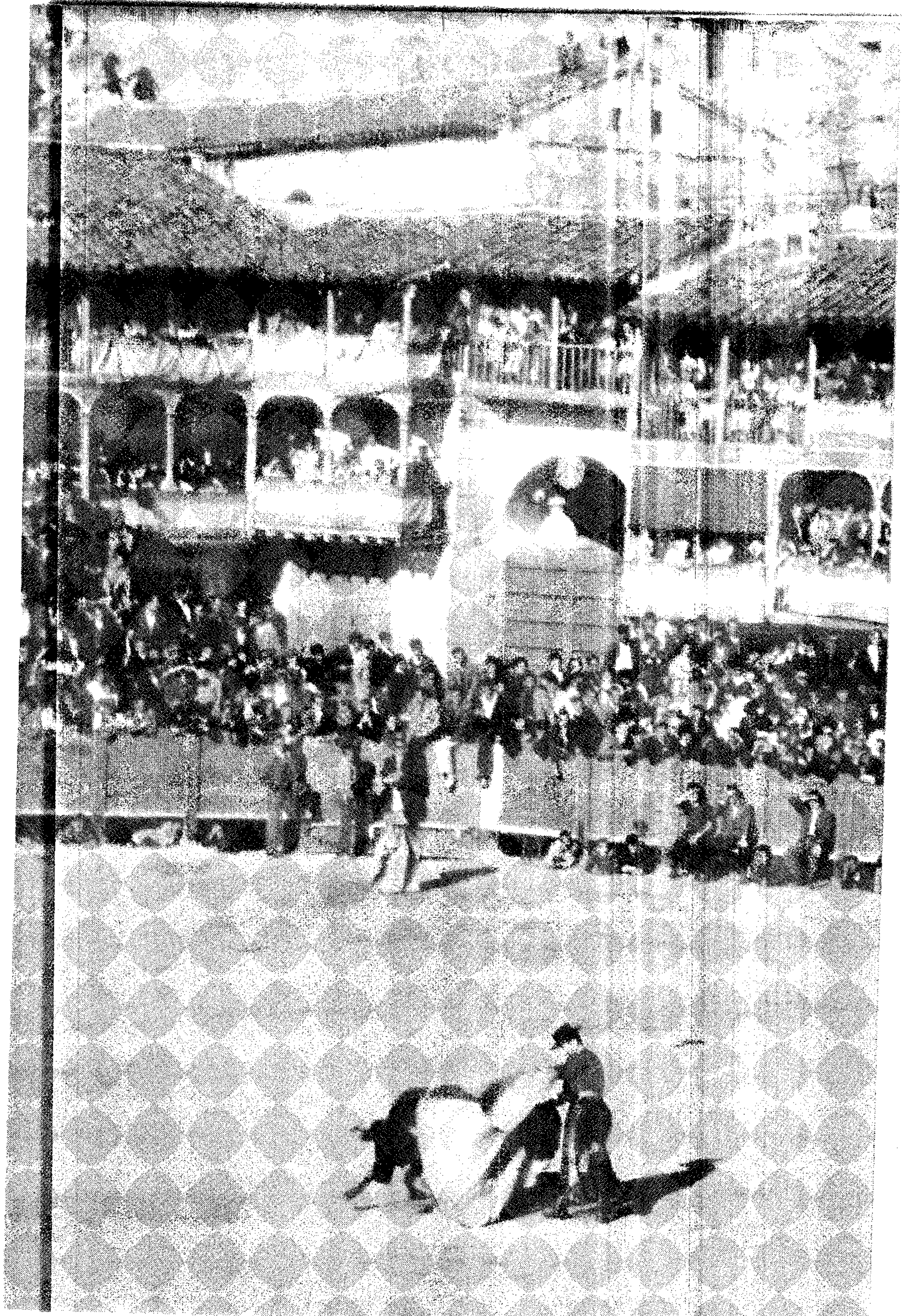

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